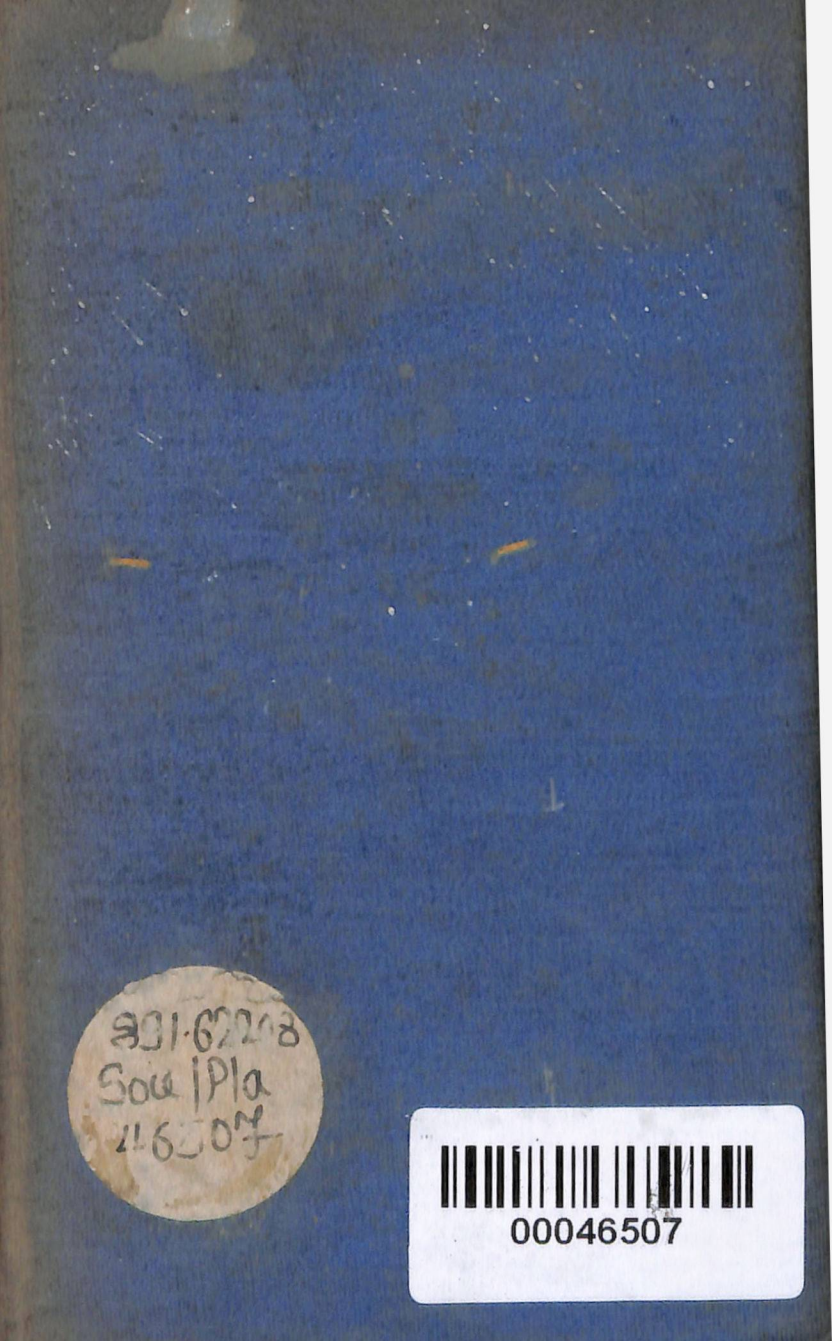

891.62208
Sou/Pla
46507

00046507

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

OF THE
BOMBAY

PLAYS

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

46507.

WITH

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR.

———Your tributary tears we claim,
For scenes that Southerne drew; a fav'rite name.
He touch'd your fathers hearts with gen'rous woe,
And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow:
For this he claims hereditary praise,
From wits and beauties of our modern days.

HAWKESWORTH.

VOL. I.

LONDON,
Printed for T. EVANS, near York-buildings; and T. BECKET, corner of the Adelphi, Strand.
MDCCLXXIV.

891.62208
46507.

00046507

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

THIS

COMPLETE EDITION OF THE

WORKS OF SOUTHERNE,

A WRITER

DISTINGUISHED AND ADMIRED

FOR

HIS GENIUS AND VIRTUES.

IS WITH PROPRIETY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

WHEN we have read with pleaſure and improvement the life of *the Poet* in his writings, we wiſh in gratitude to be acquainted with *the Man*. The character of Southerne will ſtand the teſt of either inquiry. This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, the year of the Reſtoration, and was educated at the univerſity there. In the year 1678 he went to England, and became a member of Pembroke college Oxford, took one degree in arts in 1683, and intending to ſtudy the law, he entered himſelf of the Middle Temple; but the Muſes alone appear to have employed his attention. His firſt dramatic performance was the Perſian Prince, or Loyal Brother, acted in 1682. The ſtory is taken from Thamas, prince of Perſia, a

novel, and the ſcene is laid in Iſpahan. This play was performed when the Tory intereſt was triumphant, and the character of the Loyal Brother was no doubt intended to compliment the duke of York, who afterwards rewarded the poet. The prologue, written by Dryden, is a continued invective againſt the Whigs; and whether conſidered as a party poem, or an induction to a new play, is unworthy the great writer. His next play was called the Diſappointment, or Mother in Faſhion, performed in 1684. The ſcene lies in Florence, and part of the plot is taken from the Curious Impertinent in Don Quixote. At the acceſſion of king James II. Mr. Southerne was rewarded with a commiſſion of enſign in the regiment raiſed by lord Ferrers, afterwards commanded by the duke of Berwick, to whom he was moſt advantageouſly recommended by the famous colonel Sarsfield of Ireland, afterwards earl of Lucan. His grace gave him a company, and diſcovered a generous diſpoſition of making his fortune, an eaſy matter for a king's favourite ſon to accompliſh; but the change of times deprived Southerne of his noble patron. On the regiment being diſbanded, he quitted the army; but ever retained that openneſs of behaviour and converſation, ſo peculiar to men of merit in that

pro-

profeſſion. The year preceding the Revolution, he wrote a tragedy called the Spartan Dame, at the deſire of the duke of Berwick, which was not acted till 1721. The ſubject is taken from the life of Agis in Plutarch; where the character of Chelonis, between the duties of wife and daughter, was thought to have had too near a reſemblance to that of queen Mary, wife of William III. "I be-
"gan this play, ſays Mr. Southerne, a year
"before the Revolution, and near four acts
"written without any view; many things
"interfering with thoſe times, I laid by what
"I had written for ſeventeen years. I ſhewed
"it then to the late duke of Devonſhire, who
"was, in every regard, a judge; he told me
"he ſaw no reaſon why it might not have
"been acted the year of the Revolution. I
"then finiſhed it; and, as I thought, cut out
"the exceptionable parts, but could not get
"it acted, not being able to perſuade myſelf
"to the cutting off thoſe limbs which I
"thought eſſential to the ſtrength and life of
"it; but ſince I found it muſt pine in ob-
"ſcurity without it, I conſented to the opera-
"tion; and after the amputation of every
"line, very near to the number of four hun-
"dred, it ſtands on its own legs ſtill; and by
"the favour of the town, and indulging aſ-

" ſiſtance of friends, has come ſucceſsfully " forward on the ſtage*." This play was inimitably acted. Meſſrs. Booth, Wilkes, Cibber, Mills, ſen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter performed in it, in the height of reputation, and the full vigour of their powers.

Mr. Southerne acknowledges, in his preface, that the laſt ſcene of the third act was almoſt all written by the honourable John Stafford, father to the earl of Stafford; he alſo acknowledges he ſold the copy right of this play for a hundred and twenty pounds, which at that time was thought very extraordinary. Succeeding dramatic authors are much indebted to this writer; he was the firſt who raiſed the advantage of a ſecond and a third night to authors, which Mr. Pope mentions.

——Southerne, born to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays.

The reputation Dryden had acquired by the many prologues he wrote, induced the players to be ſollicitous to have one of his to ſpeak, as they were received with great applauſe. Dryden's price for a prologue had uſually been five guineas, with which ſum Southerne preſented him when he received from him a prologue for one of his new plays; Dryden

* The lines omitted are reſtored in this edition.

re-

returned the money, and ſaid to him, "Young "man, this is too little; I muſt have ten "guineas." Southerne obſerving his uſual price had been five guineas, "Yes, anſwer-"ed Dryden, it has been ſo; but the players "have hitherto had my labours too cheap; for "the future I will have ten guineas." Dryden being very deſirous of knowing how much Southerne had made by the profits of one of his plays; the other, conſcious of the little ſucceſs Dryden had met with in theatrical compoſitions, declined the queſtion, and anſwered, he was really aſhamed to acquaint him. Dryden continuing ſollicitous to be informed, Southerne owned he cleared by his laſt play ſeven hundred pounds, which appeared aſtoniſhing to Dryden, who perhaps was aſhamed to confeſs he had never been able to acquire, by any of his moſt ſucceſsful pieces, more than one hundred pounds. Mr. Southerne was much reſpected by perſons of diſtinction, who in return for his tickets uſually made him great preſents.

The comedy of Sir Antony Love, or The Rambling Lady, was acted in 1690 with great applauſe. The comedy of the Wives Excuſe, or Cuckolds make Themſelves, in 1692, not with equal ſucceſs, though a play abounding with gay, lively converſation, ge-

nuine wit, and leſs licentiouſneſs intermingled with that wit, than in the comedies of that age. Mr. Dryden has addreſſed to him verſes on this comedy. He had ſo high an opinion of it, that he bequeathed to Southerne the care of writing half the laſt act of his tragedy of Cleomenes, "Which, ſays our author, "when it comes into the world, will appear "ſo conſiderable a truſt, that all the town "will pardon me for defending the play that "preferred me to it."

In his comedy of the Maid's laſt Prayer, or Any rather than Fail, is a ſong written by Congreve; and in his other performances are pieces written by friends who do him honour. The tragedy of the Fatal Marriage, or Innocent Adultery, met with great and deſerved applauſe, being one of the moſt affecting in our language; the plot, by the author's own confeſſion, is taken from a novel of Mrs. Behn's, called The Nun, or Fair Vow-breaker; and the incident of Fernando's being perſuaded to believe that he had been dead, buried, and in purgatory, ſeems borrowed from Fletcher's Night Walker. Mr. Garrick, who unites to his amazing powers of pleaſing, the will to please, and who has ever ſhewn an unremitted attention to give

ra-

rational entertainment to the town, has frequently revived a neglected bard. Not content with ſtage exertion, he has ſacrificed the leiſure of the cloſet, by judicious alterations to ſuit them to changes of times. In 1758 he revived this tragedy, with alterations, which was received with great applauſe. In an advertiſement prefixed to the alteration, it is remarked, "Though the mixed drama of the "laſt age, called tragi-comedy, has been ge-"nerally condemned by the critics, and per-"haps not without reaſon, yet it has been "found to ſucceed on the ſtage. Both the "comic and tragic ſcenes have been applaud-"ed by the audience, without any particular "exceptions. Nor has it been obſerved, "that the effect of either was leſs forcible "than it would have been if they had not "ſucceeded each other in the entertainment "of the ſame night. The tragic part of this "play has been always eſteemed extremely "natural and intereſting; and it would pro-"bably, like ſome others, have produced its "full effects, notwithſtanding the intervention "of the comic ſcenes that are mixed with "it: the editor therefore would not have "thought of removing them, if they had "not been exceptionable in themſelves, not

"only

" only as indelicate, but as immoral; for this " reaſon he has ſuffered ſo much of the cha- " racters of the Porter and Nurſe to remain, as " is not liable to this objection.

Mr. Southerne is obliged to Mrs. Behn for the plot of another tragedy, taken from her novel of Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave, acted in 1696 with great applauſe, and has ever continued to give pleaſure in the tragic parts to every ſenſible and feeling auditor. The love of Oroonoko to Imoinda being perhaps the tendereſt, and at the ſame time the moſt manly, noble, and unpolluted that we find in any of our dramatic pieces; his firmneſs and reſolution alike perfect in action, and in ſuffering truly heroic. The late Dr. Hawkeſworth, in 1759, altered this play, diſguſted, and juſtly, with the comic ſcenes; he has entirely removed them; his prologue contains his reaſons, and alſo a juſt character of Southerne.

" This night your tributary tears we claim,
For ſcenes that Southerne drew; a fav'rite name.
He touch'd your fathers hearts with gen'rous woe,
And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow:
For this he claims hereditary praiſe,
From wits and beauties of our modern days:
Yet ſlave to cuſtom, in a laughing age,
With ribbald mirth he ſtain'd his ſacred page,
While virtue's ſhrine he rear'd, taught vice to mock,
And join'd in ſport the buſkin and the ſock.
O haſte to part them—burſt th' opprobrious band,
This art and nature with one voice demand.

O haſte

O haſte to part them, bluſhing Virtue cries,
Thus urg'd, our bard this night to part them tries;
To mix with Southerne tho' his verſe aſpire,
He bows with reverence to the hoary ſire."

It is undoubtedly true, that Southerne was a ſlave to cuſtom; he ſaw and lamented the taſte of the times, but knew, to enſure ſucceſs, that taſte muſt be followed. His private opinion is expreſſed in the following letter, written to Mr. Duncombe, author of Lucius Junius Brutus, a tragedy.

From Mr. KILLEGREW's, at Shanville-Hall, near Chelmsford, Jan. 4, 1734 5.

Dear Sir,

You do me more honour than I deſerve, in the ſeveral parts of your letter. I am not worthy to be the ſire of ſo good a poetical ſon; but it has often been that the ſon has exceeded the father in his own profeſſion. Your epilogue is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper * did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character *in praiſing the decency* with which it is written.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

* Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady diſtinguiſhed for her ſenſe and accompliſhments. She died unmarried in 1756.

Two

Two more plays, the Fate of Capua, a tragedy, acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1700, and a comedy called Money the Miſtreſs, performed in 1725, when the author was ſixty-five, and may be conſidered as the dying embers of his poetical fire, complete his works.

Mr. Southerne enjoyed a life of peaceful ſerenity, having by his commiſſion as a ſoldier, and the profits of his writings, acquired a handſome fortune; and being an exact œconomiſt, he improved the fortune he gained to the beſt advantage: his œconomy did not however render him inſenſible to the diſtreſs of a friend. When Mr. Fenton, in 1720, loſt his great patron Mr. Craggs, preſſed with debts and difficulties, he was adviſed by his friends to finiſh a tragedy he had begun. Unacquainted with the ſtage, he applied to his friend Southerne, who not only aſſiſted him with his advice, but took him into his houſe, treated him with great kindneſs, where he continued till his play was brought on the ſtage in 1723, and printed that year with the title of Mariamne; and being warmly patronized by lord Gower, the profits to Mr. Fenton was not leſs than a thouſand pounds.

The laſt ten years of Southerne's life, he lived in Weſtminſter, and attended the Abbey church

church very conſtantly, being particularly fond of church muſic. His virtues and genius were ſuch, that, as Mr. William Whitehead remarks,

He to our admiration join'd our love.

He was honoured with the friendſhip of the moſt illuſtrious and eminent of his cotemporaries; and when his health permitted, he dined with his friends in rotation, particularly with the earl of Orrery, a muſe himſelf, and a friend to the muſes. Mr. Pope in 1742 preſented Southerne with the following verſes, on his birth-day dinner at lord Orrery's.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERNE, on his birth-day, 1742.

Reſign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin but poetry;
This day Tom's fair account has run,
(Without a blot) to eighty-one:
Kind Boyle before his poet lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers;
The feaſt his tow'ring genius marks,
In yonder wild gooſe and the larks:
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden,
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden:

Ver. 6. A table] The earl had provided an entertainment, of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

Ver. 8. Preſents her harp.] The harp is generally wove on the Iriſh linen.

Roaſt

Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout;
May Tom, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty thouſandth dinner,
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

The earl of Orrery, in his Life of Swift, has given us Southerne's opinion of Pope. *Honeſt* Tom Southerne, ſays his lordſhip, uſed to call him the little nightingale. It reflects the higheſt honour on Southerne, that the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Orrery, Mr. Pope, and others, beſtow on him a praiſe ſuperior to genius, by marking him as the nobleſt work of God. Whenever he is mentioned by his cotemporaries, they conſtantly give him the appellation of honeſt Tom Southerne, having through a long life deſerved this honourable title. He died May 26, 1746, aged above eighty-five years.

While editions of writers of much inferior merit have been publiſhed, the works of this author, though frequently enquired after, have never before been collected; I hope therefore this complete edition will be acceptable to the public.

T. E.

THE

LOYAL BROTHER;

OR, THE

PERSIAN PRINCE.

A TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1682.

I, fuge; ſed poteras tutior eſſe Domi. MART.

VOL. I.

TO HIS

GRACE

The DUKE of

RICHMOND, &c.

Maſter of the Horſe to his Majeſty, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,

WHEN things of this nature are preſented to perſons of your high rank and quality, flattery is always ſuppoſed the trade-wind that carries the author quite through the dedication. But my deſign is wholly to offer to your grace the firſt fruits of My Muſe, that (when pleaſure tires, and ſerious thoughts come on) I may excuſe my folly, by laying my maiden-head at your door. Nor durſt I have attempted thus far into the world, had not the Laureat's own pen ſecured me, maintaining the outworks, while I lay ſafe entrenched within his lines; had malice, ill nature, and cenſure were forced to grin at a diſtance. If I have not performed my part in this piece; the excuſe of a young beginner will paſs with the reaſonable part of mankind: but when I

look upon your lordſhip, and join your princely birth, to the early promiſes of manly virtue which you daily give us (if you communicate an influencing beam on me, (as you muſt ſhine on all) I dare, without the gift of prophecy, venture to ſay, the inſpiration may refine my thoughts, to ſome more worthy offering. Could my vanity carry me to the hopes of ſucceeding in things of this kind; I am confident my ſureſt way would be, to draw my characters from you, in whom the faireſt images of nature are ſhewn in little: your royal father's greatneſs, majeſtic awfulneſs, wit and goodneſs, are promiſed all in you: your mother's conquering beauty triumphs again in you: Nature has bleſt you with a royal parentage, and Fortune been juſt to you in a princely education: and nothing is wanting now to crown our hopes, but time, to make you in *England* what *Titus* was in *Rome*, the delight of mankind; which that you may prove, ſhall ever be the conſtant wiſh of,

SIR,

Your GRACE's

moſt humbly devoted Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE:

By Mr. DRYDEN.

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
'Till critics, like damn'd whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring,
The fawning whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T'other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence:
Critics wou'd ſtarve the poet, whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the whig wou'd fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds, that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe——as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that wou'd be 'till next queen Beſs's *night:*
Which thus, grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmondbury *firſt, in woful wiſe,*
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congee, does retire.
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall:
There's Antichriſt *behind to pay for all.*
The punk of Babylon *in pomp appears,*
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years.
Whoſe age in vain our mercy wou'd implore;
For few take pity on an old-coſt whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits check by jowl, in black, to chear his heart:
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn *cart.*
The word is giv'n; and with a loud huzza
The miter'd moppet from his chair they draw:

On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas, what's one poor pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next (for faſhion) cry, God ſave the king.
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms;
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In ſuch ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one inſpir'd with zeal, ſhou'd call,
Come let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends wou'd not like this over-care:
Or think him e'er the ſafer for that pray'r.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd:
But not the whole church-militant, in crowd.
Yet, ſhould heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, *who would kings maintain;*
Of forty thouſand, five wou'd ſcarce remain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SELIMAN, the *Sophy* of *Perſia*,	Mr. *Goodman*.
TACHMAS, his Brother,	Mr. *Clark*.
ISMAEL, a Villainous Favourite,	Major *Moon*.
ARBANES, a diſaffected General,	Mr. *Griffin*.
OSMAN, a Captain to TACHMAS,	Mr. *Saunders*.
Several Officers.	
Citizens and their Wives.	
Eunuchs, and Guards.	

WOMEN.

BEGONA, Mother to SELIMAN and TACHMAS,	Mrs. *Coy*.
SEMANTHE, beloved and in love with TACHMAS,	Mrs. *Cook*.
SUNAMIRE, Siſter to ARBANES, in love with TACHMAS ſecretly,	Mrs. *Gun*.

THE

ROYAL BROTHER;

OR, THE

PERSIAN PRINCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber of State.*

Seliman, Iſmael, Arbanes, *Guards, Attendants.*

SELIMAN.

MY Lords, our letters from our brother ſhew
The enemy encamp'd on *Gehun* banks;
Headed by that brave *Tartar*, that ſo long
Has kept us warm for glory in the field:
Their number's fifty thouſand, ours but twenty,
To poiſe their fate, or turn the ſcale of war.
O glorious odds! and by our prophet's ſoul,
Worthy imperial gameſters, worthy us,
And the renown of this immortal throne.

Iſm. Long have theſe tempeſts threatned from the North,
To overturn the fate of *Perſia*,
And ſhrowd her glories in eternal night:
But ſay, my lords, what has their fury done?

Arb. Like clouds, it vaniſh'd at our riſing ſun,
To the renown of royal *Seliman*;
Let ſome report their conqueſts to the world;
They provinces ſubdued, but under ground,
And peopled graves: they triumph'd too, but how?
In death they triumph'd, for they fell by you.
Sel. There ſpoke the voice of war!
Yes, we have conquer'd 'em, and ſhall again,
Since *Tachmas* leads our armies to the field.
Thrice they the *Gehun* paſs'd, as oft thou know'ſt,
Khchemus felt the wounds of *Tartars* ſwords.
Where was I then, *Arbanes?* ſtood I idle?
For thou wert my lieutenant in the war,
Saw'ſt all my actions, therefore beſt canſt ſpeak 'em.
Arb. The *Grecian* eloquence can never paint
Your victories, (to mention but the firſt)
How then ſhall I? but my reflecting ſoul
Shews the paſt ſcene of glory to my view,
And I can ſpeak a truth.
Sel. You Gods! a truth?
I think my actions do diſdain a lie
To ſpeak 'em brave.
Arb. Dread ſir, you wrong my meaning.
Sel. I am calm, proceed.
Arb. A barbarous people, of a rougher clime,
Invade our frontiers, burn our villages,
Unyoke our labouring oxen from the plow,
Our flocks deſtroy, and after them our hinds:
The fatal news enters our city gates,
And *Iſpahan* appears one face of ſorrow!
The virgins ſhriek, the matrons fear prevents
The ſtroke of war; old bed-rid age laments
Its many winters, or does wiſh 'em more,
To have more ſtrength to fight, or leſs, to die.
But then you roſe, and fortune could no more:
War is proclaim'd, and you the general.
Then to have heard your drooping ſubjects ſhout
To arm, to arms, all to the famous field,
The Sophy leads us on, and all muſt follow;
By the bright ſun was wonderful indeed.

Our

Our virgins, who before ſtood dumb as death,
Now ſing us on our way: the very boys
Act victory at home: and coward prieſts
In moſques with pray'r battle with the Gods.
But when we joined the foe——
Sel. Ay, then, *Arbanes!*
Fierce as a winter ſtorm upon the main,
Swept the field; whilſt my affrighted foes,
Like brooks at the angry *Neptune*'s frown,
Succeſſively did vaniſh from my ſight.
Did I not pour upon their foremoſt ranks,
Sudden and fierce as lightning, ruſh among
Their thickeſt ſquadrons, and in glorious heat
(Like thunder breaking from a teeming cloud)
Make deſolation wait upon my arms?
Iſm. How vanity diſtorts him! [*To* Arbanes.
Sel. With my drawn ſword I pointed out the paths
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread,
Mounting that ſtately pyramid alone,
Whilſt all my army lagg'd, and you below
Trembled, like girls, to behold my daring.
Iſm. Now to fire him.
Sel. Nay more; when my too eager courage bore me
Amidſt a band of bold *Tartarian* horſe:
No guard, but death, that hung upon my ſword
To make it fatal, ſay, who brought me off?
By *Mars*, the ſingle virtue of this arm
Diſperſ'd their troops, and ſent 'em from the field.
Iſm. So, he beat them all himſelf.
Arb. Great ſir, your royal brother claims a ſhare
In that renowned day.
Sel. Arbanes! ha!
Arb. But all his glorious actions are your own;
Since you, like ſtreams, from the ſame fountain run.
Sel. I cannot talk of fields, of war, or arms,
Mention a ſiege, or battle, that I won;
But I am thought to boaſt: I know your idol;
You plant my laurel wreaths on *Tachmas*' brow;
And would my crown: by hea'vn I know your hearts.
Arb. Alha forbid that you ſhould think us traitors.

Iſm. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.
Arb. O it ſtings his ſoul.
Sel. Iſmael thou art honeſt: doſt thou think the prince—
Iſm. What of the prince, my lord?
Sel. Why nothing now:
'Twas but an idle thought, and I diſmiſs it.
Iſm. Your royal mother, with the fair *Semanthe*,
Intend this way.
Sel. Then comes the brighteſt ſtar the firmament glory
That ever waited on *Diana*'s pride;
Light without heat, and youth without deſire.
Oh *Iſmael!* what courage can reſiſt
The raging torments of a hopeleſs love?
'Tis that in ſpight of all my victories,
My paſt renown, or ſoldiers hardineſs,
That drives me, like a coward, to the ground,
Breathleſs and pale before that ſcornful beauty.
Iſm. It goes as I would have it. [*Aſide.*
Sel. Still as I woo'd, when at her feet I lay,
Begging the bounty of a look to bleſs me,
Hadſt thou but ſeen with what a modeſt pride,
A virgin innocence, and chaſte reſerv'dneſs,
She took the humble offering of my love;
How ſtill in all the windings of my paſſion,
Through the high-tide of vows, and ſtrong temptations,
She kept an equal mind; by heav'n I think,
Hadſt thou then ſeen the temperate virgin ſtand,
Cold to my flame as marble to the ſun,
(Not fluſht and haughty with her conqueſt made,
As others vainer of her ſex would be)
Thou would'ſt have lov'd her rigid virtue too.
Iſm. Take warmer beauties to your breaſt, whoſe heat
May melt that frozen image of a love.
Sel. O thou miſtak'ſt, nothing can drive her hence;
Her rigorous beauty binds me for her ſlave,
Freezes the wand'ring current of my love,
Which did ſhe ſmile, would looſely glide along
Into the boundleſs ocean of her ſex.
Were ſhe like other women to be mov'd,
Coming, and forward to believe our vows,

To

To drink our tears, and melt within our arms;
Then I ſhould ſlight the eaſy conquer'd prey:
But of ſuch different tempers we are fram'd,
There's ſuch a contrariety between us,
Like fighting qualities, each gathers force,
And as the frames, I conſume, and burn
With fierce violence of raging love.
My Lord, ſhe enters.

Enter Begona *and* Somantho, *attended.*

Sel. Hail beauteous maid! thou leading light of heav'n!
So near the ſun you ſhine, ſo bright your luſtre;
We juſtly may miſtake you for the morn,
And pay our earlier devotion here.
Sem. The pomp and entertainments of the day
Speak ſome high feſtival: perhaps your birth
Has claim'd this ſun a ſacrifice to jollity.
While you, the royal lord,
Conclude in laviſhly beſtowing praiſes.
Sel. Take 'em as the offering of exceſſive love;
The meaning of my ſoul.
Sem. As they are meant,
Th' effect of gallantry, I take 'em all.
Sel. O! how, *Samantho!* how ſhall I convince thee?
What ſhall I ſay, or how ſhall I proteſt,
To conquer thy belief?
Cou'dſt thou diſcern the workings of my ſoul,
Paſs through this boſom to my throbbing heart;
O! there thou wouldſt behold thy heav'nly form
Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.
Why doſt thou take the beauties from my eyes?
Like the ſun's flower, my folded glories fade,
Periſh, and die, unleſs thou ſhine upon me.
Ha! weeping too! what has my paſſion done?
O mother! beg her, on your knees implore,
Entreat her for your poor offending ſon;
Tell her I kneel, but dare not aſk for pardon,
Leſt ev'n then my words ſhould give offence.
Beg. O riſe, my royal lord! ſome ſecret grief

Bedews her cheeks, which I cou'd never learn,
Altho' I often preſt her to diſcover.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eun. An officer begs admittance from the prince.
Sel. Conduct him in.
Sem. Did he not name the prince: my heart confirms it
For I have loſt the weight of my afflictions.
And am within a little world of joy.
Iſm. Methinks a ſudden pleaſure overcomes
Your miſtreſs's ſorrows.
Sel. Ha!
Iſm. Was there ought in what
The *Eunuch* ſaid, to work ſo quick a change?
Sel. Nothing to her——but why that queſtion?
Iſm. Only a fooliſh doubt,——but I am ſatisfy'd.
Sel. The manner of thy ſpeech ſays not.
Iſm. Alas! age in a minute raiſes ſcruples,
That years can't ſolve; and this perhaps is one.
But ſince you tell me ſhe was not concern'd
In what the *Eunuch* ſaid, I'll give it o'er.
Sel. He ſaid, an officer begs admittance from the prince.
Iſm. He did, my lord; and as he nam'd the prince,
A ſudden joy, like lightning, dry'd her tears,
And not a cloud was ſeen in that bright heav'n.
Sel. Ha! *Iſmael!* thy words have ſtunn'd me more,
Than the united force of heav'n cou'd do.
I fear thy friendſhip has been fatal to me,
With an officious eye diſcovering,
What, for my peace, had better been conceal'd.

Enter Oſman.

Oſm. Let *Perſia* flouriſh, and its royal lord
Be ever maſter of the *Aſian* world:
And when fame calls your armies to the field,
May *Tachmas* lead 'em out, and ſtill return,
As now, triumphant home,
In all the glories of a famous war.
Sel. Say, have we conquer'd then? relate the means
How ſuch prodigious odds were overthrown.

Oſm.

Ofm. Our armies lay in view; *Gehun* between
Gently, as peace, in ſilver currents ſtream'd,
Off'ring her ſtore to quench the flame of war;
But all in vain: ſhouts, trumpets, drums,
In dreadful echoes, bid the battles join:
We on our guard, and they expecting when
To pour a purple deluge on our plain.
O how my heart beats with fear!

Ofm. This was our poſture; when one ſolemn morn
Riot began in the proud *Tartars* tents,
Nor ended with the ſun, for half the night
Was given to ſporting, luxury, and wine:
Which, when the prince perceiv'd; ſilent, as ſleep
Stole on their reeling ſenſes, forth he drew
His army, and at their head he cry'd,
If glory be your aim, now follow me:
Then leap'd into the ſtream,
And, like a ſea-god mounted on a wave,
Daſh'd the ſtrong tide, and lead a floating war:
Which, when their out-guards found, alarm'd the camp;
But there confuſion in a thouſand ſhapes
Befriended us; like *Cadmus* brood, they fell
By each others ſwords, and made our conqueſt eaſy.

Sel. By *Haly*'s ſoul 'twas conduct for a God!
And worth th' experience of an age of arms.
O! now my mother! peace is doubly welcome,
Not only baniſhing my people's fears,
But as the glory of my brother's arms.

Beg. Tachmas has copied what your ſword firſt drew:
You for your father conquer'd, he for you.

Sel. Said the prince nothing of returning home?

Ofm. My ſpeed had been prevented,
Had not ſome orders to the army ſtaid him.
To-morrow's earlieſt ſun will ſee him here.

Sel. A thouſand tumains for thy welcome news.

Sem. Bleſſings for ever hang upon thy tongue.

Sel. Fly then, and thro' my kingdoms, loud as fame
Can ſpeak, proclaim an univerſal joy.
Let plenty triumph in our ſtreets, rich preſents
Be ſhar'd among our ſubjects, not a face

Be

Be ſeen in ſorrow: Grief herſelf muſt ſmile,
When *Seliman* appears to crown the day.
Let our ſoft virgins now no longer mourn,
But fly to every meadow, bow'r, and grove,
Supinely melting on the bed of love:
For the glad day comes on, that will reſtore
Their lovers to their arms, and to my pow'r
Confirm new bleſſings ne'er enjoy'd before.
[*Exeunt omnes, præter* Ism. & Arb.

Ism. Twice have I held the glories of a favourite;
And ſway'd the father once, as now the ſon;
High as ambition join'd with power cou'd raiſe me.
Yet blaſts have nipt my ſummer's blowing pride,
Wither'd the glorious bloſſoms of my hopes,
And left me leafleſs to the threatning ſtorms.

Arb. When *Sephy Cabas* rul'd, moſt true my lord,
You ſhar'd ſome part of his divided favours:
But ſafe in *Seliman*'s breaſt you ſleep ſecure,
Far above envy, or a rival's reach.

Ism. No, no, *Arbanes*, no; thou'rt ſhort-ey'd here:
There's yet a cedar that out tops my pride;
That grows too faſt, and ſhades me from the ſun:
'Tis *Tachmas*; baneful name to all my hopes,
Who by the giant-weight of his deſerts
Preſſes my fate, and keeps it ſtruggling under.

Arb. Iſmail, in that name thou ſtabb'ſt my ſoul
With the remembrance of my former glory:
Once I was great; my hopes as flouriſhing,
As now declin'd; my fate erected high
As victory could raiſe it; 'till the prince,
That boy, my ſcholar in the trade of arms,
By treachery deſpoil'd me of thoſe plumes
My valour purchas'd with an age of war.

Ism. Why did you bear it?

Arb. Doſt thou not know the fate of ſoldiers?
We're but ambition's tools, to cut away
To her unlawful ends; and when we're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with conſtant ſervice, thrown aſide
To ruſt in peace; or rot in hoſpitals.
But tell me, *Iſmail!* may ſeel theſe limbs,

Theſe

These arms, are they past wielding of a sword?
By heav'n I think not: or has my good old friend
Forgot his killing virtue? or has rust
Bound up its fury? neither; see, it comes, [*Draws.*
And feels as keen, and looks as bright, and gay
As the young warrior's, when he first appears
In polisht steel, and marching to the field.
Then, [illegible] I lain by? why am I not
A general still?

Ism. Ay, there's a question will admit debating.

Arb. And not to be decided, 'till this sword
Appears in blood again: O, *Ismael!*
Thou kind regarder of my fame, I swear,
Were not thy stricter virtue to inspire
A generous heat of action in my soul,
I think 'twou'd settle almost to dishonour.
Alas! I was a conscientious fool,
And durst not think of vengeance; all my wrongs
Quite blotted from my memory, and lost;
But now they live again, and by my sword
Shall be reveng'd at full.

Ism. Be calm, and hear me.

Arb. Calm! *Ismael!* sure thou mock'd my patience;
Why I'm a pigeon-hearted slave, a thing
So overgrown with that poor sneaking virtue,
I almost doubt my courage.

Ism. Arbanes! know, I look upon the prince
As a black cloud, that rises on my glory;
I know it, and I hate him more than thou;
Tho' with less noise: I have no army lost,
No titles of the war; 'twas not my province:
The court has been my sphere,
Where, with the musick of my tongue in council
I've charm'd opinion after me, been thought
The voice of fate, and ere my words cou'd mount,
The *Sophy*'s ear has stoop'd to entertain 'em;
Where I have revel'd long, and whence I fear
No banishment, unless outed by the prince:
His merit flows fast as the *Sophy*'s love,
Which if I aim not wide, like meeting tides,

May

May daſh my fate, and ſink my pride for ever.
Thus tho' from different lines our wrongs proceed,
They center in revenge.

Arb. I'll ſtab him in his triumph.

Iſm. The policy of ſoldiers! here is
Can't purchaſe a revenge, without being hang'd.
A ſtateſmen wou'd have found a thouſand ways.
But ſee, we are diſturb'd.

Enter Sunamire.

Arb. My ſiſter *Sunamire* alone, and thoughtful!

Iſm. I know her haughty ſpirit
Reſents an injury above her ſex;
And has all the contrivance of a woman,
In working of revenge: wou'd ſhe was our's.

Arb. A plot without a prieſt, or a woman in't,
Had been a prodigy.

Iſm. Let us withdraw, I wou'd unſeen obſerve her.

Sun. Tachmas to-morrow to return, and therefore
Through *Iſpahan* a general joy: goes it not there!
O tortures! furies! hell! ay, that's the cauſe;
No, *Sunamire* muſt curſe his crowding triumphs:
And when he comes, my wiſhes be his welcome:
But if I muſt behold him; may theſe eyes,
Theſe eyes that wanted fire to warm his heart,
Flaſh fierce as baſiliſks, and dart him dead.

Iſm. Yet nigher—— [*To* Arbanes.

Sun. Not that my fondneſs does exceed the bounds
Of a court lady; no; I can accept
Whate'er a ſcore of fond proteſting things,
In all their height of gallantry, can ſay,
And the next minute part with them for ever,
If that were all: but to be ſcorn'd! that, that's
The hell of hells, the plague of womankind!

Iſm. Arbanes! ſaid ſhe not ſcorn'd?

Arb. She did.

Sun. Had I been born of vulgar parentage,
Then unobſerv'd I might retire, and in
Some corner melt my ſorrows into tears:
But here at court,

Where

Where each apartment is a theatre,
And all the world obſervers of our follies,
For me to whine a tedious ſcene of love,
Is beyond p[illegible]: let my fancy work——
Ism. O now ſhe's on the rack!
Sun. Ay, now the preſence fills, I ſee the prince
In the bright circle, like a charmer ſtand,
With all the beauties of the Eaſt around him:
I hear his melting language, hear his court,
His ſoft addreſſes, and his ſighing love;
Whilſt my falſe ſenſes, flatt'ring my deſpair,
Whiſper through every manſion of my ſoul,
To *Sunamire* they're meant, they're meant to me;
Then, then I can no longer bear the thought;
My eager joy works outward on my cheeks,
And every eye obſerves my wild concern:
At which the ladies laugh, and I too late
The cauſe perceiving, bluſhing fly the room,
To mourn my paſt diſgrace —— my brother here!
Arb. Siſter, I've heard your ſtory, and am glad
That your revenge points at the man I hate.
Ism. Long have I waited time, and now it comes,
The golden minute comes, that offers us
A ſafe revenge, but mounted on the wing:
Say *Sunamire*, *Arbanes*, ſhall it paſs
Unheeded like the common births of time?
Sun. Why is it made a queſtion? you are wrong'd,
Elſe why revenge? If ſo, why trifle you
The hours in talk? But coward man wou'd cool,
Did not the ſhame, or public tongue provoke him,
More than the ſenſe of honour, to revenge.
Ism. O! you have rais'd a dire, provoking thought,
Wou'd make a tim'rous anchorite fearleſs,
Run to the fatal ſteel, and ſtab his prince:
Arbanes! now he dies, a thouſand wrongs
Cry in the voice of murder, for revenge;
Thine, mine——
Arb. But what more ſenſibly does touch me,
Is his proud ſcorn of thee.
Sun. Brother, that word

Would

Would paint a ſhame for ever on my brow:
But my fir'd ſpirit mounts; and if I bluſh again,
Think it the ſcarlet trapping of my rage.
Arb. 'Twas like my ſiſter ſpoke.
Iſm. You know the *Sophy*'s of a nature hot,
Vain, and ambitious; yet withal moſt pliant,
And eaſy for the flatterer to moul!
To any form; ſo jealous of his glory,
That when you but oppos'd the prince's merit,
Ambition broke through all the bonds of love,
And ſhot his fiery ſoul out of his eyes.
Arb. I mark'd, and hop'd for wonders from his paſſion:
But hell! too ſoon he cool'd.
Iſm. And things that ſooneſt cool, are ſooneſt heated.
'Tis not a ſudden overflowing paſſion,
But a juſt tide of rage, in ebbs and flows,
Muſt perfect a revenge: and tho' his virtue
Awhile ſuppreſs his fears, yet they will riſe,
Engend'ring doubts, diſtruſts, and jealouſies,
Which of themſelves will ne'er be conjur'd down,
But with the fall of him who firſt begot 'em.
We muſt foment his paſſion for *Semanthe*,
Since that conduces moſt to our deſign.
Sun. How that, my lord?
Iſm. With my continual praiſes of her beauty,
I've blown his flame to ſuch a raging height,
That now he'd brook a partner in his throne,
Rather than in her heart.
Sun. Alas! unrival'd he may keep that ſeat:
And if the beauties of the *Perſian* crown
Did not attract beyond *Semanthe*'s charms,
Sure even in that he might unenvy'd be.
Iſm. *Tachmas* thinks otherwiſe.
Sun. Ha! nam'd you *Tachmas*?
Iſm. Madam, I did, the prince.
Sun. 'Tis falſe;
Or if you did, yet falſer, if you ſay
He caſts one thought away upon *Semanthe*.
Iſm. Madam, let this ſpeak for me; 'tis his hand,
And to *Semanthe* written. [*Gives her a letter.*

Sun.

Sun. The burning fever rages in my veins;
But hold, my heart, reſtrain the fury in,
Which heaves me, like the fighting winds, for vent.
One queſtion more, and like the ſtormy God,
I'll let you looſe, to act it as you pleaſe,
To ſhake me into atoms, tear my brain,
With diſtraction that becomes revenge.

Arb. She raves already.

Sun. My lord! how came this letter to your hands?

Ism. The prince's goodneſs wiſely choſe my age,
To be his confident in theſe amours;
And knowing me unfit for fiercer joys,
Thinks I ſtill love the ſport, and therefore makes me
The go-between, the pander to their loves.
And I think I have ſo much of my office right,
To haſten on their ruins. True, I make bold
To taſte their letters to 'em, as they paſs
Through my employment, (for to me they're all
Enclos'd) what ſerve my ends, I keep, the reſt
I am moſt faithful in delivering.

Sun. Still he goes on, and every ſound more ſoft,
Tender, and melting than the former: hell!
And to *Semanthe* all! O I could tear
Myſelf, them, you, and all the world, like this
Dumb piece of love; loſe him to her! to her!
A poor, young, actleſs, indigeſted thing,
Whoſe utmoſt pride can only boaſt of youth,
And innocence; whoſe ſtature ſpakes her mind,
And what fate meant her, a plebeian wife;
Whilſt my erected head was rais'd to give
A fuller majeſty to crowns; my years
(Rich with the ſummer fruit of riper joys)
Deſign'd fit offerings to the god of love:
But now no more:
Since I am ſcorn'd, my nobler thoughts aſpire
To glorious actions, worthy female ire:
Revenge, and death, and blood my working fancy fire.
[*Exit.*

Ism. Arbanes, after her; cool her if thou canſt,
Or ſtorm her into calmneſs. [*Exit* Arbanes.

If-

Iſmael *ſolus.*

Iſm. Virtue avaunt! to villages be gone:
But haunt the luxury of courts no more;
Much leſs aſpiring ſtateſmen's nobler thoughts.
Ambition is our idol, on whoſe wings
Great minds are carried only to extreme;
To be ſublimely great, or to be nothing:
And he who aims his actions at it's mark,
Muſt ruſh with manly reſolution on,
Stopping at nothing when he has begun;
Still paſs the ſhorteſt way, altho' untrod,
Not loiter in the beaten, honeſt road:
But let our maſters watch the heights we ſoar:
A ſtateſman's loyalty is growing pow'r,
And we but watch occaſion to devour. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Tachmas's *Triumph uſher'd in by Drums and Trumpets; and anſwer'd by Flutes, Hautboys, and Voices from the other ſide of the ſtage:* Seliman *meets* Tachmas *with a full Court.*

Sel. WELCOME, thou worthy partner of my fame!
From the rich harveſt of thy glorious toil,
Welcome my general, my friend, and brother!
Why art thou backward in thy part of friendſhip?
Riſe to my breaſt, for my impatient heart
Awaits thee there; my arms thus fold thee in,
Thus preſs thee to my ſoul, where thou wilt meet
A thouſand welcomes more than words can give thee.

Tach. O my imperial lord! my Godlike maſter!
How has your ſervant merited this grace?
Permit me proſtrate on the earth to fall,
And pay my adoration to this goodneſs.

Sel. I ſwear it muſt not be, brother, I read

A long-

A longing in our gracious mother's eye;
She claims your knee, and duty.
[Tachmas *kneels to* Begona.
Arb. Why all your projects are aground already,
The *Sophy* doats upon the prince. } *Aside.*
Ism. Be patient:
His kindneſs is as ſhort-liv'd, as his anger.
Beg. Thou ſecond bleſſing, which the Gods enrich'd
My fruitful youth with, comfort of my age,
Our live's preſerver, welcome from the war,
Welcome to me, and *Ispahan*.
Tach. Is there a joy in victory beyond
My mother's ſafety? protecting her, you Gods!
Has overpaid the little I have done;
My hours of blood, and I am ſtill your debtor.
Beg. Now I could bleſs theſe powers, that lengthned out
My date of life, to this moſt happy day;
Once more to view the ancient *Perſian* glory
Shine out in theſe my ſons; once to behold
The face of things ſerene and fair again;
The fruits of peace rip'ning through all the land,
And plenty ſmiling upon every brow:
This as the mother of my country; but
The ſpirit of my joy's reſerv'd for you,
My ſons; or let me call you by a nearer name,
Myſelf; thus to behold you meet in friendſhip;
To have my blood, altho' in different veins,
Flow in one ſtream of love; and what's yet more,
Tho' empire ſtands between, like a huge rock,
To break the current, and divide you ever.
O! let it be my glory now, my ſons!
To ſeal the bands of friendſhip, you have tied,
To bleſs you thus, thus, in each other's arms,
And as a worthy ſacrifice, to offer
My ſtock of breath in prayers for both your welfares.
Ambo. Long live, thou beſt of mothers! [pets
Sel. And mark me, all my people; nay ſound our trum-
To yon bright roof, and ſummon all the gods,
As witneſſes to this great *Stygian* vow.
By the eternal God-head of the ſun,

I glory

I glory more that I can call thee mine,
My friend, and brother, than in wearing crowns.
Tach. Gods! if there be a poſſibility
To ſpeak my thanks; but that's impoſſible:
Or if there be a way to gratitude,
Direct me to't, tho' certain death attend
My every ſtep, I'll on to ſerve the king.
Sel. I know thou wouldſt. Yet, *Tachmas!* O, my brother!
Great as I am in arms,
Tho' I have conquer'd through the *Aſian* world,
And thou maintain'ſt my glory in the field;
Still there is wanting to complete my bliſs,
Samanthe's love;——but that wiſe heav'n denies me,
To ſhew I am but man: for had the Gods
Granted me her, with this vaſt ſpace of empire,
I'd been their equal: not envy'd 'em the joys
They boaſt above, nor had a thought of heav'n
Beyond her beauty.——
But private cares muſt not uſurp this day.
Lead to the banquet; all muſt be our gueſts,
'Tis *Seliman* invites you.
[*Exeunt Omnes, præter* Iſmael, *&* Semanthe.
Iſm. Madam, I know the prince's ſoul abhors
Theſe forms, and ceremonies, that detain
Him from your arms.
I have not time to open all my thoughts;
I muſt attend the king: only prepare,
If any ſtorm ſhould fall, to 'ſcape its fury. [*Exit.*
Sem. Alas! what ſtorm? and how ſhould I beware?
What lover ever yet foreſaw a danger?
The God himſelf is blind, and all that love,
In midnight darkneſs to his temple move;
Like a toſt bark at ſea, the pilot gone,
I'm left expos'd to winds and waves alone,
And rocks on every hand to ſplit upon:
Yet there is one port fair in view, where I
The fortune of my life and love will try,
My *Tachmas*' arms, where I will live or die.

SCENE

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Citizens with their Wives.

1 *Cit.* Hot work, neighbours, very hot work; bells ringing, bonfires flaming, crackers flying, conduits running, engines playing, and butts of wine tossing about, like church buckets in a fire.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; 'twill be a day of service; therefore I think it convenient our leaky vessels be laid by.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

1 *Cit.* Yes, doxies, you must troop home, like obedient wives, and expect us as soon as we in our royal pleasure shall think fit to follow.

1 *Wom.* O but, husband! we have not seen the fire-works.

2 *Wom.* And we never saw fire-works since we were marry'd.

1 *Cit.* And now for the honour of matrimony, you would meet with some red-nos'd, engineering corporal, and be squib'd for company.

2 *Wom.* Besides, 'tis a holyday, and citizens wives should be abroad on holydays.

1 *Wom.* The king has proclaim'd it, and it may be treason to go home before night.

1 *Cit.* We, your representatives in the body politic, will stay till morning, and be loyally drunk for the king.

1 *Wom.* And we your cyphers (if we can find any civil gentlemen, as loyally affected as ourselves) will do something else for the king before morning.

Omn. Wom. So farewell husbands. [*Exeunt Women.*

1 *Cit.* So, now we have the day before us.

2 *Cit.* The fear of cuckoldom is removed, and we will be most obediently drunk at the king's charges.

Omnes. Away, away we lose time.

[*Exit shouting, God bless the King.*

Enter Soldiers drunk, with the former Women.

1 *Sold.* The day is our own, the town surrenders, and I must ravish.

1 *Wom.*

1 *Wom.* O Lord! Sir! I am married.

1 *Sold.* And I am a cuckold-maker.

1 *Wom.* O! but the ſin of adultery is a double ſin.

1 *Sold.* And I love double ſinning with all my heart: 'tis a method we ſoldiers uſe to cheat the devil in counting. Fornication! pox! 'tis boys play, and gown-men preach againſt it; but juſtify the reaſonableneſs of adultery by their own example.

[*He touzes her, while the others ſpeak.*

2 *Sold.* S'buds! a month's pay is
Nothing to thee: I could kiſs thee to pieces.

2 *Wom.* Well; if my huſband knew of the ill cuſtoms you bring into his family, he'd look as terrible——

2 *Sold.* As a pair of horns can make him: but hang him cuckold that muſt be, I never fear an enemy, when I have won his trenches. Come, come; faith you muſt, faith you muſt——ha!

Enter former Citizens, drunk, and ſinging; the woman ſhriek, and run out, the Soldiers after 'em.

1 *Cit.* Our counters rifled! our wives raviſh'd, and we in the ſtate of cuckoldom again! I am drunk, deſperate, and can fight for the honour of my vocation, and confuſion of cuckold-makers——ſcour, ſcour, ſcour.——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Changes to the Palace.*

Enter Iſmael *with ſeveral Lords.*

Iſm. My lords! I never can enough return
This kingdom's thanks, for making him your care,
Who is the life and being of us all:
Tachmas! the general wiſh of *Perſia!*
The people's longing, and the courtiers ſoul!
With what an eagerneſs the *Sophy* flew
To meet your loves, and ere you could demand him,
Reſign'd the provinces of greateſt truſt
Through his dominions, to his brother's care!

Lord. My lord! his ſtrange behaviour at the banquet,
His ſtart of paſſion, and abrupt departure,
Provokes our wonder.

Iſm.

Iſm. Truſt my experience in the *Sophy*'s humour:
The eye of time has ſeen him through and through;
Trac'd him through ev'ry temper of his ſoul,
And ſhewn him naked to my ſtricteſt view:
And from my obſervation of his youth,
Up to his riper years, I dare affirm
His ſoul enrich'd with all thoſe qualities,
That can endear a monarch to the world.
——But ſee, he comes: within this hour, my lords,
I'll wait you in the' apartment of *Semanthe*,
Where I have ſomething to propoſe, that may
Advantage the deſign.

Lord. We will not fail. [*Exeunt.*

Iſm. To loſe your heads, if you be there.

Enter Seliman.

Sel. Why is my temper ſhaken with each breath
Of fleeting air, that's formed into voice?
Why have I not an equal maſtery
Over my paſſions, with the reſt of men?
The court is in an uproar with my follies
Expos'd in public; all my friends ſtand mute
Before me, not a counſellor that dares
Adviſe me, even flattery is dumb.
——I'll curb his folly.——Ha! *Iſmael* here!

Iſm. I find the poiſon works; I'll ſhew myſelf.

Sel. My fit returns, and all my promiſes
Vaniſh at ſight of him: a thouſand doubts
Start in my ſoul, and preſs to be reſolv'd
From his oraculous tongue. ——Yet why ſhould I
Raſhly endanger all my future peace,
To be inquiſitive in that, may prove
A laſting torment, and at beſt can give
But what I had before?——I will retire,
And ſo conceal my weakneſs——yet that were
But to betray it more.——

Iſm. Great ſir! to preſs upon your thoughtful hours
May prove my crime, 'tis fit I wait at diſtance.

Sel. No, *Ismael!*
Nothing of moment entertains my thoughts:

Only ſome few reflections on my late
Deportment at the banquet.
Iſm. The cauſe was ſure important, that could ſhock
Your temper ſo, and in that general joy.
Sel. The cauſe, *Iſmael!* as thou lov'ſt my peace,
Stop there; tho' much I fear thou'ſt gone too far:
Thou'ſt ignorantly touch'd a jarring ſtring,
That quite untunes the orders of my ſoul:
And all the rules of temperance I propos'd,
I ſhall leap o'er, if thus thou urge me on
A ſecond time.
Iſm. How, Sir, have I offended?
Sel. Thy queſtions ſtill drive on to that diſcourſe,
That moſt offends me.
Iſm. Better I never ſpoke, than give you trouble.
Sel. It were indeed.——Nay thou muſt bear with me
I know thou wilt, *Iſmael!* therefore ſpeak,
And let thy thoughts flow freely to thy tongue;
As to my ear thy words. Is not *Semanthe*
All can be wiſh'd in woman?——Ha! not anſwer!
Iſm. I dare not, I ſhall give you new diſturbance.
Sel. O now thou art too hard upon my follies:
I know this theme provok'd me at the banquet,
And truths in public are reſented,
Which meet a fair reception in our cloſets.
Iſm. Then I dare ſpeak my thoughts; if I reſpect
Semanthe as the goddeſs of your vows,
As one, rais'd by the merit of your love;
Then I muſt think the virtues of her ſex,
(For ſure ſhe has the beauties) meet in her:
But if as merely woman I eſteem her,
Ally'd to imperfections, ſubject to
Temptations, which her beauties will invite,
And years allow of, with that tide of youth
Swelling through every vein, ſparkling deſires,
And circulating wiſhes to her heart:
Pardon the freedom of my own experience,
I think this fruit, that ripens on the bough,
And mellows in the ſun-ſhine of the court,
Muſt ſomewhere fall.

S.I.

Sel. A thouſand thoughts prey on my tortur'd ſoul,
And whirling fancy turns my ſenſes round:
——Yet ſtay——'twas reaſon all he uttered to me,
And ſolid ſenſe; and may perhaps be true.
Semanthe is a woman;
And who can fathom that deceitful ſex?
But, by the flaming God that rides above,
Had I a circumſtance, a ſhew of truth,
I would not only drive the ſorcereſs hence,
But ſink her lover in the ſhades for ever.

Iſm. My lord! knowing your violent paſſion
For *Semanthe*, and her unnatural coldneſs;
Hoping to find the cauſe of all, by bribes
I wrought upon a ſlave in truſt, who told me,
How ſhe in private entertains a lover.

Sel. In private, ſay'ſt thou? ſure it cannot be:
She! who like *April* months, ſtill wept, and ſhone,
Whoſe not one beauty was without a tear,
Is ſhe, hell! furies! fiends! and plagues! unchaſte?

Iſm. My lord——

Sel. She is, by hell ſhe is!
For all the tears ſhe ſhed, were liquid fire,
Hot ſcalding bubbles of deſcending luſt,
As *Jupiter* rain'd down on *Danaë*.

Iſm. The Gods can witneſs for me. I believe
Semanthe chaſte, as the untainted thoughts
Of infancy:
Yet ſhe is a woman; and the niceſt ſure,
That makes her modeſty her boaſted pride,
May, when when ſollicited with earneſt vows
Of honourable love, without a crime
Believe, where her own fancy prompts her.

Sel. What honourable love can ſtory boaſt,
Through the recorded pages of the dead,
Equal to mine? in all my flame of love,
When wild deſires beat thick upon my ſoul,
And power (the countenance of greateſt crimes)
Urging me on, nay when my boiling blood
Has bluſh'd to ſee me, for a woman's coyneſs,

Forego my pleaſures; not even then, I ſwear,
Had I a look, a thought beyond her virtue.
Iſm. I need not name your brother, when I ſpeak
Your rival maſter of the charms of youth,
Beauty and courage; nay more than theſe: one learn'd
In the ſoft way of melting ladies' hearts;
So artful in the ſtory of his paſſion,
That ſure no woman can reſiſt his tongue,
More than his enemy his ſword in battle.
Sel. O! 'tis impoſſible!
Iſm. By heav'n 'tis true; 'tis he alone
Reſolves the froſty weather in her ſoul,
And warms her into wiſhes.
Sel. Then be forgotten ever
The ties of blood, friendſhip, humanity,
You're empty names, and periſh all in him;
No more my brother, but the worſt of villains.
I could behold him ſeated in my throne,
Diſpoſing crowns and kingdoms through the Eaſt,
And pardon his ambition:——but my love.——
Iſm. He needs no pardon, who offends with power:
And ſhould the prince with a ſtrong hand maintain
His paſſion to the world, nay, eaſe your brow
Of the imperial load, who can oppoſe him?
All offices are his, your ſword is his,
To be employ'd againſt your royal life;
If gratitude permit: and who is he,
In the wild tranſports of ambitious thoughts,
And toſſing on the billows of deſire,
That for a nicety of good or ill,
Would quit the joys of beauty, and a crown?
Sel. No more, *Iſmael!* tell me when, and where
I may behold 'em: let thy working brain
But guide me to the place.——
Iſm. That this does; [*Shewing a Key.*
This key diſcloſes to you the whole ſcene
Of their forbidden loves: within this hour
They meet again in her apartment, where
You may ſurpriſe 'em.
Sel. Attend me at that time.

O I could curſe my fooliſh, eaſy nature!
——But I am calm as yet,
The figure of my fury's lifeleſs drawn;
Rude, and unlike to what it ſhall be.
O! thou ſhalt ſee the mendings of my rage;
The manly daſhes of my ſtronger paſſion
Shall paint the face of my revenge ſo ghaſtly,
Nature ſhall ſtart affrighted at the piece,
And cry, the work's not mine. [*Exit.*

Iſm. Full charg'd, and, like a thunderbolt, deſtructive,
The *Sophy* flies to all that ſhall oppoſe him:
——*Tachmas* will ſtand between him, and *Semanthe*;
——But *Selima* muſt paſs through *Tachmas* to her:
'Tis ſo reſolv'd, and ſtands like heaven's fixt poles!
Come, furies all, whip up my ſleeping envy,
Laſh the lean, haggard fiend, and make her foam;
Lend me your ſcorpions, reach the pois'nous bowl,
That the green gall may ſtain my venom'd blood,
And my infection raiſe a mad combuſtion.
Then from the port I will behold the ſtorm,
And laugh at ruins, that my plots perform. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Semanthe's *Apartment.*

Enter Tachmas, Semanthe, *and Lords.*

Tach. O! why *Semanthe*, why theſe falling tears?
I ſwear, my love, not the laſt drops of life,
Juſt flowing from my heart, are dearer to me,
Than thoſe rich pearls that trickle from thy eyes.
What, on this joyful day! it muſt not be:
Give me thy griefs, pour all thy ſorrows here,
Here in my breaſt, and pant within my arms:
Tho' fortune frown, and every ſtar conſpire,
Yet we may love, *Semanthe!*

Sem. O my lord!
What ſun ſhall ſee you mine? Is there no pow'r
Aſſiſting to our love?

Tach. My dearer ſelf!
Let no ſad thought poiſon this happy hour,
The Gods have ſent us to begin our joys.

No, my *Semanthe!* we will never part:
For ever thus, thus in each other's arms,
Ages ſhall ſee us flouriſh.

Sem. Yes, you ſhall
For ever be believ'd; for my poor heart
Would fain be fonded with the hopes of reſt.
Yet there is ſomething here preſages ill:
Were our loves' ſcene a bliſsful, ſilvan grove,
And we, the happy tenants of its ſhade,
An humble rural pair, to all unknown,
Plac'd beneath fortune's aim, we might be bleſt.
But oh! the ſtorms and tempeſts of a court,
The rocks, the quickſands, and the toſſing ſeas,
That love muſt venture through to gain its port,
Foil the moſt reſolute pow'rs of my ſoul.

Enter Seliman *unſeen, with* Iſmael *and* Arbanes.

Sel. There needs no more; *Iſmael*, you retire,
Whilſt *Arbanes* attends me. [*Exit* Iſmael.

Sem. You know the *Sophy* long has fought my love;
And tho' I ſwear I never will be his,
Nor change the paſſion I have vow'd you long,
For more than earth can give, or heav'n beſtow;
Yet, O my lord! my fears are great for you:
What horrid conſequence, what raſh effect
Of wildeſt fury ought we not to dread
From him, who when he knows his happy rival,
Has power to execute his fatal will?

Tah. No, my *Semanthe!* we are now ſecure
From all the darts of fortune: theſe my friends,
Soon as I march to my new government,
Shall be your guard, and privately convey you
To *Georgia*, which province your brave father
Had govern'd long, and but with death reſign'd:
'Tis now within my power, and I doubt not,
At ſight of you, but we ſhall have thoſe friends
To join our cauſe, that may enable us
To juſtify our loves.

Lords. In the public name,
We lay our lives and fortunes at your feet.

Sel.

Sel. O! man me, reaſon;
Reſtrain the ſallies of my ſtarting paſſion,
Which elſe will plunge me in the gulph of madneſs.
Sem. But if that gloomy minute ſhould approach,
(Avert it heav'n) when I am forc'd to loſe you;
(Forgive the virgin fondneſs of my love)
Where ſhould your poor *Semanthe* run for ſuccour?
Or ſhould I live to mourn your loſs for ever?
Tach. O ſtop not here! for ever bleſs my ears
With the delightful ſtory of thy love:
My heart is raviſh'd with exceſſive joy,
Leaps in my breaſt,
And dances to the muſick of thy voice.
O my *Semanthe!* let me die with rapture,
Thus ſigh my ſoul out on thy virgin boſom,
Thus preſs thee ſtill, for ever hold thee to me,
Emptying the hoarded treaſure of my love,
Till life be ſpent, and I fall pale before thee.
What ſhall I ſay to ſpeak thy wond'rous virtue?
My tongue forſakes me, when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazzling thoughts,
And I can only gaze, and ſtill admire thee.

Seliman *coming forward.*

Sel. Gaze on, devour her all; this look's thy laſt.
Sem. O heav'ns! we are betray'd.
Sel. O wond'rous modeſty of guilt diſcover'd!
Ingrateful ſlave! I will not ſtoop to tell thee,
How thou haſt baſely wrong'd thy friend and brother.
I did deſign thy death; but thank the powers,
That have reviv'd expiring nature in me:
But fly, begone, to death, or baniſhment;
And all the public offices you held
By our permiſſion, here we take again.
The general-ſtaff, *Arbanes*, now is thine.
Arb. My ſervice beſt will ſpeak my gratitude.
Sel. As traitors to our crown, and life, your hends
[*To the Lords.*
Are forfeit to our laws: but meet ignobler fates.
Madam, your ſex's folly pleads your cauſe;

But think on him no more; learn to forget
A ſlave ſo much unworthy.
Arbanes, thou attend upon *Semanthe*,
And guard her as thou wouldſt thy life: away. [*Exit.*
Tach. If in my better fortune I have ever
Deſerv'd thy love,
Grant me a parting minute with *Semanthe*;
And in return, my life
Shall be too ſhort to ſhew my gratitude.
Arb. My lord! the time requires a ſhort farewel,
And you muſt make it ſo: I know there are
A thouſand tender things for you to ſay,
Unfit for me to hear;
Therefore, my lord, the guards ſhall wait without.
[*Exit with Guards.*
Tach. Now my *Semanthe!*
Sem. O my moſt lov'd lord!
Support me, for my ſpirits die within me,
At the leaſt mention of thy baniſhment.
Tach. Look up, my ſtar, my ſhining happineſs;
Dart through the gloomy winter of our fortune,
And ſmile upon me:
Let us deceive our miſeries a while,
Talk of the joys of love, and never think
Of parting; grief will come too faſt upon us.
Sem. Methinks already in ſome barbarous wild,
Like a benighted traveller, I walk;
Viewing with watry eyes the ſinking ſun,
And night diſplaying her ſad enſigns round:
No friendly village near me, all before,
A horrid maze of death, without a glide
To chear my heavy ſteps; deſpair, and death!
Darkneſs and everlaſting horror round me:
O wilt thou ne'er return to glad my ſoul,
And muſt we never, never meet again!
Tach. My ſoul's laſt treaſure! how I part from thee,
How far above the world I prize thy love,
Th' almighty ſearchers of the mind can tell:
But ſince irrevocable fate has doom'd
That I muſt ne'er be happy; O hear my wiſh

For

For thy content, and future peace of mind!
——It matters not what ſhall become of me.
When I am gone for ever from thy ſight,
Forget that wretched *Tachmas* ever was;
O! think not on the wretch, for that will grieve thee:
But give thy love to royal *Seliman*,
Give him that heart, that once was mine; thoſe vows,
That ſpotleſs faith, thou gav'ſt to me: which (ſince
'Tis for your peace) you gods! I here reſign;
Here on this altar ſigh you all away. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*
Sem. O moſt unkind! why do you uſe me thus?
Or would you have me think you never lov'd,
That thus you wiſh me from you?
Tach. My love!
My dearer ſelf! thou miracle of woman!
For what recorded ſtory ever told
One of thy ſex ſo fond of miſery?
Let us live wretched then, and ever love;
So truly love, that the relenting gods
At laſt in juſtice may redreſs our wrongs,
And bring us ſafe unto each other's arms.
Sem. O! if I over prove untrue to *Tachmas*,
May I reſign my honour to a ſlave,
Be branded a vile, common proſtitute,
And only known by the black marks of ſhame.
Tach. O I could hear thee ever: but thus reſolv'd
Let's try to part.
Sem. O you muſt firſt begin;
For my heart's fond, and ſure to ſay farewel
Would break it quite.
Tach. Farewel, *Semanthe!* witneſs all you gods,
To you I recommend this weighty charge:
O guard her innocence, and ſecure her faith,
(For ſure ſhe will be ſtrongly tempted from me)
That if your kinder ſtars ſhould guide me home
To theſe lov'd arms, our ſouls may meet in joy.
Sem. My heart's exceeding heavy: falling tears
Dazzle my ſight, and will not let me ſee you:
O do not leave me yet!
Tach. I muſt be gone:

If I ſtay longer we are both undone;
My eyes would ever on that object dwell;
——But we muſt part——farewel.
Sem. Farewel——farewel.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Seliman *following* Semanthe.

Sel. THE ſtubborn rocks are worn by pouring floods!
But you, tho' cover'd with a conſtant dew,
Like weeping marble,
Give me no hopes, but are as hard as ever.
Sem. Learn hope from widow'd turtles,
Or from the melancholy *Philomel*,
Who, perch'd all night alone in ſhady groves,
Tunes her ſoft voice to ſad complaints of love,
Making her life one great harmonious woe.
Sel. Cannot *Pactolus'* ſtrand, nor *Tagus'* ſtream,
Nor heaps of pearl join'd with a *Perſian* crown,
Bias your thoughts, or poiſe a ſubject's love?
Sem. Tho' your wide empire, with expanded wings,
Flew o'er the Eaſt farther than *Cyrus* led it;
Tho' the ſun tenanted his courſe from you,
And the rich *Indian* world confeſs'd your ſway;
I would prefer my *Tachmas*, my lov'd lord,
To all the pageantries of gaudy pow'r.
Tachmas! whoſe name but mention'd, warms my heart;
Life of my hopes! and charmer of my ſoul!
Sel. You were not form'd to run in nature's herd,
Sultry, and elbow'd in the crowd of ſlaves:
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould adorn a throne,
Plac'd eminently in a ſhining orb,
Dart life or death in every awful look.
Sem. O *Tachmas!* didſt thou know
How my aſſaulted faith maintains the field,
Sure thou wouldſt fly to my aſſiſtance.
Sel. O madam! taſte the pleaſures of a throne:

The

The ſweets of nature always blow around us:
Fate cannot reach us:
The ills ſhe ſcatters through the lower world,
Like vapours, vaniſh ere they gain our height:
Joys flow untainted from the bounteous gods,
Which the poor ſubject takes at ſecond hand:
No noiſe moleſts us but what muſic makes;
Cool, gentle breezes fan our hotter hours,
While we look down, and view the ſweating world.
See, at your feet I offer all my greatneſs,
My love, my life, yet all too little far
To purchaſe one dear look, one pitying ſmile.
Sem. O riſe, my royal lord! why ſhould you kneel
To me? why do you hold me thus?
Sel. Why doſt thou turn away?
Sem. I muſt be gone.
Sel. What! not a look! not one dear ſmile, to cheer
My famiſh'd love, my ſad deſpairing heart!
But my too happy rival will diſpenſe
With this — thus, thus I print my ſoul.
[*Kiſſing her hand, ſhe breaks from him.*
Ha! gone ſo ſoon! nay then 'tis time to ſpeak:
By all the pangs of love, if thus you leave me,
Thus tortur'd with the violence of my paſſion,
Your lover's blood alone ſhall quench my rage.
Sem. Ah! where ſhall conſtancy meet a reward?
Where ſhall that poor, abandon'd virtue fly?
For here 'tis perſecuted to undoing.
Sel. 'Tis not his baniſhment that ſhall ſuffice:
That I apply'd, as a ſafe remedy,
In hopes you would forget him by degrees:
But ſince I find th' infection ſpreads upon you,
I muſt be quick, and ſnatch the ſharpeſt cure:
And ſince he only bars my happineſs,
His death ſhall guide me on my way to bliſs. [*Exit.*
Sem. O leave me not with that deſtructive ſound!
My lord! oh ſtay! O hear me, ere you go:
——He's gone, and may perhaps intend it too:
Ah! no; *Hyrcanian* tigers would not hurt my love;
——But a revengeful, furious rival may,

Tachmas and death! O keep 'em diſtant, heaven!
For, like deſtroying planets, if they meet,
My ruin's certain: ſome god inſpire my mind,
In this wide maze of death, a path to find,
That leads me to the means, how I may ſave
My love; or that which leads me to my grave. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Changes to the Country.*

Enter Oſman *with ſeveral Officers.*

Oſm. Far hence he cannot be:
And by the villagers' deſcription,
It muſt be the prince they ſaw.

1 *Off.* 'Tis ſtrange that miſery ſhould be ſo ſilent:
The birds in mournful notes ſhould ſhare his griefs,
Each grove ſhould echo the ſad accents back,
And every bark contain the fatal ſtory.

2 *Off.* Let's ſeparate; he cannot 'ſcape our ſearch. [*Exe.*

Enter Tachmas.

Tach. Greatneſs (the earneſt of malicious fate
For future woe) was never meant a good.
Baited with gilded ruin, 'tis call out
To catch poor eaſy man.
What is't to be a prince?
To have a keener ſenſe of our misfortunes:
That's all our wretched gain.
The vulgar think us happy; and at diſtance,
Like ſome ſam'd ruinous pile, we ſeem to flouriſh;
But we, who live at home, alone can tell
The ſad diſquiets, and decays of peace,
That always haunt the dwelling.
O ambition!
How ſtrangely doſt thou charm the minds of men!
That they will chuſe to ſtarve on mountain tops,
Rather than taſte the plenty of the vale.
Had my kind ſtars deſign'd my fortune here;
Bred among ſwains, with my *Semanthe* by me,
The conqu'ring beauty of ſome neighb'ring village;
What ages of content might I have paſt,

Till

Till time had quench'd both life and love together?
But O! I never more muſt think of peace:
Semanthe's gone forever; O *Semanthe!* [*Exit.*

Re-enters with Officers.

Tach. Come to my arms, my warriors! theſe are they,
Who, in the piercing winter of our fortune,
Cling to our ſapleſs ſides, and keep us warm.
Once more let me endear you to my heart:
And now, my friends, part we like ſoldiers here;
All to our ſeveral fates: fight for the king
As I have done; and may your ſervices
Be better paid.

Oſm. Oft have we ſeen fate hovering o'er our camp,
In all the bloody horrors of a war;
Nor have we left our general at the view:
And ſhall we here deſert him baſely? here?
Where only hunger, or ſome trivial want,
(Which war has turn'd to nature in us) threatens?

1 *Off.* Fate could not part our fortunes in the war,
Nor ſhall ſhe now.

Oſm. Were thoſe ſoft ſlaves of luxury and eaſe
To head an army; thoſe who thus have wrong'd you;
How would they voice it o'er and o'er for *Tachmas*
To come, and blunt the edge of war again!

2 *Off.* Baſe natures always hate where they're oblig'd.

Enter Arbanes *with a Guard.*

Arb. My lord! I come empower'd to take
You priſoner, as traitor to the ſtate.

Tach. A traitor!
Pr'ythee forbear me that, and I reſign
Myſelf to juſtice up, without the ſtain
Of thy black blood upon my innocence.

Arb. I come not here to talk.

Oſm. There's not a life here,
Which fondly you eſteem within your power,
But muſt be ſold at dearer rates of blood
Than you, and all your crowd of guards can pay.

Tach. Yet hold, my generous friends! I muſt not thus,

By

By diſobedience to my king's command,
Raſhly forego my virtue: if he think fit
To take my life, or make it yet more wretched;
My loyalty ties up my forward ſword,
And teaches ſilently to ſuffer all.
And now, a long farewel: live to enjoy
A better fortune in your prince's favour.
[*Exit with* Arbanes.

1 *Off.* Let's to the army,
Where noble ſouls will not be wanting to
Aſſiſt our cauſe, and turn the prince's fate.
Ojm. I'll to court,
Where if kind fortune favour my deſigns,
I may prove ſerviceable. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Seliman *and* Iſmael.

Sel. Since fate has put the traitor in my power,
My juſtice ſhall have wings.
Ism. The harmleſs beaſt bows to the ſacred knife,
But 'tis to keep off thunder from our crimes,
And to make friends in heaven: but what? Oh! what
Can you propoſe by taking *Tachmas'* life?
Thus you not only throw your ſhield away
From your unguarded head, but do incite
The long forbearance of the gods againſt you.
Sel. Has he not dar'd my crown, as well as love?
Has he not ſtolen into my army's hearts?
Nay more, when I had baniſh'd him my court,
Has he not countenanc'd rebellion in
My diſaffected captains?
All this thou know'ſt, and yet would'ſt have me ſpare him.
Ism. Only, great *Sophy*, as he is your brother:
For, by the gods, were he a private man,
My ſword ſhould reach the villain in his heart:
But as he is the prince, your people's idol,
And one that ſhares your blood, you may forgive.
Sel. Since he is great, and makes my crown his aim,
A politic juſtice does perſuade his death;

A bramble

A bramble ne'er can ſpring up to a cedar;
But a tall pine, upon a mountain's top,
May grow my rival, and perhaps o'erlook me.
He dies to-night, by the bright god he does!
A ſcaffold ſhall the traitor's head receive,
And public juſtice ſend him to his grave. [*Exit.*

Iſm. Becauſe I ſeem for *Tachmas*, therefore I love him;
Thus he concludes; but the illation's falſe.
I would as loath obtain the ſuit I move for,
As lawyers, brib'd againſt they cauſe the plead:
——But thus I'm unſuſpected of his death.
——O! there's the pleaſure, ſo to work the crowd,
That their beſt thoughts may crown our villanies,
And frame us honeſt ev'n in the act of miſchief.

Enter Sunamire *to him.*

Sun. Thus far ſucceſs has led our plots along,
And expectation been paid with intereſt:
And ſhould theſe fail (which would be vain to fear,)
My teeming brain holds a *Minerva* ſtill,
That with unerring miſchief would ſupply me.

Iſm. Madam, there needs no more; with wond'rous ſkill
You've rais'd the antic machine up; and now,
Mov'd by an inward power, 'twill act alone:
Whilſt we, like ſailors tacking for the wind,
Mount on the deck at laſt, with full-blown ſails
Drive onward to our port, and proudly ride
On dancing billows down the foaming tide.

Sun. How are my ſpirits haunted by revenge?
——But I can more ſuſtain:
Nay, ſtab this breaſt, to plague my happy rival,
And that raſh ſcorner of my proffer'd love.

Iſm. Semiramis no more ſhall be ador'd
In ſtory; female ſpirit never mention'd more:
But *Sunamire* ſhall fill the cheeks of fame,
And in the roll of women be the leading name.

Sun. The hour grows big with fate.——But let's away;
And place a guard on every courtier's eye,
As ſeamen watch in ſtorms th'inconſtant ſky. [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *drawn, ſhews* Tachmas *on a Scaffold. Guards, Spectators,* &c.

Tach. Death we ſhould prize, as the beſt gift of nature;
As a ſafe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journied through a world of cares,
May put off life, and be at reſt for ever,
If 'twere in private, void of pomp and ſhow:
But groans, and weeping friends, and ghaſtly blacks
Diſtract us with their ſad ſolemnity;
The preparation is th'executioner;
For death unmaſk'd ſhews us a friendly face,
And only is a terror at a diſtance:
For as the line of life conducts us on
To this great court, the proſpect ſhews more fair.
'Tis nature's hoſpital, that's always open
To take us in, when we have drain'd the ſweets
Of life, or worn our days to age, or wretchedneſs.
Then why ſhould I delay? or fondly fear
To embrace this ſoft repoſe, this laſt retreat?
I? who like bloſſoms withering on the bough,
Dy'd in my birth, and almoſt was born old.

Enter Seliman, Iſmael, Arbanes, *and Attendants.*

Iſm. Yet ſir! turn back; altho' a criminal,
He is your brother; and to ſee him bleed,
(So gentle is the temper of your ſoul)
Will raiſe your very thoughts in arms againſt you:
Nature and juſtice, like contending tides,
Will drive you from the calmneſs of your mind;
And what the conſequence may be, how fatal
To your peace, none knows, but all ſhould dread:
Therefore, my lord, I beg you——

Sel. Urge no more:
I tell thee, *Iſmael*, I'll ſtand unmov'd,
Behold him fall a purple ſacrifice
To my ambition, and my injur'd love;
As unconcern'd as 'twere a common fate.

Tach. Although ſufficient reaſons urge my death;

Yet,

Yet, O great ſir! I never could imagine
It would rejoice you to behold me bleed:
Here I confeſs you have outgone my thoughts.
Arb. By hell, I read concern i'th' *Sophy*'s looks. [*Aſide.*
Ism. He'll never ſtand it out. [*Aſide.*
Tach. Yet ere this fleeting being diſappears,
Before I leave the world, let me avow
The loyalty and firmneſs of my ſoul,
Before this preſence, to imperial power.
And by th'expectance of eternal reſt
To all my paſt calamities, in death;
By all the thouſand longings of my ſoul,
Now at my parting minute; O! I ſwear,
That through my life, in all the fields I fought,
And conquer'd in your cauſe, I never bled
With more content and ſatisfaction
(When crimſon conqueſt claſp'd me in her arms,
And laurel'd triumphs welcom'd my return)
Than now I empty all the ſprings of life,
Open each vein, and (as the laſt great due)
Offer the ſcarlet treaſure of my heart,
In dread obedience to your high command.
Sel. This rebel nature factions in my breaſt:
But 'tis reſolv'd, I am not to be mov'd.
Tach. Since fate ordain'd *Semanthe*'s charms to be
The fatal prize of our contending loves;
Since I muſt loſe her; with my lateſt breath,
That ſacred relique of my ſoul, that all
The riches, empire, that my heart rejoic'd in,
I here reſign to your eternal care.
O take her, ſir! and be for ever bleſt,
Be bleſt far, far above all human thought;
For endleſs joys are in that heav'n of love.
A thouſand *Cupids* dance upon her ſmiles,
Young, bathing angels wanton in her eyes,
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breaſts;
Each word is gentle as a weſtern breeze,
That fans the infant boſom of the ſpring,
And every ſigh more roly than the morn:
——The thought inſpires my ſoul! but I have done;
O! keep her cloſe to th' buſ'neſs of your loves;

Impoſe a mighty taſk of pleaſing toil
Upon her; give her not time to think on *Tachmas*;
For if ſhe does, ſure ſhe will give a tear;
And oh! I would not have *Semanthe* weep;
Tho' the dear dew would make my aſhes flouriſh in my tomb.

Begona *enters attended, in great diſtraction.*

Beg. O horror! horror! torment to my eyes!
Why was I doom'd to this unhappy day?
Why give I not myſelf to be devour'd
With your great father, in his ſilent tomb,
Rather than thus, in my declining life,
Have my diſtracted bowels rent and gaſh'd
By two lov'd ſons, in an unnatural ſtrife?
See where ſtript innocence, with brow auguſt,
Serenely bids defiance to the ax;
As if his ſoul were ſchool'd to ſuffer wrong!
Ah! have you eyes! or are you marble turn'd?
No, no; the marble weeps, yet has no eyes,
——Ah! go not from me; 'tis a mother begs,
And, as a mother, muſt not be refus'd;
'Tis but and eaſy boon, my *Tachmas'* life;
A brother's life, a life leſs his than your's,
But mine in chief: then whither would your rage?
Like *Tullia* triumph o'er a parent's wounds?

Sel. My guards confine the queen to her apartment
Till execution's paſt.

Arb. Curſe on theſe land-ſyrens; what brave deſigns
Have been undone, by liſtning to women? [*Aſide.*

Beg. Ah! muſt your empire's hopes, your people's joys,
The wiſhes of good men, be ſacrific'd
To a fantaſtic idol, that uſurps
The heat of paſſion, to appear a god in,
But in cool blood ſeems monſtrous as a fury?
Such is revenge: if ſo, then ſtop not here,
Let your licentious fury ſweep along,
And make a mother's death complete the ſcene
Of moſt triumphant murder: rip this womb,
That form'd him yet an embrion, and gave

Him

Him being, to diſpleaſe you: gaſh theſe veins,
That robb'd themſelves of vigour, to ſupply
His infancy with ſtrength to act againſt you;
Strike, ſtab, and drown this conteſt in my blood!

Sel. Are my commands diſputed? [*The Guards advance.*

Beg. Off, you ſlaves!
Is there no filial duty to a parent?
No virtue in a mother's tears to ſtir
Obedience in a ſon? then I will kneel,
Thus, like a vaſſal, follow on my knees,
And never leave purſuing,

Semanthe *enters in great diſorder, and throws herſelf at his feet.*

Sel. This face of fatal ſorrow does confound me;
Nor can I ſtand this teſt.

Beg. Sem. Ah! go not from us. [*Both hold him.*

Beg. Faſt as a drowning wretch I'll graſp your knees,
To the laſt plunge of life.

Sem. Thus pale, and dying,
With my diſhevel'd hair, I'll bind you to me:
Drag me you may, or daſh me to the ground,
Trample upon me; yet I will not leave you,
Till your wild rage ſhall ſpurn me to my grave.
O! can you view the violence of my grief,
That throws me grov'ling on the pavement thus,
Torn with diſtraction, raving; yet not give
A look, a ſigh, one tender pitying word
To raiſe me from deſpair?——
See, ſee, he turns away from my complainings,
My ſobs, my groans, and ſwoonings: O recall,
Revoke the rigour of your dooming voice:
Tho' you have ſaid it, yet you have not ſworn
My utter ruin.

Beg. If you perſiſt to take your brother's life,
(O hear what my preſaging ſoul divines!)
No hiſtory ſhall offer an excuſe:
Mothers ſhall curſe your memory, nurſes fright
Their crying infants with your horrid tale.
But if it ſhall be ſaid in after-times,

How

How in the height of madneſs,
When nothing could arreſt your lifted hand,
Your piety diſarm'd you;
What fair opinions then ſhall crown your duſt!
How bright will your example ſhine in ſtory!
Your name will be invok'd as a ſure charm
T' excite obedience; mothers early teach
Their children reverence, by reciting you:
And is not this more worthy, than the fame
Of that imperial parricide of *Rome?*

Sem. Mercy is ſtill a virtue, and moſt priz'd
When hope of pardon leaves us: O! then ſpeak,
Speak in the voice of ſome relenting god;
Diſpél the general conſternation,
That hangs, like night, upon the face of *Perſia*,
And be ador'd above the riſing ſun.

Beg. By all the hopes, that ripen'd in my womb,
That ſweetned the hard labour of my pains,
And promis'd at thy birth, with infant ſmiles,
A world of comfort to the mother's age!
O! I conjure you, pity my complainings,
And give my *Tachmas* to theſe falling tears.

Sem. By fame!

Beg. By nature, by your father's duſt!

Sem. By the bright throne of *Cyrus!*

Beg. By the ſun,
And all thoſe ſtars, that ever bleſt this land
With their auſpicious influence!

Sem. He yields, he melts, I read it in his looks:
A bluſh confus'dly wanders in his cheeks;
And now he turns away. O bleſſed change!

Beg. O matchleſs virtue! happy, happy day!

Iſm. Be pleas'd, great ſir! retire:
Nature may turn the beam of juſtice.

Sel. What! ſhall we turn ſavages in nature's field?
——O riſe, my royal mother! riſe, *Semanthe!*
Yes, you have conquer'd, and I bluſh to think
I could ſo long reſiſt ſuch wond'rous virtue.

Beg. What tongue can ſpeak the rapture of my ſoul!
I'm loſt in joy.

Sem.

Sem. You gods! that hoard up bleſſings to reward
Tranſcendent virtue, here exhauſt your ſtore;
And if a virgin's prayers, or wiſhes, can
Add the leaſt grain to the vaſt heap, O take 'em:
Yet all will be too little for this goodneſs.
Arb. Hell! plagues! and death! here's your policy:
Had I been heard, the buſineſs had been done
Without this ceremony. [*To* Iſmael.
Sel. Live, *Tachmas!* live; come to thy brother's arms;
Think him no more a monſter, parricide,
A wolf, that lives upon the ſteam of blood.
I've loſt my brutal nature, and am man
Again, merciful, gentle as the firſt.
Tach What means my royal lord?
Sel. Ah! wound me not
With the remembrance of my hated actions,
Which ſhun the light, and fain would be forgotten.
——I would complete the general joy,
And give the crown of all, *Semanthe*, to thy love,
But dare not, while a breath of paſſion ſtirs me:
But, *Tachmas!* raiſe thy expectation high:
Let fancy revel in a thouſand forms
Of joys, yet uninvented by mankind:
For virtue wins apace upon my ſoul.
My toſſing thoughts will ſoon be rock'd in calms,
And then *Semanthe* ſhall be wholly thine.
Thus at the laſt the beaten voyager,
Having outliv'd the ſtorm, does homeward ſteer,
Recounts his dangers, in a jocund vein,
Preſents to th' life, the fury of the main,
Paints every wave; but ne'er will out again:
So ſince my virtue has the conqueſt won;
The memory of what's already done,
Shall awe, and daſh my rebel paſſions down. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Iſmael, Sunamire, *and* Arbanes.

Sun. THUS long, with pains and toil, we've heav'd a ſtone
To the hill's top, and now it tumbles on us.
Curſe on thoſe plots, that give us endleſs labour.
Iſm. Had our revenge ſet out ſlow pac'd and eaſy,
It had with equal might maintain'd the courſe,
And reach'd untir'd the goal of our deſigns:
But a too violent ſpeed has ruin'd all.
As an unpractis'd ſeaman, in a ſtorm,
Plies all his ſail to the unruly winds,
To wing him to a port, and never thinks
That the uneven veſſel is o'erpower'd;
Till he too late laments his ignorance,
And every billow offers him a tomb.
Arb. The baſe on which all our deſigns were founded,
Is overturn'd; the *Sophy*'s love abates;
And now 'tis rumour'd through the court, that ſoon
He'll give *Semanthe* up to *Tachmas*' arms.
Sun. Firſt let the frame of nature be diſſolv'd;
Let *Sunamire* be duſt, and laid on earth
Deep as the center; elſe they are not ſafe
From the contrivance of a rival's rage.
Tho' I both hate his perſon, and his love;
Yet but to ſee him in another's arms,
Would give me ſpeedy death.
What! ſhall *Semanthe* triumph in my ſpoils?
Shall ſhe enjoy him all? whilſt I ſtand wiſhing,
And like a ſpirit damn'd, am robb'd of hope?
O hell! it mads my reaſon but to think on't.
I ſhall become their may-game;
At their looſe intervals of calmer love,
She'll hang upon his lips, and beg him tell
The ſtory of my paſſion o'er again;
Which he relates, and with a ſcornful ſmile,
Adds to my ſhame, to make the girl more vain.
And muſt this be whilſt I have being? No;

The

The thunder rages in my breaſt for vent;
Here, here it rolls to make it's violent way;
And now it burſts: the flaming bolts are hurl'd:
See, ſee! the lovers are diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
Whiſk'd up into the air, like ſummer's duſt
By whirlwinds. [*Exit.*

Iſm. She grows big with new deſigns,
And theſe dire pangs foretell their birth at hand.

Arb. 'Tis woman only helps us at a ſtand. [*Exeunt.*

Tachmas *croſſing the ſtage.*

Tach. Where ſhall I fly to ſhun this ſolitude?
My melancholy haunts me every where:
And not one kindly beam pierces the gloom
Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpſe of comfort.
Here, as in *Eden* once, tho' all things ſmile,
Tho' nature plays the prodigal, and gives
Large handed, what our boundleſs wiſhes crave;
Yet diſcontentedly I roam about,
And cannot taſte the pleaſures of the place.
The court ſeems all a crowded wilderneſs,
Where I appear, like the firſt man, forlorn;
Whilſt each created being elſe enjoys,
In happy pairs, the fellowſhip of life:
And if his lonely ſtate he did bemoan;
And wiſh'd an *Eve*, when woman was unknown,
What would he have done, had he been forc'd from her,
Soon as he found her fortunately fair? [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sunamire *with a Letter*, Arbanes, *and* Iſmael.

Sun. Brother, this letter is your care;
And tho' to me directed from the prince,
Yet it muſt fall into *Semanthe*'s hands.

Arb. A ſlave attendant on her perſon
Shall do the buſineſs.

Sun. I'll make a viſit to *Semanthe*, and
Prepare her by degrees to meet the news;
Which, when ſhe finds confirm'd in this forg'd letter,
Muſt work effects proportion'd to our hopes.

Iſm. O you're the very ſpirit and ſoul of plotting!

Nothing

Nothing within the the circuit of invention,
Can 'ſcape your ſearching thoughts.
Sun. Since nothing could be hop'd for from the *Sophy*;
This, as the fitteſt way, I did propoſe
To work each other's ruin from themſelves.
Iſm. About it, madam, loſe not this preſent now;
This minute's worth a year of common hours.
Arb. If this plot fail, then, heaven! the fault is yours. [*Ex.*

Semanthe, *melancholy in her Apartment.*

Sem. Did time but circumſcribe my miſeries,
I'd live upon the hopes of being bleſt,
And travel chearful through my youth, to come
In th' ev'ning of my life, and die within his arms.
——Has not the *Sophy* paſs'd his royal word
To make us happy? why then ſhould I fear?
——Alas! my fooliſh heart! how ſoon thou'rt wrought on!
No, no; fond hopes, you flattering torments, hence!
You ſmile upon me, to betray me on
To new deſpairs, and here I caſt you from me:
For, chemiſt like, I waſte my tedious life
In vain expectance, and at laſt die poor.

Enter Sunamire *to her.*

Sun. Semanthe weeping! what can fortune mean?
Now, when the majeſty of *Perſia* comes,
In all his royalties, and pomp of pow'r,
Like a deſcending god, to court you to him,
Thus to be ſeen in tears provokes my wonder.
Sem. Alas! is it ſo ſtrange to view me in
That garb of ſorrow, which I daily wear,
And never will put off, till my lov'd lord,
My *Tachmas'* preſence ſhall diſpel theſe clouds?
Sun. O madam! he muſt be forgotten now:
Let not his memory debar your thoughts
From all that *Indian* world, thoſe golden joys
Which an imperial lover offers to you.
Sem. Where would thy language point me? O my fears!
Sun. Tachmas no longer ſtruggles with his fate,
To force impoſſibilities; and ſince

Heav'n

Heav'n has deſign'd you for the *Sophy*'s bed,
He bows to th'immortal will; and has reſolv'd
(Rather than rob your merits of of a crown)
To wean his heart for ever from your charms,
And fix his wiſhes to ſome humbler maid,
Whoſe beauties, as they are not to be envy'd,
Have ſtore of happineſs to feed content.

Sem. Had I a faith beyond the ignorant,
I could not credit this. O *Sunamire!* recall
The fleeting air, that bears the ſound away,
Or from this hour (tho' the divineſt truth
Spoke in thy words) ne'er hope to be believ'd.
Tho' we are wretched, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
That fortune took th' advantage of our crimes
To make us ſo. *Tachmas* has all the truth
Of heav'n, ſo pure, ſo white, ſo innocent:
No woman that has ever known the arts
Of coz'ning man, will think him of the kind.

Sun. Madam, I'm ſorry I ſhould be the firſt
To bring unwelcome news.

Sem. And yet, my *Sunamire!* thou wert my friend,
My boſom friend; and why ſhould'ſt thou betray me?
Ah! no; I find it now; 'tis all a truth,
All that thou ſay'ſt: my *Tachmas* is o'ercome
By this laſt generous uſage of the *Sophy*,
And I am ſold to ruin:
And it was kind in thee, moſt like a friend,
To come, and give me all my fate at once,
And not behold me languiſh in my pains.
No, *Sunamire!* this poor forſaken maid
Shall not outlive her ſhame: yet ere I die,
May I not know my happy rival's name?

Sun. Now all the ſubtilty of woman aid me. [*Aſide.*
Alas! how am I wrought into an error,
A maze of folly by my indiſcretion!
I could not think you yet retain'd a thought
Of *Tachmas*, therefore ignorantly preſs'd too far.
In me to anſwer, would appear inſulting:
Therefore I beg you'd ſpare my modeſty
The bluſh, my tongue the vanity to tell,

What ſoon from every mouth ſhall ſtrike your ears.
Sem. Inſinuating fiend! I ſee thee through
That painted viſor of thy flatt'ring friendſhip,
With all thy dev'liſh ſtratagems a going.
Now I perceive, what I ſo long ſuſpected,
Thy love to *Tachmas:* and now thou com'ſt to raiſe
My jealouſy, on ſome ſiniſter end.
But to this point I'm fix'd; that ſhould the earth
Depoſe his falſhood in a general voice,
Nay, call the tongues of angels to avouch it,
I would not think it of him.
Sun. Know then, as to the conqueſt of the prince,
Whoſe inclinations you ſo firmly fix'd,
'Twas got ſo eaſily, I do not think
It worth a triumph, ſcarce of being vain;
For, like a ſlave, I found him on the ground,
Groaning beneath the bondage of your love,
And begging liberty from any hand,
Sem. O heav'ns.—
Sun. Let it be never ſaid to ſhame our ſex,
That any lady in her youthful bloom,
When beauty wanders in a thouſand charms,
And not a loook can paſs without a wound,
That then ſhe fulſomely detain'd a lover
Againſt his will, and cloy'd him with her fondeſs;
O! how I loath the ſound! againſt his will!
Sem. Sure thou haſt drunk with adders, that thy tongue
Thus poiſons every word it forms, and caſts
Its venom on my *Tachmas'* conſtancy.
Sum. There's no ſuch thing as conſtancy in nature:
'Tis but a borrow'd name, for feeble beauties,
Or ſtale decaying virgins, to make uſe of.
True love ſhould be as wavering as the wind:
For that remains but while the rapture laſts,
And palls, when ſunk to an indifference.
Sem. You ſpeak of that poor paſſion in your breaſt,
Rais'd by an earthly fume of baſe deſire;
The ſudden fit of a diſtemper'd love:
Where the groſs joy mounts not above the ſenſe;
Not the ſeraphic flame, that warms the ſoul:

Such

Such was the ſacred fire, that light our loves,
That fir'd my *Tachmas'* heart, and made him mine.
Sun. Then be it ſo; rave on in fond conceits
Of airy promiſes of conſtancy;
Swell your thin hopes with inſubſtantial food,
Wilſt I taſte real feaſts of fleſh and blood,
And in your *Tachmas'* arms reap thouſand joys,
Which dreams but ape, and fancy but deſtroys.
Methinks already in ſome ſmiling grove
I ſit, embracing the dear man I love:
We ſigh, and kiſs, and now our tranſports grow
Tumultuous, but the thoughts of you,
(Tho' love be loſt in love)
Still lend us vigour, and our joys renew. [*Exit.*
Sem. How the inſulting creature lords it o'er me!
And well ſhe may, for ſuch a conqueſt ſure
Might make the temperateſt victor proud;
This may be malice, or a plot to try me;
That's the laſt hope between me and deſpair.

Enter an Eunuch with a Letter.

Eun. Madam, the truſt I have been honour'd with
In your ſervice, gain'd me the prince's faith;
From whoſe hand this letter I receiv'd
For *Sunamire*, with ſtrict injunctions
Of care, and ſecreſy: at which miſtruſting
Some practices in hand againſt your loves;
I've brought it to you.
Sem. I will reward your care. [*Reads the Letter.*

Sunamire,

RESIST no longer the propoſitions I made you, to place the crown of Perſia *on your head; if you will but make uſe of a project to rid us of* Seliman: *and do not think that I retain any longer the leaſt thoughts of* Semanthe; *whom my ſtars and inclinations have never deſigned for me.*

Tachmas.

Sem. Ah me! where has my fortune left me now?
What unfrequented coaſt am I thrown on,
Naked, and helpleſs, to be made a prey
To the next coming ſavage of the field?
What corner of the earth will now afford
A grave to take me in? what mountain hide
Me, and my woes, for ever from the world?
Undone! thou moſt undone of woman kind!
[*Falling down, drops the Letter.*
Here groan thy ſorrows out, and let the winds
Whiſper thy ſtory through the univerſe;
That never liſt'ning virgin be betray'd
By the known perjuries of faithleſs men.
——My ſpirits faint——ſure 'tis the hand of death
Knocks at my heart;——I go, I hope, to reſt.
[*Swoons away.*

Enter Seliman, Iſmael, *and* Arbanes.

Sel. What do I ſee? *Semanthe* on the ground,
Breathleſs, and pale!
Arb. Some ſigns of ſtruggling life
Appear, call in her women to aſſiſt her.

Enter Women.

Iſm. The train has taken fire; now the blow
Muſt follow ſoon. [*Aſide.*
Sel. Gently, gently raiſe her:
She breathes, ſhe comes again.
Sem. Bleſs me! where am I? in *Elyſium* ſure;
I know it by this train of weeping maids,
Who died for love, as I have done: ſtand off,
We'll walk, and tell ſad ſtories round,
Of injur'd women, and betraying men:
But I muſt weep a while; the tears will flow
If I but think on *Strephon*'s cruelty:
——O! I would ſleep for ever.——
[*Sinks into her Women's Arms and is borne off.*
Sel. Bear her to her bed:
Reſt may relieve her ſpirits.——Ha! this may
Unriddle all. [*Finds the Letter.*

Iſm.

Iſm. Now, fortune play thy part. [*Aſide.*
Arb. 'Tis a deſign ſo full of maſtery,
'Twere womaniſh to doubt of the ſucceſs. [*Aſide.*
Sel. Ha! againſt my life?
Iſm. Your majeſty ſeems troubled; have you ought
Diſcover'd in that letter?
Sel. Only this,
That I have foſter'd here within my breaſt
A boſom wolf, to lap my vital blood:
Here, *Iſmael!* read the fouleſt treaſons,
That ever ſtain'd the innocence of paper.
Is then my mercy poiſon'd into ſin?
And black ingratitude my puniſhment?
'Tis juſt, you Gods! the ſcourge upon my folly
Shows infinite wiſdom, and was timely ſent
To warn me of my fate.
Iſm. Yet, ſacred ſir——
Sel. Appear not in his cauſe, nor dare to reaſon
With my unalterable reſolution;
Should mercy's ſelf, with all her virgin train,
Melt at my feet; by *Haly*'s ſoul, 'twere vain.
Iſm. What could provoke the prince?
Sel. The fiends can tell: but now 'tis buſy time:
Sweat at the anvil of thy brain, and forge
(Quick as the *Cyclops* arm an angry god)
A thouſand deaths to wait upon my will.
Arbanes, thou ſecure him, till juſtice calls
Him out, a ſacrifice to my revenge. [*Exit.*
Arb. After him:
Fix but his wavering temper to this point,
And then the day's our own. [*Exit* Iſmael.
My fiery ſoul
Diſdains the timorous ſafety in revenge,
Which *Iſmael* purſues. My forward ſword,
With reſolution ſteel'd, ſhall guide me ſafe
Through the moſt deſperate attempts.
Danger has been my miſtreſs: death I've met
On martial plains, in every garb of fate,
And ſhall he awe me now? ſince I am in,
And fate works up the melancholy ſcene,

Fall *Tachmas*, nature periſh, all things lie
Confounded in deep chaos, ſo that I
Reveng'd may in the common ruin lie. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Iſmael *and* Arbanes, *at ſeveral Entrances.*

Iſm. THOU meet'ſt my wiſhes; is the buſineſs done?
Arb. This ſun ſhall ſee it finiſh'd.
Iſm. Give it o'er; would we had never meddled.
Arb. Curſe on thy fear, that undermines thy wit.
Iſm. The *Sophy* does ſuſpect us.
Arb. Danger then
Urges the prince's death; for to defer,
Betrays a conſcious guilt, that may undo us:
He dies this minute, that the next may better
Advantage our eſcapes.
Iſm. I've not thus long
March'd hand in hand with miſchief, ſpent my days
In courts, forſworn my conſcience, ſtudy'd all
The knotty arts and rules of policy,
Which wiſe men uſe to their own intereſts,
Not to provide me with a ready plank,
To bear me from the ruin, ſafe to ſhore.
Arb. Thou canſt not here be ſafe; my commiſſion
Allows a ſure protection in the army.
Iſm. I'll ſteer a different courſe; grow popular,
And into the city;
Where coblers ſquare the government to their laſts,
And tinkers patch the ſtate; ſome friends I've made
Already there, brave, factious, gifted rogues,
That cant their doctrine to their preſent wants,
And zealouſly upon a fit of conſcience,
Sin or unſin rebellion to the croud:
Theſe are the fitteſt inſtruments to gull
The eaſy people; hark, the monſter roars! [*Shouts within.*

The

The rabble is aſſembled to my wiſh;
This is the time to work 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Semanthe.

Arb. Semanthe here! then there is ſomething ſtill
For me to finiſh.

Sem. Why do I wander this wide barren waſte,
Forſaken and forlorn; when a fair proſpect
Of everlaſting reſt ſtands right in view?
This load of woe, that bends me to the ground,
I can with life put off: yes, I will ruſh
Into the arms of death, and ſhelter there;
There ſleep ſecurely all my cares away;
Nor ſhall the noiſe of empire, or of love,
Awaken me to wretchedneſs again.

Arb. Talk not of dying, madam; heav'n looks down
With a kind eye upon your ſufferings,
And has inſpir'd me with a tenderneſs,
May prove of ſervice to you.

Sem. Is there then
A ſeat for pity left in human breaſts?
Or is this but a viſionary beam
Of comfort, that thus lightens in my ſoul?
If it be ſo, oh! let me ſtill dream on.

Arb. Madam, the prince——

Sem. Ha! ſpeak that yet again:
Sweet as the *Syren*'s ſong thoſe accents fall,
And charm me to my ruin: tho' he has
Undone me ever, but to hear his name
Awakes my dying ſpirits from the grave,
Diſpels my grief, and charms me into joy.
Oh! then ſpeak on,
Delude me from my miſeries awhile;
Tell me ſome ſtory of my perjur'd dear;
Tell me he lives, is happy, whilſt I ſigh
My ſpirits out in thanks, and die in peace.

Arb. Wou'd you not ſee him, madam?

Sem. Oh in vain.
I wept, intreated, follow'd on my knees:
For when I offer'd at a laſt farewel,

Once more to ſee my ſtill-lov'd, faithleſs *Tachmas*,
The *Sophy*, quite remorſeleſs, fled the room;
And tho' I graſp'd him with the pangs of death,
Burſt from my arms, and left me on the floor.

Arb. Yet, madam, you ſhall ſee him. *Tachmas* is
Within my charge; and only I, without
The king's command, can give you entrance to him:
Which you ſhall have;
Altho' my life muſt anſwer it to the *Sophy*.

Sim. All, all the gods reward this wond'rous pity!
Oh lead me to that dear, proteſting creature;
That perfect image of betraying man;
For he will ſwear, and talk ſuch melting things,
Sigh ſuch a trembling ſtory of his love,
Look ſuch a ſoul of paſſion from his eyes,
And all with ſuch unpractis'd innocence;
That thou'd the ſex of womankind ſtand by,
As witneſſes of my injurious uſage,
And but to hear him talk, as I have done,
The coldeſt ſure would venture her undoing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Changes to a Street.*

Enter a Rabble of Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Come, neighbours, hang theſe cheating ſhop-countenances, they are marks the world knows cuckolds by; and tho' they be of credit in the city, yet, let me tell you, at this end o'th'town, they ſtrike no more awe into the beholders than a watchman's lanthorn after day-break.

2 *Cit.* Ay, my wife told me I had a ſneaking look, and could not huff my debtors: but now I'm charg'd with bottle-ale, to rectify the errors of my face: and let me ſee, what upſtart raſcal, newly come to office, ſhall overlook me; I'll ſtrut, and cock, and talk as big, as wind and froth can make me —— But I'll home, while my courage laſts, ranſack my ſhop-books, take account of my debts, and arreſt in a direct line from the lord to the footman.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Of that in ſeaſon——but now we are aſſembled, let us put on the gravity of authority, and ſeem, as we really are, the true judges of the nation.

Omn. I a judge! I a judge!

3 *Cit.* A taylor a judge! that's fine, i'faith!

1 *Cit.* Why, I tell you, neighbours, a croſs-legg'd taylor is the very type of juſtice; he meaſures offences by the yard, and with his ſheers ſnaps off the kingdom's vermin, I mean thoſe ſhreds, thoſe remnants, thoſe patches of a commonwealth, call'd gameſters, cuckold-makers, and diſbanded officers, that are good for nothing but to make our wives run a madding for foreign languages, braſs ſwords, ſuperannuated wigs, and greaſy ſcarlet.

2 *Cit.* Him! a judge, ſay you; very like: why, neighbours, he has ſerv'd upon juries, off and on, theſe twenty years, and the devil's in't if he mayn't be free of judge's-hall by this time:—but then as to us——ay, there's the queſtion; how we are——that is to ſay, how we may be?——why thus, there's none here but has exercis'd the arbitrary function of a beadle in his reſpective pariſh; and, as I take it, that muſt be a foot to the chair of government.

3 *Cit.* Ay, ay; we are all judges, and judges children; indeed I ever thought I was to be a great man, I was ſuch a dull rogue.

2 *Cit.* Well, I was once a juſtice itinerant in my precincts, which in the vulgar tranſlation, is no more than a conſtable: but 'twas a thriving time, neighbours, a very thriving time; for the pariſh bawds (beſides all underdealers, as procurers and retailers of pleaſure) amount to——let me ſee——let me ſee, a parcel of——no, no, I'm out——'tis no matter for fractions; but bribes in abundance, to wink at copulation; I pimp'd by commiſſion, and drank brandy at the coſt of the ſinners.

3 *Cit.* Lord! I'm thinking how aukward and ſlovenly I ſhall be in my new trappings for a day or two; ha! and if there be occaſion for ſpeeches, my tongue will

certainly founder: my wife ſpoil'd my oratory, when ſhe broke my pate, for being ſaucy.

2 *Cit.* Better and better ſtill; few words promiſe a great deal of thinking, and that abundance of judicial underſtanding: beſides you ſee our city juſtices, how they manage themſelves upon the bench: indeed a nut-crack, or ſome ſuch conceited hieroglyphical engine does well in the hand of a magiſtrate, which having us'd a while, you ſtrait grow lethargic, nod o'er the cauſe, then ſtart in amazement, and condemn at a venture.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, ay; ever while you live, ever while you live obſerve that: for look you, there's no one but ſome time or other deſerves hanging; and tho' the priſoner be not yet a rogue, ſoft and fair, all in good time, he may be one: therefore I ſay once again condemn for prevention.

3 *Cit.* Condemnation! I'll have nothing but condemnation in my court, 'twill clear the kingdom of idlers, and then we may father our own children.

2 *Cit.* Well, neighbour *Ralph*, I know you are a good commonwealth's man, and underſtand property, and privilege, as a man may ſay; but ſcholars, you know, are infidels; ſtill at their *quare's* and their *quomodo's*, to ſhow their learning; therefore, I being ſomewhat letter'd, or ſo, would fain know how we are theſe great conceal'd perſons, you talk of?

1 *Cit.* Why thus; when our betters are at variance, beyond the arbitration of the bench, the ſuit is removed to the court of commonalty, and decided by the infallible knocks of black bill and paring-ſhovel; then to whatever ſide we lean, that is ſure to be weighty.

3 *Cit.* As if you had the cauſe in your falſe ſcales at home.

Iſmael *enters to them.*

1 *Cit.* But obſerve, here comes an ambaſſador already; give him audience, I ſay: ſtate affairs I'll warrant you, neighbours.

Iſm. My worthy countrymen! my fellow-ſufferers!
To you I come to weep this kingdom's tears,

To

To ſigh its groaning ſorrows out, and pour
Into your ears its ſad calamities:
You! who, like kind phyſicians, always are
Aſſiſting with your utmoſt art and care,
To ſearch its wounds, and with a healing hand,
Unite its broken and diſjointed limbs.

1 Cit. Sure he takes me for a bone-ſetter.

Iſm. I am, like you, a *Perſian*; all your good
Proportionably mine, as are your ills;
Our hopes and lives tied in one common intereſt;
Then wonder not that I ſtand forth, to head you,
Againſt this barbarous, inhuman king,
That grows in tyranny.
And like a torrent from a mountain's fall,
If not with ſpeed diverted, will o'erwhelm us.

2 Cit. Now for rebellion, I ne'er rebell'd in all my life.

Omn. All for rebellion, all for rebellion!

Iſm. If to defend your lives, your liberties,
Your laws, your cuſtoms, and your ancient dues,
Be to rebel, then this is rank rebellion:
But ſelf-defence may hope a fairer name.

2 Cit. Name me no name, ſir; it ſhall be nam'd rebellion, or nothing.

Omn. Rebellion or nothing rebellion or nothing!

Iſm. Then be it ſo; methinks I ſee oppreſſion
Beſtride your ſtreets already, burning luſt
Purſue your daughters to your inmoſt rooms,
While you ſtand weeping by, and cannot help 'em.
Your ſhops forc'd open, and your goods expos'd
To the wild rapine of licentious ſoldiers,
That live on ſpoil; and all without redreſs,
For juſtice is no more: ſpeak, wou'd you this?

Omn. No, no; we're all for rebellion.

Iſm. 'Tis what you muſt expect, if not prevented.
Laſt night, O night never to be forgotten!
Tachmas, that model of our ancient glory,
Tachmas, that fought your fields, and never thought
His blood too rich, to buy his country's peace,
Was by the tyrant's order barb'rouſly murder'd;
Murder'd, my countrymen! and when you hear

The cauſe, I doubt not,
But as the ſtory muſt provoke your tears,
So they will ſtir you up to a revenge.

1 *Cit.* Alack-a-day! I vow he makes me weep, good gentleman!

Iſm. 'Twas only this; he was too good, too virtuous,
A lover of his country; therefore fell.
He was your guard, your ſhield; but now is gone:
He fell becauſe he lov'd you, and will you
Not ſolemnize his funeral in blood?
Will you ſtand here, like ſtatues, motionleſs,
Weep o'er his gaping wounds, and not revenge 'em?
No, no; I ſee you only want a leader;
And here I offer both my life, and fortune,
To farther the deſign.

1 *Cit.* Lead us on, lead us on; we'll fire the palace, depoſe the tyrant, and make you king.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; a king of our own making!

Iſm. Oh! you miſtake me; that is not my end.

2 *Cit.* No, 'tis the beginning of your reign, and that's better.

1 *Cit.* We loſe time, we loſe time; now for a coronation!

Omnes. A coronation! a coronation! [*Exeunt ſhouting.*

Tachmas *diſcover'd in Priſon.*

Tach. I think, therefore am: hard ſtate of man!
That proves his being with an argument
That ſpeaks him wretched. Birds in cages loſe
The freedom of their natures unconfin'd;
Yet they will ſing, and bill, and murmur there
As merrily, as they were on the wing.
But man, that reaſoning favourite of heav'n,
How can he bear it? tho' the body finds
Reſpite from torment, yet the mind has none:
For thouſand reſtleſs thoughts, of different kinds,
Beat thick upon the ſoul, ſome are comparing
The preſent with the paſt, how happy once
I was, and now how wretched; ſome preſenting
My miſeries by others happineſs;

Whilſt

Whilſt others, falſely flattering me to life,
Tell me my fortune ripens in the womb
Of time, and I ſhall yet be happy.

Enter Arbanes *with* Semanthe.

Arb. Madam, behold the prince alone, and thoughtful.
Sem. Alas! my lord! once I was thought a balm
For every wound of fortune; but I fear
My preſence now will but torment him more.
Tach. Ha! ſure my fancy, revelling in a dream,
Preſents that form before me: ſee, ſhe comes,
Bright, as the virgin bluſhes of the morn,
Riſing upon the darkneſs of my fate,
And darts a day of comfort through my ſoul.
O my beſt life! thou deareſt! O *Semanthe!*
I ſwear, while I have thee within my arms,
I will not loſe a thought on my misfortunes.
Let me unboſom all my longings here.
——She turns away! what can this mean? you gods!
Art thou then alter'd too? O ſpeak, *Semanthe!*
For tho' I thus behold thee cold, and chang'd,
Yet there is ſomething whiſpers to my ſoul,
Thou never canſt reſolve on *Tachmas'* ruin.
Sem. O heav'n! ſo tenderly he melts my heart,
I ſhall want power to tell him of his falſhoods.
Tach. Nay then, by all the gods, I know thee well:
No, thou art ſtill the ſame; theſe languiſhings,
Thoſe eager looks, thoſe ſighs, and tears inform me,
More than a thouſand tongues, thou lov'ſt me ſtill.
Sem. Why is our ſex ſo eaſy to believe?
And coz'ning man ſo artful to deceive?
Tach. Why, my beſt life! why doſt thou thus torment
Thyſelf, and me?—— [*She goes from him.*
By all my hopes you muſt not leave me thus;
I will purſue you ever with my prayers,
Summon you with the gentle call of love,
'Till you awake, and anſwer to my longings.
My life! my ſoul!—— [*Following her.*
Sem. O! I can hold no longer:
Thy tongue has ſoften'd me into deſire,

And

And I am all o'er love; my deareſt lord!
Let me for ever hide me in this boſom;
Here ſigh the tendereſt paſſion of my heart.
The extaſy comes on ſo faſt upon me,
That words are wanting to expreſs my joy.

Tach. Good gods! is't poſſible? haſt thou at laſt,
My fair, offended dear! reſolv'd to bleſs me?
Is it then true that thus I hold thee faſt,
Panting, and balmy to my bleeding heart?
My reaſon ebbs, and mighty tranſport ſways,
In full dominion, every corner here,
And I cou'd rave for ever on my love.

Sem. And I cou'd hear you ever.

Arb. O! that I cou'd run back into my youth,
To raviſh her before him; but 'tis paſt;
And my revenge muſt lie another way. [*Aſide.*

Tach. A thought returns upon my memory,
That bids me chide; *Semanthe!* O my life!
How cou'dſt thou ſee me rack'd with my impatience?
How cou'dſt thou ſo diſſemble with thy love?
Was it to try how I cou'd bear it?

Sem. Ha!
Stand off I know thee now, thou art that falſe
Betraying perjur'd man, that has undone me.

Tach From thee, good gods! do I hear this from thee?

Sem. Alas! my thoughts were all employ'd upon thee;
My ears devour'd the muſic of thy love;
My wrongs were ſilenc'd, and my eyes were charm'd:
And had you but continu'd the ſoft ſcene,
Had you ſtill practis'd on my eaſineſs,
Tho' with feign'd love, flattering my womaniſh faith;
Joy wou'd have done the buſineſs of my grief,
And I had died contented in your arms.

Tach. What means my fate? Where wou'dſt thou drive my thoughts?

Sem. 'Tis true, I came to take my laſt farewel
Of life, and love; of thee, and all my cares:
To tell thee of thy falſhoods, not upbraid thee;
To ſigh my ſtory out without complaining;
To ſuffer on, nor murmur at my fate,

Since

Since you decreed it; this was my fond reſolve,
Th'intention of this paſſionate, doating fool:
But now, O turn of temper! thy hard uſage
Has run me from my reaſon, I am wild,
Quite mad, diſtracted, and muſt rave awhile:
Rave 'till I burſt, and ſink down dead with paſſion.

Tach. Alas! I find it now; thou art abus'd,
And I betray'd: ſome villain has traduc'd
My conſtancy; but by the pangs of love,
By all the torments of a bleeding heart,
I ever was moſt true, and ſtill am thine.

Sem. O prince! forbear; if *Sunamire* ſhou'd hear——

Tach. Ha! goes it there? Then there is miſchief yet;
That woman bears us moſt inveterate hate,
And ſhou'd not be believ'd againſt ourſelves.

Sem. But O! the letter, prince.——

Tach. Riddles! and doubts!

Arb. I have a friend, my lord! can beſt unfold 'em.
[*Goes to the Door.*
Come forth, my ſiſter; time has recompenc'd
Our expectation with a full revenge.

Enter Sunamire *and* Oſman, *diſguis'd.*

Sem. Revenge! alas! that fatal word, too late
Explains my folly, and creates my fear.

Tach. What ſhou'dſt thou fear, my love? thy innocence
Will ſhield thee; and for me, the fear of death
Flew from me when my happineſs took wing.

Sun. Infuſe the mortal drugs in the gilt bowls;
Be ready at my call. [*Exit* Oſman.

Arb. See where they ſtand,
Lull'd in the arms of love, and far remov'd
From the apprehenſion of that fatal minute,
Comes poſting to their ruin.

Sun. The thought was lucky,
With a pretended pity, to decoy
Semanthe to the ſnare.

Arb. To offer her
In the firſt draught, the nectar of her love,

Will

Will make the gall of our revenge more bitter.
But ſee, they turn upon us.
Sun. Sure 'tis the error of my ſenſe, that ſhews
Semanthe here, that poor, forſaken thing:
Alas! I pity thee: but bluſh to ſee
My ſex's fondneſs painted in thoſe tears,
Loſt on a man that ſcorns thee.
Sem. Why doſt thou waken me into deſpair?
Death is my wiſh, but I wou'd meet it here. [*To* Tachm.
Sun. Nay now, my lord!
I muſt become a pleader in this cauſe;
The fatal purple riſes in her cheeks,
The lilies wither, and the roſes fade;
Poor wretch! ſee, ſee ſhe lingers for a look;
Do not torment the quiet of her death;
Speak kindly to her; bleſs her with a ſmile;
Nay I can ſee her take a farewel kiſs,
Without a rival's fear.
Tach. Baſe, cruel woman!
But oh! for my *Semanthe*'s ſake I will
Forbear to curſe thee by that gentle name.
I know thou com'ſt on miſchief; but I charge thee,
If thou haſt any part of thy ſoft ſex
Working to virtue in thy harden'd ſoul,
(Howe'er the *Sophy*, and the gods doom me)
Beware how thou deſign'ſt againſt my love.
Sun. How, ſir! ſo hard'ned in this coz'ning trade!
Firſt you betray *Semanthe* to your ſcorn,
Then dare not juſtify your love to me:
But, ſir, the letter ſpeaks your falſhood plain.
Tach. What letter? ſpeak; if it be ſent from hell,
Thou art its chief commiſſioner; inform me:
Say, haſt thou mortgag'd thy laſt hope of heav'n,
And in ſome fatal ſcrowl, to take my life,
Or what's yet worſe, to ruin me with her,
Subſcrib'd thyſelf a ſervant to the furies?
Sun. Were I not ſatisfied that my revenge
Requires the ſecret from me, thou ſhou'dſt ſtill
Remain in ignorance: yes, I forg'd the letter,
To raiſe her jealouſy of you, in hopes

(A wo-

(A woman's ſpirit working to revenge)
She might divulge your treaſons to the *Sophy*.
Tach. My treaſons!
Arb Yes, againſt the *Sophy*'s life:
For nothing elſe cou'd put you in our power.
Tach. I thought the line of my afflictions carried
But to the end of life. But thou haſt found
A way to vex my quiet in the grave;
To ſacrifice my fame to after-times,
And blot my ſtory with a traitor's ſtain.
Arb. I ow'd thee this, proud prince, for thy contempt
And inſolence; when, to the ſhame of arms,
My wounds, and blood forgot, *Tachmas* was nam'd
To lead thoſe armies, I had bred in war.
Tach. I know my lateſt hour comes on apace;
And now to curſe thee, were to rob my ſoul
Of this ſoft ſatisfaction in my death.
Oh! let me hold thee faſt, my only life!
Here languiſh out a farewell to our loves;
Gaze on thoſe heav'nly eyes,
That, thro' the grove of death, muſt light me on
To the bright manſions of the kindred ſtars.
Sun. So unconcern'd! the face of death will turn
This ſcene of love: appear thou miniſter
Of fate, come forth, and act thy tragic part.

Enter Oſman *with four Bowls.*

Tach. What means this fatal pomp? All this for me?
Or to be yet more cruel, wou'd you load
My mounting ſpirit with your guilty ſouls;
And damn me with your company in death?
Sun. This is your bridal night; and we your gueſts
Muſt wait upon the ceremony:
But know, my lord! the gilt bowls are prepar'd
Only for you, and your fair bride, for they
Are poiſon'd.
Tach. Ha! thou canſt not mean her death:
Or wou'dſt thou in one deviliſh act, outdo
The eldeſt damn'd in hell? O! ſpare her life,
And I will bleſs thee with my lateſt breath,

Nay,

Nay, as I mount, report thee to the gods,
And tell 'em thou art good.
Sam. My lord! forbear
Soliciting, what granted, I refuſe;
Life without you: by our immortal loves
I am reſolv'd on this: alas! I ſwear
I think this hour our firſt of happineſs,
And to die thus together, is an earneſt,
Sent from the Gods, of worlds of joy to come.
Sun. Yes, rival, thou ſhou'dſt live, be forc'd to live,
But that the ſight of thee for ever wou'd
Revive my ſhame, and lay his ſcorn before me!
Tach. Give me the fatal bowls: and now, *Semanthe!*
Since thou reſolv'ſt, and fate will have it ſo;
I here preſent thee with a cordial draught,
That will preſerve our loves i'th'other world.
Sem. Then chearfully, as birds ſalute the morn
After a cold, long, ſtormy winter night,
We leave theſe ſolitary, dark abodes,
And mount to mingle with the ſhining gods.
Tach. O! how I grudge the grave this heav'nly form!
Theſe beauties will inſpire the arms of death,
And warm the pale, cold tyrant into life.
O I cou'd rave for ever——but farewel. [*All drink.*
Arb. 'Tis to their meeting in the other world.
[*To* Sunamire.
Oſm. So; to my knowledge, you will firſt meet there.
[*Aſide.*
Tach. 'Tis done, the buſineſs of our fate is done:
How fares my love? ſpeak, for, in ſpight of death,
Thy eyes ſtill carry their reſiſtleſs fires,
And beauty ſits in triumph on thy cheeks.
[Oſman *gives* Tachmas *a Sword.*
Arb. Now, *Sunamire!* thus proſperous in revenge;
Let's hug ourſelves, and laugh to ſee 'em fall.
Oſm. Stand on your guard, my lord! ſoon as he finds
The poiſon work; deſpair and madneſs will
Enforce his hand to ſome damn'd bloody deed.
Arb. Thou doſt not feel the pleaſures, that I have,
To ſee theſe whining, conſtant lovers die.
——What

——What means this dulneſs?——ha! thy eyes are fix'd;
Thy lips too tremble to relate the cauſe.
Sun. O! we are poorly caught in our own ſnare.
The poiſon, we prepar'd for them, the ſlave
Has given to us. [*Sinks down.*
Arb. Ha! poiſon'd!——yes, 'tis here:
I feel the traitor working to my heart.
But I have yet a ſword, that ſhall prevent
The turns of fate, and we will fall reveng'd.
——What mean theſe ſhouts? But I defer too long.
——Ha! *Tachmas* arm'd?
Tach. Yes, traitor, to thy ruin.
Arb. Then thus I brave my fate.
——O! I am ſlain. [*They fight,* Arbanes *falls.*
Sun. Speak, brother, is he down? Then to my part,
I'll come, and triumph once over his heart:
But ſee, my happy rival does appear,
Trembling, and fainting in the arms of fear;
Now ſtrike, whilſt nobly thus I conquere here. [*Dies.*

Enter Seliman, Begona, *Attendants,* Iſmael *bound and guarded.*

Sel. He lives, he lives, you gods!
Once more, with all the dearneſs of a brother,
I fall upon thy breaſt, the haven, where
My beaten mind rides ſafe ſecure from reſtleſs
Paſſions, which, like tempeſts on the main,
Drive reaſon from the guidance of our lives,
And leave us ſhipwreck'd on a barbarous coaſt.
Beg. I ſee, my ſon, the hands of heav'n, and fate,
Have been employ'd in thy deliverance.
But ſay, my *Tachmas*, ſpeak the wond'rous courſe,
That heav'n purſu'd to reſcue thee from death.
Tach. That beſt my life's preſerver here can tell.
[*To* Oſman.
Sel. Thy habit ſpeaks a ſlave: yet in thy face
Something appears familiar to my eyes,
That I have often ſeen; but when, and where,
My memory has loſt.
Oſm. Great ſir, I have been honour'd in your ſervice;
Your

Your ſoldier from my youth; *Oſman* my name,
Which you, ſir, muſt remember, ſince your favours
Diſtinguiſh'd it firſt from the crowd. [*To* Tachmas.
Tach. My friend!
My *Oſman* here! then heav'n has ſent the ſword
And ſhield of all the war. O royal ſir!
Let me preſent a captain to your knowledge,
Worthy that noble title. [Oſman *kneels to* Seliman.
Sel. Riſe to our favour: the particulars
How thou cam'ſt here diſguis'd, and by what means
Thy faith and gratitude have work'd their ends,
A happier hour will claim. Remove theſe bodies;
And for that ſlave, ſuch matchleſs villanies
He has confeſs'd, as mercy cannot pardon:
Bear him to death, away with him.
Iſm. I go; but firſt I make this hearty wiſh:
May lame ambition (for the public good,
Halting upon the crutches of the crowd)
Still fall:
May treaſon ever need the people's ſwords,
And may they valiantly compound for words;
And laſt, may all diſturbers of the ſtate
Grow blindly popular, and meet my fate. [*Is led off.*
Sel. Virtue ſhines out again in its full blaze,
And now not to reward thy ſufferings,
Wou'd ſpeak me acceſſary to thoſe crimes
My ignorance committed: therefore here
I give *Semanthe* to thy longing love:
Take her, and wear her ever in thy heart:
Whilſt I collected in my temper ſtand.
And may ſucceeding monarchs learn from me,
How far to truſt a ſtateſman's policy.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

By Mr. DRYDEN.

A Virgin poet was ſerv'd up to-day;
Who, 'till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play:
He's neither yet a whig nor tory-boy;
But, like a girl, whom ſev'ral wou'd enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's houſe wou'd inſtruct me, by the name:
There's loyalty to one: I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhou'd your fatlings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide:
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe:
Tho' nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the commonwealths-man's bribe:
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Tho' void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit,
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element:
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let 'em forget themſelves an hour in ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhou'd two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can ſee;
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.

Wou'd

Wou'd there were more preferments in the land;
If places fell, the party could not ſtand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry whig complains;
They grunt like hogs, 'till they have got their grains.
Meantime you ſee what trade our plots advance,
We ſend each year good money into France:
And they, that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants, to mend our breed.

THE

DISAPPOINTMENT;

OR, THE

MOTHER in FASHION.

A PLAY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1684.

[illegible] que tu divinum Æneada tenta,
[illegible] sequere, & vestigia semper adora. STAT.

ASIATIC

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES,

EARL of OSSORY.

My Lord,

THE imputation that lies on dedications is general: and whether the ill-nature of the age has traduced the honeſt intentions of the writers; or they, by their fulſome corruptions, to their own wrong, have juſtly fixed the ſcandal upon themſelves, your lordſhip may determine: this I believe, a poet may praiſe his patron out of countenance, and a lover look his miſtreſs into the confuſion of a bluſh, and with as little wit on one hand, as paſſion on the other. The fear of falling under the juſtice of this cenſure, has awed me: and nothing, but the zeal of confeſſing myſelf every way your ſervant, (having hardly ſcaped the venture of the ſtage) could perſuade me to throw myſelf, for a forgiveneſs, upon a ſecond trial

of the town. The reaſon of my cauſe has hardened me againſt the malice of detraction, and over-ruled my fears to a dedication. The name of *Oſſ'ry*, I know, will draw every reader into an expectation of a panegyric; and not to rage under the inſpiration of that theme, is groſſneſs, and brutal ſtupidity, to be ſhunned of all the world; and here unpardonable, as would be my impudence, ſhould I undertake it. The virtues of your famous anceſtors, my lord, live freſh among us; and while the *Engliſh* chronicle ſurvives, the *Ormond* worth can never be forgotten; your grandfather, in every glorious action, through the whole ſtory, muſt begin the page, ſhine out, and ſhew the leading hero there. Fortune has once been juſt, and joining with the wiſhes of all good men, contrived to make the happineſs of your lordſhip's life anſwer the quality of your houſe; and to the nobility of your birth (made yet more noble by the acceſſion of your father's glories, which you of right inherit and which your forward virtue, this ſummer promiſes to maintain) provided you a lady, whom nature, in the profuſion of her bounty, ſeems to have made and only meant for you; to ſhare that greatneſs which only deſcent, virtue, wit, and beauty like hers, could deſerve. My lord, you are now launched out into the ocean of this life; and may proſperous gales, and ſmiling ſummer ſeas attend

attend you: may your courſe be ſteady; ſtill pointing to that genuine loyalty (the natural virtue of your family) which your forefathers nobly tried, and found the only goal of glory. Theſe, with my prayers for your long life, and happy, ſafe return, are the conſtant, and ſhall be the daily wiſhes of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's entirely faithful

humble Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE:

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, and ſpoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe,
All prologues treat you at your own expence?
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go,
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatyr.
Nor will he ever draw——I mean his rhime,
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker
To call MEN *fools; 'tis railing at their* MAKER.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf;
He's young enough to be a FOP *himſelf.*
And, if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe
Your father chuſe, becauſe he lik'd the face;
And often they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry-nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe;
But was prevented by each careful nurſe.
For, having dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools, for there when firſt you came,
You won'd be ſure to learn the Latin name.

In colleges you ſcorn'd their art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Theme come to town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a SHARPER *moſt profound:*
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound:
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The SPARK *ſets up for love behind our ſcenes;*
Het in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And, garret high, rebels againſt his father.
But he once dead——
Brings her in triumph with her portion down,
A toilet, dreſſing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcow'ring,
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad ſo liberal the DOLT *is,*
Poor SPOUSE *at home as ragged as a colt is.*
Laſt, ſome there are, who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries:
The doughty BULLIES *enter bloody drunk,*
Invade and grabble one another's PUNK:
They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call SONS *of* WHORES, *and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:*
Thus while for paultry punk *they roar and ſtickle,*
They make it bawdier *than a* conventicle.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ALPHONSO, Husband to ERMINIA,	Mr. *Betterton.*
LORENZO, Friend to ALPHONSO,	Mr. *Smith.*
ALBERTO, a general Undertaker,	Mr. *Wiltshire.*
LESBINO, his Friend,	Mr. *Carlisle.*
ROGERO, Father to ANGELINE,	Mr. *Leigh.*

WOMEN.

ERMINIA, Wife to ALPHONSO,	Mrs. *Cook.*
JULIANA, a slighted Mistress of ALBERTO's,	Mrs. *Percival.*
ANGELINE, ROGERO's Daughter,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Her supposed Mother,	Mrs. *Cory.*
CLARA, ERMINIA's Woman,	Mrs. *Leigh.*

SCENE, *Florence.*

THE

DISAPPOINTMENT;

OR, THE

MOTHER in FASHION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alberto Dreſſing.

A SONG written by the Honourable Colonel SACKVILLE.

I Never ſaw a face till now,
That could my paſſion move:
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a vow,
But durſt not think of love.

Till beauty, charming every ſenſe,
An eaſy conqueſt made;
And ſhew'd the vaineſs of defence,
Where Phyllis *does invade.*

But oh! her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inſpire;
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.

Betwixt extremes I am undone,
Like plants too northward ſet;
Burnt by too violent a ſun,
Or chill'd for want of heat.

Alb. The world may laugh at theſe laborious follies,
That wear away the day; and ſo may I,
When my full veins are ebbing into time;
When age ſhall level me to impotence;
And fleeting pleaſure leaves me on the ſoil.
Then I may turn a true *Diogenes*.
Snarl at the pleaſures that I cannot taſte,
Deſpiſe the gallantries of youth and love,
And in my tub grow natty for my eaſe.

Enter Leſbino.

Leſ. Good morrow to your lordſhip.
Alb. O my friend!
The ſight of thee awakens the remembrance
Of all thoſe pleaſures we have paſs'd together.
Leſ. I think the *Roman Antony*, in the rage
Of his luxurious appetite, nay, when
He made the higheſt ſacrifice to ſenſe,
Ne'er rated flesh and blood as we have done:
Such ſcenes of wit! ſuch hours of love and wine!——
Alb. O my *Leſbino!* thou remember'ſt all!
Once at a feaſt, when fair *Pamhea*, crown'd
The queen of love, ſat ſmiling on her throne,
We humbly offer'd up our vows; and ſtrait
Beauty deſcended in a thouſand charms:
Selina's paſſion languiſh'd in her eyes,
And thou wert caught;
Corinna's muſic triumph'd o'er the ſphere,
And over me: ſo all were happy made:
But then the jealous goddeſs, from her ſeat
Flew to our arms, and there was better pleas'd.
Leſ. Yet this was cenſur'd!
Alb. Only by *Clarinda*,
Whoſe virtue ne'er appear'd, but in her pride;

Whom

Whom I have ſince enjoy'd, with the dear thought
Of leaving her to my contempt and ſcorn.
Leſb. Ah yes! there have been days!
Alb. Have been! there are:
This day, to-morrow, every day ſhall bawd
To our deſires.
Leſb. The regiments are marching,
And I muſt poſt to my command to-morrow.
Alb. So ſuddenly! what danger preſſes us?
Leſb. Only a city-plot: curſe on their politic noddles,
The've brains enough to keep their foreheads ſafe;
They cry, the ſoldier's forfeited with eaſe,
The tokens of foul leachery appear——
Alb. On their own wives and daughters.
Leſb. And out of chriſtian charity to themſelves,
And to prevent the growth of cuckoldom,
At their expence they phyſic the whole camp,
And make a war, only to let us blood.
Alb. And thou haſt not a vein, that thou wouldſt ſpare
From old *Rogero*'s daughter: have I touch'd you?
Leſb. Faith with wonder, to hear her mention'd here;
I thought her birth conceal'd her from all eyes.
Alb. If among common pebbles, we ſhould find
A diamond pave our way, 'twere quickly ſeen.
Leſb. You know her then?
Alb. And know her to be mine:
O I am the *Columbus* of that world,
And will grow rich in beauty: pow'rful gold
Has broke the quarry up: and now, *Leſbino*,
I have a mother working in the mine.
Leſb. What! make a mother bawd to her own child?
Alb. O none ſo fit in nature, ſhe beſt knows
The conſtitution of her daughter's blood:
How high her pulſes beat; remembers too
Which way the devil danc'd, when ſhe was young,
And there can play him now.
Leſb. My Lord! I am pleas'd the lot is faln on you;
You'll keep the ſex in action: when we come
Hack'd from the field, to find our women right,

Under good diſcipline, and eaſineſs,
Is all the chriſtian comfort of a ſoldier.
Alb. O! this is but the opening of the ſcene,
That ſhews my triumph. Thou ſhalt know it all.
No anſwer of my letter?
Serv. None, my lord.
Alb. Attend without. [*Exit Servant.*
'Twas to *Alphonſo*'s houſe.
Leſb. Not to his wife?
Alb. Suppoſe it were!
Leſb. Do you expect an anſwer?
Alb. I grant a virgin's modeſty may bluſh,
And ſtart at her own wiſhes; but a wife,
A high-fed, wanton, underſtanding wife,
That knows how beauty in a huſband's arms,
Like treaſure ruſting in a miſer's cheſts,
Lies unenjoy'd, yet coveted by all:
For ſuch a wife, ſecure on every hand,
From jealouſy at home, and tongues abroad,
Youth in her veins, and wiſhes in her heart,
That knows the price of opportunity;
For her to triſle out the hours of love
In coy denials, is beyond my creed.
Leſb. But, ſir, report ſpeaks loudly of her virtue.
Alb. Why virtuous-let her be to all the world,
To eaſy huſbands, and believing fools:
For me, I'm ſettled in my faith: I've made
A ſtudy of the ſex, and found it frail:
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly minded all: there's not a ſhe,
The coldeſt conſtitution of the ſex,
Nay, at the altar, telling o'er her beads,
But ſome one riſes on her heav'nly thoughts,
That drives her down the wind of ſtrong deſire,
And makes her taſte mortality again.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Alberto, *and goes out.*

Admit her.
This is the hinge of my deſigns:
Her confident; the bawdy confeſſor,

That

That probes her lady's conſcience to the quick,
To give it eaſe—— She comes! you muſt withdraw.

Enter Clara.

What comfort? Speak, thou meſſenger of love!

Clar. Undone! undone! for ever! O my lord!
I was born to be ruin'd in your ſervice!

Alb. Ha! what's the matter?

Clar. Your letter, by what accident I know not,
Is fall'n into my lord's hands.

Alb. Death and hell! then all's diſcover'd.

Clar. O nothing but my falſhood.

Alb. The duke's name was ſubſcrib'd.

Clar. Ay, you are not ſuſpected; but the credit
Of my function's loſt forever. I have wept
And ſworn my innocence over and over;
And all to no purpoſe.

Alb. That's hard indeed.

Clar. He's raging mad, and has laid ſuch a ſtrict
Confinement on my poor lady, ſo hardly us'd her,
That ſure ſhe'll never think of mankind more——
[Alb. *ſhews a Purſe.*
Unleſs the thoughts of ſerving your lordſhip, prevail
Upon my good-nature, to bring her about again.

Alb. Here, thou haſt won it fairly.

Clar. Our doors are all barr'd up, and none can find
Admittance but *Lorenzo*. 'Twas with difficulty
I ſtole to find you out, and let you know
I am not idle: leave the reſt to me: I muſt away. [*Ex.*

Leſ. I've heard it all. And now, my lord, your thoughts upon the matter.

Alb. Faith, were it not for a charitable principle of my virtuous friend there, in ſetting all things right again, the power of my gold, and her own natural inclinations to the office, I ſhould think my affairs were but in a melancholy condition.

Leſ. What do you reſolve on?

Alb. E'en to go, as the devil in the woman drives me,
For ſince the conqueſt that he made on *Eve*,
'T has been that ſex's buſineſs to deceive——

Enter Juliana *meeting him.*

Juliana here! then I am impotent: *Leſbino*, ſtay.
Jul. Why do you ſtart, *Alberto?*
Alb. This indeed
Was unexpected: I was us'd to ſee
You oftner: I ſhould chide you: but retire,
I would not have you ſeen; *Leſbino* there——
Jul. Has ſeen me here before.
Alb. Ay, madam, but
We live in a cenſorious talking age,
And he is naturally fond of ſcandal.
Jul. He is your friend.
Alb. But it is hard to know
How far to truſt a friend in theſe affairs;
Your reputation——
Jul. This is poor, my lord.
Alb. Nay then you'll not be anſwer'd. [*Ex. with* Leſb.
Jul. To play the woman right, now I ſhould ſwoon,
Call curſes down from heav'n on his head,
Proteſt my wrongs, and vow to be reveng'd;
This were the ſureſt way to pleaſe my ſex:
But why reveng'd? Or how have I been wrong'd?
I knew him falſe before; the ſad experience
Of other women, warn'd me on my fate;
And yet I cou'd not hold from venturing:
Had he refus'd me, then my wrongs were plain:
But I have met the ſofteſt dear returns
That love could make, or longing maids deſire.
If he has left me, 'tis his nature's fault,
That cannot be confin'd.

Enter Clara.

O *Clara!* welcome.
Clar. Madam, I find my lord has ſoon diſpatch'd your buſineſs.
Jul. I have met the entertainment I expected here;
But, *Clara*, muſt I loſe him thus?
Clar. I have told you,
He loves my lady: and he bribes me high,

To

To prove his advocate in this affair;
But yet methinks I would do much for you.
Jul. And thou ſhalt find I will not ſtarve my cauſe:
I'll prove a grateful client.
Clar. As we walk,
We'll think upon the means.
Jul. Then let the wanderer rove,
So I enjoy him in his rounds of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Changes to* Alphonſo's *Houſe.*

Enter Alphonſo *and* Lorenzo.

Alph. She might have number'd out the ſtars in ſin;
Fed her hot, luſtful appetite with change
Of every high-fed, wanton fool in *Florence*;
Yet I been happy: ignorantly bleſt,
Like a true marriage tool, I might have ſate
Contented, at the lower end o'th' feaſt,
To welcome all, without a farther thought:
And when the buſineſs of the day was o'er,
When all the company had danc'd her round;
At night I might have ta'en her to my heart,
With praiſes on her truth and conſtancy,
And thanks to heav'n for ſuch a virtuous wife!
Lor. Alphonſo, hear me!
Alph. But to know myſelf a monſter! death and hell!
Children and fools will have me in the wind,
And I ſhall ſlink of cuckold to the world.
Lor. Come, come; you ſearch too deep, and make your wound.
Alph. O! I have nothing left me but thy friendſhip
To ſatisfy mankind, I once was thought
Above the reach of ſuch a common fate.
Lor. You are above it ſtill.
Alph. By heav'n I ſhould be:
For I'll appeal to reaſon; is it fit
The man thou haſt honour'd with the name of friend,
Should fall ſo low, to be the common ſcorn
Of pimps and bawds?
Lor. Your thoughts are on the rack:

But

But recollect your reaſon to your aid,
And caſt about, to find this treacherous ſlave
That has abus'd you; if I then forſake you,
May the ſevereſt vengeance of your fury
Fall here, and mark me with the villain's ſhame.

Alph. O! think'ſt thou I am thus, without juſt cauſe?
Had any broad-mouth'd, ſtand'rous villain ſaid it,
I would have turn'd him outward to the ſun,
Diſplay'd th'infected fountain of his thoughts,
And ſtabb'd the venom'd lie down to his heart:
But when the duke's own character confirms it!

Lor. Friend, have a care how you purſue that thought;
There's danger in the way, therefore no more.

Alph. And yet by heav'n! I cannot blame the duke;
For ſhe has beauty that may juſtify
All actions, that are meant to compaſs her.
Oh! I am well acquainted with her pow'r;
I have devour'd the ſpirit of her love,
'Till drunk with joy, I reel'd to my undoing.
Her eyes have ſhot me with a thouſand fires;
A thouſand times, the little weeping loves,
That wanton'd in the liquid cryſtal there,
Like *April* ſhowers melting on my cheeks,
Refreſh'd my veins into a wanton ſpring.
O ſhe is more than I can ſpeak or think,
The ſofteſt boſom-dear! the tendereſt wife!

Lor. Yet you would part with her.

Alph. Not for the wealth of *Pluto*, were ſhe true:
But ſhe is falſe, and all my comfort now
Muſt be to drive her from my thoughts for ever.

Lor. For ever!

Alph. Yes, among the follies of my life, I would
Forget the ſex: I wou'd not call to mind
How I have ſold the charter of my manhood,
To pleaſe the fondneſs of a woman's longing;
I would not count thoſe tedious hours again,
(Tho' in my thoughts!) which I have ſacrific'd
To the fantaſtic pride of that vain ſex.
But what I wou'd have bury'd to the world,
Is the remembrance of that fatal hour,

In

In which I fondly ventur'd out my hopes;
My peace of mind, my honour, and my love,
In the weak, ſinking bottom of a wife:
O ſleep that thought, and I ſhall be at eaſe!
Lor. You ſpeak as if there were no woman true.
Alph. I know not what I ſpeak: but if my wife,
If my *Erminia*'s falſe, the ſex is damn'd;
I know it; and ſhe was the laſt that fell.
Lor. Call old *Rogero*'s daughter to your mind,
To prove there may be virtue in that ſex,
Tho' tempted by neceſſity, and want,
That gold could not corrupt, nor pow'r betray.
Alph. What, poor! and honeſt! and a woman too!
Does ſhe ſtill keep that point? Then who can tell
But I may be abus'd?
Lor. By heav'n you are!
Some villain practiſes againſt your peace,
Whom time ſhall beſt diſcover: for *Erminia*,
So well I know the conduct of her life,
I'd ſtake my ſoul upon her innocence.
Alph. Is this thy thought?
Lor. By heav'n, my friend, it is.
Alph. Wou'd I cou'd make it mine.
Lor. Go ſee her then.
Alph. I dare not truſt my temper.
Lor. Come, you ſhall,
I've given my word.
Alph. To whom?
Lor. Your mourning wife.
Alph. You mock my miſery.
Lor. I am your friend.
Alph. But did *Erminia* make it her requeſt?
Speak, cou'd ſhe? O the ſuff'ring innocence!
Thy words have darted hope into my ſoul,
And comfort dawns upon me! O ſpeak on!
Lor. Her ſoul in ſadneſs, and her eyes in tears,
Sighing, ſhe ſaid, ſhe fear'd her heart might break;
But ſhe wou'd learn the virtue of a wife,
And labour patiently to ſuffer all;
Then at my feet, in all the ſtorm of grief,

She

She begg'd me, as for life, to ſee her lord;
And ever as ſhe did repeat your name,
Such floods of ſorrow burſt from her bright eyes,
I cou'd not keep my manhood, but wept too.

Alph. If thou wert mov'd, my friend! oh what muſt I
Have been—had I been preſent at the view?
Such tenderneſs muſt have diſarm'd my ſoul,
And thrown me for forgiveneſs at her feet:
But 'tis not yet too late.

Lor. Then you will ſee her?

Alph. Thy mournful ſtory has ſubdu'd my heart,
And I have not a thought that does oppoſe me.
Witneſs it heav'n! and earth! and thou my friend,
I combated this paſſion of my love,
Stood this high teſt of honour to my pow'r,
But am o'ercome: I am, I am a man,
And can no longer bear it. O *Lorenzo!*
My panting heart beats to *Erminia*'s breaſt,
Struggles and heaves, and fain would be at reſt;
Weary'd with fears, and jealouſies, wou'd come,
Thoughtleſs and free, to taſte content at home;
Firmly reſolving never to remove
From ſuch a friend, nor my *Erminia*'s love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. I Parted with *Lorenzo*, on my promiſe
To ſee my wife, and yet I loiter here
In a perplexing maze of crowding doubts:
I'll think no more on't: ha——*Alberto* here!—

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Alphonſo! I have met you luckily.
I came to find you out.

Alph. I am glad, my lord,
Your trouble's at an end, and I am found.

Alb.

Alb. Our maſter, the great duke——
Alph. Sir, what of him?
Alb. Has ſent me to you.
Alph. O he honours me
Too much of late, beyond a ſubject's thanks:
What will this come to? [*Aſide.*
Alb. Hearing that you have left the court——
Alph. For that,
There's a neceſſity calls every man
Into his own concerns; and buſineſs, ſir,
In ſpight of fortune, will uſurp ſometimes.
Alb. 'Twas ſomething ſure of moment, unexpected,
Cou'd cauſe that haſte, at which the court admires.
Alph. Why, ſir, admire? is it a miracle
To find a courtier honeſt, at his houſe
With his own wife! 'tis hardly treaſon this,
Nor would I have it an offence to any.
Alb. O! none at all; but yet the duke, that knows
Perſons of your eſteem and quality
Make the full blaze of honour in his court,
Would have you always near him: therefore, ſir,
To-night he makes a public entertainment,
Where you and your fair lady are his gueſts.
Alph. Sits the wind there? [*Aſide.*
He over honours me, and I ſhall think
Myſelf too poor and thankleſs a return
For this high grace: pray let his highneſs know,
My ſword and fortune wait upon his will;
But I am ill at meaſures, and muſt beg
To be excus'd.
Alb. Your lady dances well.
Alph. Y'are in the right, my lord: ſhe does indeed;
She ſings well too: if I may be a judge,
Who am her huſband, exquiſitely well;
Yet who would think it?
Alb. What?
Alph. Nay you, my lord,
Are out at miracles; and this indeed
Requires a huſband's faith: yet you ſhall hear it;
My wife (now prompted ſhe can only tell)
Tho'

Tho' bred up to the pleaſures of the court,
With all thoſe entertaining qualities,
That men admire, and women envy,
Young as ſhe is, now, when her blood might well
Employ her beauty in its proper uſe;
Faints in the fury of her appetite:
And (what I muſt confeſs I bluſh to own)
She fooliſhly affects a houſewife's praiſe
Amongſt her maids, and ſpins her youth away.
Is not this ſtrange?

Alb. O moſt impoſſible!

Alph. That I expected, and indeed I grant you.
This vulgar, wife-like virtue, houſewifry,
In a young lady, is ſcandalouſly old,
Quite out of faſhion, and muſt be forgotten.

Alb. You cannot be in earneſt?

Alph. O my lord!
Marriage would mainly help your unbelief. [*Exit.*

Alb. As hanging cures the tooth-ach; go thy way,
Old jealouſy; tho' I have fail'd in this;
Clara fights wary, and can never miſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Changes to* Erminia's *Chamber.*

A SONG by an unknown hand.

POOR, ill-inſtructed, wretched woman-kind!
Deceiv'd by fate,
Prepoſterouſly to love and hate;
Our feeble mind
Yields up the keys of our ill-guarded treaſure
To tyrant man, whoſe arbitrary reign
Scarce gives us will, or power to complain:
Us and our paſſions they enchain;
The fleeting pleaſure
Holds no proportion with the laſting pain.

And thou, the moſt ungrateful of the race,
Who haſt my honour, would'ſt my vows deface,
Ceaſe thy purſuing,
To my undoing.

Since

Since all the cruel perjuries I prove,
Do but exalt the merit of my love,
And whilst thy falshood mortal proves to me,
My love aspires to immortality.

Enter Erminia *and* Clara.

Erm. My melancholy thoughts are all employ'd
On those hard-fated maids, that are bought in,
By some poor circumstance of interest,
To the eternal slavery of life.
Clar. Ah! who that sees in you the marriage joys,
Will ever trust their freedom with a man?
Erm. In me! I am most happy in content:
I love the hand that lays this load upon me;
And shall, altho' it sink me to my grave;
O *Clara!* this were wretchedness indeed;
This usage were beyond the reach of patience,
From any but *Alphonso*; him I love,
Him, whom my heart hangs after for its peace.
Clar. In him, 'tis tyranny to use you thus.
Erm. O! I am run behind-hand with my love:
I have not yet discounted for those sums,
Those endless sums of joys, that made me happy:
And these are but the poor compounding tears;
This scene of sorrow the bare interest,
Which I will pay, till he remits the debt,
And takes me to the comfort of his bosom.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. He sends for me, invites me to the court;
To bring my wife to court; now the great duke
Appears himself, and claims me for his cuckold.
What! bring my wife to court! damnation! none
But I to bawd to my disgrace! sure something
Appears upon me, spiritless and poor,
That marks me for that office, in his eye:
He durst not else have done it:——
I believe her honest yet:
Her body not acquainted with the sin,
But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore;

And

And the next opportunity completes
My black diſhonour.
Clar. Madam, my lord.
Alph. Miſtreſs, you,
I gueſs your reverend funſtion by your face.
Nay, here's money for you:
An ounce of gold for but a grain of truth:
Canſt thou inform me of thy lady's thoughts!
How they're employ'd! on whom? O tell me that,
And I will yet believe thou may'ſt live on
Some years in ſin, before thou'rt to be damn'd.
Clar. Good heav'n defend my lord!
Alph. Nay, then thou art a praying chamber bawd,
And truth abhors thee. Foh! how ſhe ſtinks o'th'oſſie.
[*Thruſts her out.*
Erm. My lord! my much lov'd lord!
How has my ignorance betray'd my peace,
And robb'd me of your love? Alas! I own,
Freely confeſs the frailties of my ſex,
With all its forms of follies, here before you:
Oh then if I have blindly ſtumbled on
A fault, in pity to my weakneſs, you
My lord, will pardon it.
Alph. Does the remembrance of any ſin
Upbraid your thoughts?
Erm. My ſins are infinite,
As is the mercy of relenting heav'n.
But I defy my memory, combin'd
With the ſevereſt malice of my fate,
Since the firſt happy minute of our loves,
To point me to a crime againſt my lord.
Alph. What! not in thought, *Erminia?*
Erm. No, indeed!
Not even in thought, as I do hope for heav'n!
Alph. Then where's the need of pardon? you are
juſtify'd.
Erm. Alas! I do beſeech you on my knees,
With ſtreaming eyes, and a poor bleeding heart,
Inform me: let that tempeſt on your brow,
Fall on the wretched head of loſt *Erminia*;

But

But ſpeak! O let my accuſation come,
And tell me what I've done to move you thus.
Alph. Damnation! done! ſpeak, anſwer me! what done?
Erm. Alas! what means my lord?
Alph. Have you done any thing, that thus your guilt
Betrays you to the queſtion?
Erm. Indeed I know of nothing to offend you.
Alph. O, were it come to that; did I but once
Conceive a ſlight ſuſpicion of the deed;
It were not time for words——
Erminia, I believe you've done no fault.
Erm. Then I am happy in my innocence.
Alph. There's not a line in all that beauteous face,
That promiſes the picture of a whore;
By heav'n ſhe ſhould be honeſt to the ſoul;
O! I could curſe that firſt ſeducing prieſt,
Who with falſe reaſons triumph'd o'er the world,
And reconcil'd mankind to ſlavery:
Whilſt he, and all that reverend, fatted tribe,
Skill'd in the arts of luxury, and eaſe,
Wiſely refus'd the doctrines that they taught,
And only damn'd the laity to a wife.
Erm. Did you not name your wife?
Alph. I did, *Erminia*;
And with a curſe upon the cunning prieſt,
That conjur'd us together in a yoke,
That galls me now.
Erm. Wou'd I had never been,
Or never liv'd to hear you curſe me from you.
Alph. No, I will ever bleſs you to my grave.
Erm. Will you! then ſure, oh ſure, you cannot hate me!
Alph. By heav'n and earth! I never can, *Erminia!*
No: by th' eternal Majeſty that awes me,
I languiſh with the fondneſs of my love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my heart:
Oh! thou'rt the very fountain of my joys,
The ſpirit of my peace, my ſpring of life,
All that [illegible] would, or heav'n can give:
[illegible] eternal torment to my love!
We [illegible], we muſt, *Erminia*——

Erm.

Erm. What, my lord?
O ſure my heart informs me of my fate:
What muſt we?
Alph. 'Tis heav'n alone can tell,
How fatally the ſecret ſtruggles here!
With what impetuous force it beats my breaſt;
And tears away my quiet in its way;
Therefore, it comes. O! we muſt part for ever.
I can no more. Farewel.
Erm. This, and all's well. [*She follows him.*
Remember poor *Erminia* in her grave. [*She ſwoons.*
Alph. She ſinks! ſhe's gone! *Erminia!* ſtay, my life!
O I conjure you by thoſe thouſand hours
Of ſofteſt joys, that melted in thy arms;
And by thoſe thouſand years of love to come,
I charge you ſtay.
Erm. Sure 'tis the voice of love,
That ſummons me to life, and my *Alphonſo.*
Alph. Look up, *Erminia!* ſee, I'm rooted here,
Fix'd to thy fate, and cannot live without thee.
There are ten thouſand bleſſings yet behind,
Untaſted by the palate of our loves,
That wait to crown our days and nights together.
And oh! my heart can never think of joy,
Nor move me one ſtep onward to my peace,
Without the partner of my happineſs.
Erm. Am I? Then ſure we muſt not part?
Alph. O never.
Forget the guilty thought, as I have done.
Thou ſomething dearer to me than my life!
Grow to my heart, for ever fix thee here;
Till time, long ages hence, ſhall call us down,
Old, and embracing, to one grave together.
Erm. Then I am truly happy. Yet, my lord,
(Forgive the folly of a woman's fears)
If your late coldneſs ever ſhou'd return,
No wretchedneſs on earth could equal mine.
Alph. Drive me not back upon my memory,
But take me to thy arms, and I will loſe
All thoughts, but of almighty love and thee.

Thus

Thus tempeſt-beaten voyagers at laſt
(Toſt by the fury of the angry main)
Secure and ſafe are in the harbour caſt,
And never, never venture out again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an open Garden.*

Enter Angeline *with her Mother.*

Moth. I've dropt my huſband in the crowd, and this is the walk my lord *Alberto* promis'd to meet me in: come hither *Angeline!* hold up thy head, child! ah! thy mother's own twincle! well, fifteen muſt be provided for; I ſee that.

Ang. I do not underſtand you.

Moth. No matter for that, I underſtand enough in this point for us both, child; if you have but the grace to be rul'd.

Ang. I hope I have ever been obedient.

Moth. Ay, 'twill be the better for you: ſay your prayers duly, and take your mother's advice along with you, and you may come to k ep your coach one day.

Ang. Alas! I am contented with my poor condition,
And would not, if I might, be what you ſay;
And ſee my good old father go on foot.

Moth. No, *Angeline*, he and I and all of us ſhall ride, if you will be inſtructed to raiſe us. You know the lord *Alberto?*

Ang. Him that you ſhew'd me walking with the duke?

Moth. Ay, there's a man for you; to my certain knowledge he's directly in love with thee.

Ang. So indeed the lord *Lorenzo* tells me, he loves me;
And tho' I am more inclin'd to credit him,
Yet I am far from thinking of it true.

Moth. Come, you ſhall love both.

Ang. That's impoſſible! both cannot marry me.

Moth. Marry you! no matter for that: but both may ſerve your turn a great deal better, another way: come *Angelina*; thy father's poor, thy beauty's thy portion, and manage it to the beſt advantage.

Ang. For as I am, I ſcorn to be a whore.

Moth.

Moth. Bleſs me! how can you expect to thrive with ſuch abominable, ungodly words in your mouth, child? A whore! fy, fy, don't think of the indecent thing; but as I was ſaying, there will be beauty enough at five and twenty, to throw away upon a huſband; then if you ſhould chance to tarniſh, or grow ruſty in the wearing, (as beauty, alas! is but a flower, and flowers will fade,) 'tis but the matrimony dip at laſt, and you appear again as freſh, with as gloſſy a complexion, as you had never been blown on, and no harm done——I think I ſee him coming——Oh! 'tis my unreaſonable huſband again, that out of a ſtarving principle of honeſty, will neither ſtir himſelf, nor ſuffer me to labour in the lawful occupation of a mother for the advantage of a poor child.

[*Weeps.*

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Oh! have I found you? 'Tis very well——A pox o'theſe hot countries: there's no taking a mouthful of air, without the venture of being choak'd with the flies: how they ſwarm in every walk! coxcombs of every ſize, and nation! from the impertinence of the *French* down to the leaden figure of a *Dutchman.*

Enter 'Squire, Poet, *and* Bully.

Ang. Who have we here?

Rog. The very picture of folly in leading-ſtrings! now by his countenance I ſhould gueſs there has not been an ounce of brains in the family, ſince his father's great grandfather mortgag'd his, to the purchaſing a title.

Ang. Of what, ſir? a fool! does that bear ſuch a value in the world?

Rog. O child! none but our ſwinging eſtates can come up to the price on't: our lords buy by the whole piece, ſo that a poor man can hardly come in for a remnant of that commodity.

Ang. Methinks I ſhould not covet to foreſtall their markets.

Rog. Ah! thy father's own daughter to a hair: nay, thou haſt a tang of thy mother in thee too, I'll ſay that for

for thee, *Angelline!* thou follow'ſt good example: ſhe might have been a lady, as ſhe ſays: but no matter for that; ſhe was wiſer as I take it: for I'gad I was a ſwinger in thoſe days: let me ſee——I cou'd have done——I don't know what I could have done.——But 'tis paſt time a-day with me now; come, let's home, or theſe vermin will be biting.

'*Squire.* Well, well, let me alone; I warrant you I break her heart, boys: but hark you, poet! you'll ſtand by me and prompt upon occaſion: while you with your whiſkers terrify my miſtreſs into ſilence and attention.

['Squire *advances between his* Poet *and* Bully.

Ang. The thing comes towards us.

'*Squire.* Now——will I be *Alexander* the Great; and with thy right hand, my poet's brains, and my own eſtate, beat down the fortifications of theſe *Amazons*, and raviſh to the end of the chapter.

Bul. Bear up, ſir.

'*Squire.* Soft, and fair: a general ſhould not be hot-headed you know.

Poet, where are you?

Poet. Now ſir,——*Bright as*, &c. [*Prompting.*

'*Squire.* Ay, ay:

Bright as the virgin treſſes of the day,
When Neptune *ſcours the ſunbeams from the ſea.*

Ang. What does he mean, ſir?

Poet. ——*My eyes*, &c. [*Prompting again.*

'*Squire.* ——*My eyes are ſcorch'd by your illuſtrious face,*
Like dry'd tobacco by a burning glaſs.

Poet. There's poetry for you.

Squire. Ay, there's poetry for you.

Reg. Sir, I am poor enough to pretend acquaintance to the Muſes; but I confeſs I don't underſtand you. Therefore, without your treſſes, ſunbeams, and your *Neptune*, I aſk you what you would have?

Bully. } Have, ſir?
Squire. }

Reg. Ay, have at you!

'*Squire.* Prithee *Bully Whiſkers* tell him you——I am not much for fighting. [*Walks off.*

Bully.

Bully. Why! may be nothing, ſir. What then, ſir?

Rog. Why then I am ſatisfy'd.

'Squire. Why look you there. I knew he was a civil, honeſt fellow.

Bully. Pox, he knows his men.

'Squire. Hark thee, old lad, I have a great mind to be better acquainted with thee. Pr'ythee now, if a man may be ſo bold, what a pox art thou?

Rog. What am I! why I am nothing, have nothing, care for nothing, nor depend on nothing.

Poet. He comes of a very ancient family.

'Squire. Nothing, ſay'ſt thou? why then I'gad I'll have the honour of thy creation: but firſt here's money for thee: now thou art pimp-maſter in ord'nary to my family, from this day forward; and begin thy office upon that ſame little gipſy there.

Rog. Oh! I am proud that I have a daughter for you; but I intend to give you the firſt fruits of my ſervice gratis. And return your gold to theſe raſcals, that deſerve it for keeping you company; and this to your worſhip. [*Kicks him.*

'Squire. Nay, if you are thereabouts, your ſervant!

Rog. As you like me, reward me!

Bully. Come away, ſir! 'tis a poor old mad fellow, and is not worth your anger; and faith it goes againſt my conſcience to murder him, when he has bid ſo high for my friendſhip; elſe, by the threſhold of *Mahomet's* temple——

Poet. Let him alone, I am big with *Madrigal*, and will proſtitute his daughter to a tinker in my next lampoon.

Rog. This will elevate your imagination.

[*Draws and ſcours 'em off.*

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Rogero! What, my old bully of ſixty-five, levying war with thy regiment of years about thee! what's the matter?

Rog. The matter, my lord! why every thing's the matter. The coxcomb was in the matter in provoking me; and

and I was in the matter for beating the coxcomb about the matter, that in the whole matter is not a farthing matter, whether there had been any matter or no.

Alb. Very well: but pr'ythee what pretty creature is that there?

Rog. Where, ſir? who, ſir? my wife, ſir? What have to you ſay to my wife, ſir?

Moth. More than you imagine. [*Aſide.*

Alb. Nothing, nothing, I man!

Rog. Nothing, my lord! why let me tell you, my lord, She has been ——

Alb. Ay, and is ſtill, *Rogero*, a good old *Geneva* print for you that uſe ſpectacles: but I wear my own eyes, and would fain know who this lovely young thing is?

Rog. Lovely, did you ſay! l'gad and you are i'th'right on't: there's a wench for you. A miſtreſs for an emperor, by *Jupiter!* my own picture to a hair! ah! rogue, there's a ſhape, there's a face, then her eyes and lips; ſee how they blub and pout, and twitter and ſwell at you!

Alb. Rogero! I'll make bold, and taſte your fruit. [*Kiſſes* Ang.

Rogero *goes between* Alberto *and* Angeline.

Rog. So much for civility: and, now my lord, I am ſorry for't, but this ſame idle girl of mine, this ſame, what you will, this chit, this any thing, has ſuck'd ſuch a fooliſh principle from her mother, I am aſham'd on't.

Alb. Pr'ythee, *Rogero*, what is't?

Rog. Why I am ſorry for't, but I vow to gad ſhe is not [illegible] your turn.

Alb. What doſt thou mean?

Rog. Only out of ſtark love and kindneſs, that a perſon of your quality ſhould not loſe his labour; for to my certain knowledge, ſhe is moſt damnably honeſt; come away. *Angeline*, come away, child.

Alb. I do not underſtand thee.

Rog. Nor do I intend to explain at preſent: but my lord, you'll pardon me. I know nothing of the matter: my wife muſt anſwer it, it lies at her door. [*Ex.* Rog. *and* Ang.

Alb. He knows nothing of my deſign?

Moth. 'Tis only his humour.

Alb. Pox on him! how came he here to diſturb us?

Moth. He met us at chapel.

Alb. Nay, if our ſaints prove no better friends to the intrigues of this world, we ſhall ſoon fall off the zeal of our devotion to them.

But tell me, when ſhall be the happy hour?
The fragrant infancy of opening flow'rs
Flow'd to my ſenſes in that melting kiſs:
O! I am wild, impatient as deſire,
To force the bluſhing beauty to my boſom,
And there diſſolve it to the balm of love,
Speak, tell me, when! oh when?

Moth. Alas, my lord! you think I have done nothing for you!

Have not I? When nature, conſcience,——

Alb. I know thou haſt: nay, nay, here's the beſt recipe for a troubleſome conſcience in Chriſtendom

[*Gives a purſe.*

Probatum eſt. I warrant it good, mother.

Moth. Well, I am aſham'd of your bounty; but you are ſo winning a perſon, you might ha' commanded me without a reward. But to-morrow, my lord, you ſhall ſee her: if ſhe ſhould prove frail——But no matter for that, you are a virtuous perſon, and will ſcorn to take the advantage of her weakneſs.

Alb. Not in the leaſt, do not doubt me. [*Ex.* Mother.

So, this conqueſt's ſure; now for *Alphonſo*'s wife,
That ſuffering martyr to a wedded life;
If her falſe virtue be not to be ſold,
Farewel our ſureſt panders, pow'r and gold. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Angelline *and* Juliana.

Jul. Come, come, I know you love him: *Alberto* is
A very maſter in the arts of love:
Practis'd in all the ſoft bewitching ways
That find the weakneſs of a woman's heart;
Therefore, without a bluſh, you may confeſs it.

Ang. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Jul.

Jul. Tell me, is there not ſomething in your heart
Pleads ſtrongly for him?

Ang. If ſomething from without
Did not plead more, his cauſe were deſperate.

Jul. Indeed! I hear your mother favours him.

Ang. Would I could ſay 'twere falſe.

Jul. You came to meet him here.

Ang. My mother I believe had ſo deſign'd:
For as we came from chapel with my father,
She watch'd her time, and loſt him in the crowd.

Jul. Does he allow it?

Ang. No; he forewarns me of him.

Jul. And be advis'd: fly from his charms betimes,
There is no other ſafety: if you think
To ſtand, and guard the paſſes to your heart,
You are undone: Oh! I have heard him talk,
Like the firſt child of love, when ev'ry word
Spoke in his eyes, and wept to be believ'd,
And all to ruin me. Had I more time
To tell my ſtory out, 'twould move your pity:
But yonder comes your father!
I'll ſee you ſuddenly again: farewel. [*Exit* Juliana.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Rogero *to* Angelline.

Lor. Rogero, I'm well acquainted with thy worth:
Have ſtudy'd thee; obſerv'd thee in our wars,
Where the hard chance of fortune threw thy lot
Among the meaneſt of our ſoldiery;
Unheeded, friendleſs, deſtitute of all;
Till that blunt ſpirit of thy honeſty,
And forwardneſs to all attempts of honour,
Forc'd back thy fate, and made thy virtue known.

Rog. Yes. I have been a ſoldier; and have been rewarded too: had promiſes for pay, and ſtarv'd for the honour of my profeſſion.

Lor. Well; all ſhall be amended; come to court,
And but apply thyſelf to our great duke,
And thou ſhalt find a prince, whoſe virtue will
Redeem thee from the ſmart of poverty;

Reward thy merits with an open hand,
And nurſe thy wanting age with eaſe and plenty.

Rog. My lord! you know me, and I know myſelf: you bid God bleſs the duke, I cry *Amen*, with all my heart; ſo far we're right: but here I leave you; not one ſtep farther, not an inch, my lord; I am not for the court, not I my lord; there's a ruggedneſs in my nature will not let me ſell the freedom of my mind, to feed my body: no, when I ſee a fool, I muſt laugh at him; not ſooth him in his vanity, nor tickle him 'till he wheeze, and give me an advantage of creeping to his pocket.

Lor. But thy family, *Rogero*.

Rog. Ay, my daughter here; why y'are in the right on't again: well, I confeſs I ſhould be glad my *Angelline* were provided for; but I can neither pimp, flatter, or lye for a portion for her.

Lor. Nor ſhalt thou need it: here, *Rogero*, cheriſh
Thy daughter's virtuous thoughts, nor let her wants
Betray her to diſhonour.

Rog. My lord, you ſhould be honeſt: but the honeſty of this purſe is no better than it ſhould be! why, how many reverend matrons has this corrupted into bawds; 'tis as ſure a damnation to a maidenhead, as fifteen, wit, and a good face: but, tempter, I defy thee; and tho' it is reaſonable I ſhould be a rogue for this; I'd have you to know I ſcorn the office.

Lor. Away, away, do not ſuſpect my friendſhip:
On all occaſions uſe me as thy purſe;
That ſhall be open to thee, depend upon me,
And leave thy daughter's fortune to my care.

Rog. Angelline! doſt hear that child! th'art made for ever.

Lor. Rogero! that *Alberto*, whom you ſpoke of,
Runs in my thoughts: doſt hear me; watch him cloſe,
Obſerve him well: his favour with the duke,
Paſſes thoſe actions current to the world,
Which in another man were foul and monſtrous:
Therefore beware of him! no more; farewel.

Rog. My lord! your ſervant; but as I was ſaying, he has the Chriſtian liberty of the common to ramble in as

much as he pleaſes, and welcome: but if he be for leaping into incloſures, if he come to paſture in my ground, at his peril, at his peril, by *Jupiter!* that's all, that's all. Your ſervant, my lord, your ſervant.

[*Exit cum* Angelline.

Lor. She's gone, and all my thoughts are up in arms,
Like wanton citizens in luxury,
Throngings in factious parties to their cauſe,
Reſolv'd and headlong for their liberties,
Before they know a danger. I am not
Of that ſoft temper, that the eye of beauty
Can melt me from the image of a man,
Into the fondneſs of a woman's fool:
Yet if I'm fated to a marriage life,
My happineſs were pure in *Angelline*;
In whom the infancy of innocence,
In bluſhing virtue triumphs o'er again.
But then the world! why let the babbling world
Report it as they pleaſe. Let intereſt wed
The drudgery of a vexatious bed;
Days without peace, and nights without deſire,
Still toil, and ſweat away their youth for hire.
Whilſt, ſafe in innocence and truth, I taſte
The ſweets of love, freſh running to the laſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. 'TIS late, and I alone: th'hard travell'd ſun
Now wantons in the boſom of the ſea,
Whilſt amorous clouds ſteal nearer to the earth,
And melt themſelves away upon the flow'rs:
The beaſts in companies to coverts run;
And all the feather'd kind, upon the wing,
Pair to the groves, and dream the night away.

Enter Erminia.

Erm. Then, why art thou the loiterer of love?
Why, when *Erminia*'s arms are open'd wide,
Expecting to embrace thee to thy reſt;
Why then does my *Alphonſo* chuſe to wander
The melancholy maze of darkneſs here?

Alph. O thou too juſtly doſt preſent my crime!
I own I am to blame, to call thee forth
Into the rawneſs of a midnight air,
At this dark hour; but, O! forbear to think
'Twas from my choice, that I have ſtaid thus long;
'Twas a rude thought, that wou'd not be deny'd;
Indeed no more: pr'ythee to bed, my dear.

Erm. Alas! there is no reſt for me without thee!

Alph. O my heart's comfort! yet a minute longer,
And I'll diſcharge my ſoul of all its load;
Come trembling with my ſtrong deſires upon me,
To thy expecting arms, 'till thou confeſs
I've made amends for all the faults of love.

Erm. I will not doubt your truth! farewel my lord.
[*Exit.*

Alph. Good night, my love; O may the ſofteſt arm
Of downy ſlumbers rock thee to repoſe,
Lull all thy ſenſes faſt; and may no thought
(To interrupt the quiet of thy bed,
In the looſe revel of a dream) preſent
Thoſe images, that keep me waking here.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Who's there, *Alphonſo*?

Alph. Ha! who calls?

Lor. Thy friend.

Alph. *Lorenzo!* always welcome to my heart
But now thou com'ſt, as if my fate deſign'd
My happineſs ſhould all depend on thee.

Lor. 'Tis late, my friend! how fares thy virtu

Alph. Well, very well: juſt parted l[illegible]ce, an
Preparing for her bed.

Lor. To-morrow we ſhall meet:

I have an idle thought to ſatisfy,
And then to reſt: good night *Alphonſo*.
Alph. Friend, am I to be a ſtranger to that thought?
Lor. Thou haſt my ſoul: but now *Erminia* ſtays;
The ſoft deſiring wife expects thy coming:
Buſy in thought, and haſty for the hour,
She turns, and ſighs, and wiſhes; counts the clock,
And every minute drags a heavy pace,
'Till thou appear, the champion of thy bed,
Arm'd at all points, and eager for the charge,
That calls her to the combat of thy love.
Alph. No: not to night, *Lorenzo*.
Lor. Not to night!
Alph. No, friend: my thoughts are ſtrangers to repoſe;
I'll not to bed.
Lor. Alphonſo, have a care,
And phyſic not thy health to a diſeaſe:
If once the foul infection of a doubt
But mingle with the current of thy thoughts,
The ſubtle poiſon ſeizes on the heart,
Corrupts the very fountain of thy peace,
And then the minutes of the damn'd are thine.
Alph. Lorenzo! no; I hope my fate intends me
To nobler purpoſes. Yet——
Lor. What?
Alph. The letter——
Lor. Well.
Alph. I muſt be ſatisfy'd of that!
Lor. You may.
Alph. By heav'n I will.
Lor. Time muſt diſcover it.
Alph. O! may I be that hateful thing I ſcorn!
The [illegible]on, ridden cuckold of the town;
[illegible]e crowd on public theatres,
[illegible]ed about the ſtreets in rhime,
[illegible] a wanton itching in my blood,
[illegible] a craving appetite;
the juſt reſentment of a wrong
[illegible]-morrow, for a cool revenge.
[illegible]have a ſword, that will not be behind

In any task of honour, for my friend;
Command me freely.

Alph. 'Tis not come to that.
But thus, *Lorenzo*, I accept thy love!
Go to my wife, tell her some discontents
Have forc'd me out to travel.

Lor. How! *Alphonso?*

Alph. Observe me out, not that I doubt *Erminia*;
But when my absence is by all believ'd;
Conceal'd in private here, I soon shall find
My vigorous lover bolting at my wife;
And I may know to thank him for the office.

Lor. It has a face indeed: *Erminia* too,
May bear a part in this.

Alph. Lorenzo, no.
Much may be gather'd from her management
In my supposed absence, that may serve,
Thro' the succeeding changes of my life,
To fix my temper to the point of virtue.

Lor. Where shall we meet?

Alph. I cannot wander far.

Lor. This is the door. Farewel. [*Goes in.*

Alph. So, now my heart
Be still, beat even measures in my breast,
That when the hour of fate shall summon me,
The fury of my firm collected force
May strike for honour in a brave revenge.
Hark, 'tis the tread of servants coming this way:
I would not be discover'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Clara *and* Juliana.

Clar. Madam, this office that I venture on, in your service, is but an ungenerous return for *Alberi*[illegible] bounty!

Jul. 'Tis the only way you have left yo[illegible]. Your lady has disappointed you: and, as I tol[illegible] credit's engag'd for the payment of a sum which I must either lay down, or yo[illegible] suffer in y[illegible] ing hereafter.

Clar. Nay, I am easily persuaded; and, upo[illegible]

thoughts, imagine there may be leſs danger, and more conſcience, in this deſign, than my firſt undertaking.

Jul. O! a great deal more, *Clara*; for ſo you injure no body: your lord will be no cuckold, your lady miſs nothing that ever ſhe had, and I ſhall have but my own.

Clar. True, madam; but how ſhall I be juſt to him?

Jul. That I'll tell you too.

Clar. He has paid for my lady.

Jul. And he ſhall have her, or any lady at the ſame rate.

Clar. How, madam! how? That art were an eſtate.

Jul. 'Tis but providing me a dark room, with a little of my direction; and the ſtrength of his own imagination will carry on the cheat.

Clar. But if he ſhou'd diſcover?

Jul. Why let him make the beſt of the diſcovery; he'll find me a woman, *Clara*.

Clar. Truly madam, I begin to ſubmit to your arguments; I believe this project may take.

Jul. It has been ſucceſsful in *England* already: where intrigues are carried on with leſs management than the *Italian* air will allow of.

Clar. Well, I never knew the good of a ſtrong imagination before.

Jul. 'Tis the beſt comfort, I fear, of a matrimonial amour, *Clara*: but when do you expect *Alberto*?

Clar. 'Tis near the time; let's in and prepare to receive him. [*Exeunt.*

A SONG, made by Colonel SACKVILLE,

O Why did e'er my thoughts aſpire
To wiſh for that, no crown can buy!
'Tis ſacrilege but to deſire
What ſhe in honour will deny.

As Indians *do the Eaſtern ſkies,*
I at a diſtance muſt adore
The brighter glories of her eyes;
And never dare pretend to more.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Well! were there nothing more in an intrigue, than barely the enjoyment, the unconſcionable expence of the pleaſure would take off our appetite to the ſin; and the devil would ſoon fail of his correſpondence with the world, unleſs the prices of his commodities fell, that honeſt fellows might be damn'd at eaſier rates.
Where am I? Hold! O 'tis *Alphonſo*'s houſe.
And this the very hour that *Clara* promis'd
To meet me at, with all her woman's arts,
And join in the dear ſcene of cuckoldom.
The door opens, I will obſerve at diſtance.

Enter Clara.

Clar. My lord gone in diſcontent to travel! and my poor lady left in diſtreſs here behind him! let me ſee, there are comfortable applications to be made out of theſe doctrines. And if ſhe has not the diſcretion to turn 'em to their right uſes; I, that am wiſer, am oblig'd in conſcience to provide for the family.

Alb. And 'tis a charitable, chriſtian-like principle in thee, *Clara*.

Clar. My lord *Alberto!*

Alb. The ſame: I am punctual you ſee.

Clar. And that's an extraordinary virtue in a young lover, and ought to be encourag'd in an age when poor women are us'd juſt like your trees; huſbanded only out of a vanity of having the firſt ripe fruit, without the deſire of taſting of 'em yourſelves.

Alb. No faith; I am for enjoying the fruits of my labour, *Clara*: beſides, I have a vigorous, young, craving appetite; (with a digeſtion above the fear of crudities theſe forty years) that muſt be ſatisfy'd at home, before I think of being bountiful to my neighbours. But tell me! *Alphonſo* gone to travel! ha!

Clar. Moſt ſeaſonably, my lord.

Alb. Then love and fortune for me! lead on, *Clara*.

Clar. What do you mean!

Alb. O honeſtly, I warrant you.

Clar. But conſider, my lord.

Alb I do, *Clara*.

Clar. My lady's virtue!

Alb. And my ſecrecy: there's virtue for her virtue: nay, if you go to that, mine is a cardinal virtue among the ladies, and ought to be reſpected in any court in Chriſtendom, where the love as well as religion is Catholic.

Clar. But, my lord, you know decency requires——

Alb. And I'll do't as decently as ſhe, or any lady can, in reaſon, require.

Clar. To-morrow may prove more favourable to you; my lady has but juſt heard the news, and her thoughts to-night will run on my lord's unkindneſs.

Alb. Therefore it ſhall be to-night: O! 'tis the natural conſtitution of womankind, upon the firſt ſuſpicion of their lover's inconſtancy, to club with the next chance-comer for a revenge.

Clar. So that whoever faſts, the ſmeetmeats are prudently order'd to our own table.

Alb. The policy is true Machiavel, i'faith, on your ſides; and now for a ſtronger teſtimony of this within.

Clar. O hold, you ruin all elſe. I'll in before, diſpoſe all things to their proper places, and return in an inſtant, for ſcandal muſt be avoided. [*Exit.*

Alb. And 'tis but reaſonable; for reputation is the faireſt face of virtue, and will ſooneſt cheat the world; this brings the phyſician his patients, and the lawyer his clients; and though one deſtroy your body, and t'other your eſtate, opinion juſtifies their knavery, and ſecures their functions from poverty and contempt. *Clara* ſtays long——Pox! I'm impatient——I'll e'en enter, and do my errand myſelf. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. 'Twas here I left *Alphonſo*: I know not why,
Some unſeen pow'r directs my ſteps this way;
Would I could find the truth of what I fear:
He is abuſed; and he's ſo near my heart,
That when I think upon his injuries,

A juſt

A juſt reſentment arms within my breaſt,
As if my better ſelf were wrong'd in him.
I'll take another turn to find him yet.——
[*Goes out and returns.*
Perhaps I ſtaid too long, and he is gone
To wait me at my houſe.——It muſt be ſo.——

Enter Clara *and* Alberto *at the door.*

Alb. 'Tis hard to leave my happineſs ſo ſoon.
Clar. There may be danger in a longer ſtay.
Alb. I muſt be ſatisfy'd, you ſay.
Lor. Ha! a man's voice from *Alphonſo*'s houſe!
The door too open! there may be more in this;
A midnight thief, or murderer.——I'll venture
To ſecure him. [*They joſtle and draw; as they are clos'd,*
Clara *enters with a light, and* Exit.
So briſk! have at you ſir.
Alberto!
Alb. Ha! *Lorenzo*: 'twas lucky that this buſineſs grew not up to cutting throats.
Lor. My lord! you are the maſter of your thoughts,
They can inform you beſt.
Alb. Of what, *Lorenzo?*
Lor. Whether you deſerve that fate, or no?
Alb. You dare not think I do.
Lor. You know I dare
All honeſt things: but you, my lord, are touch'd.
Alb. You are indiſpos'd, I'll leave you, ſir. [*Exit.*
Lor. Farewel.——
It muſt be ſo, elſe why alone? Why here
Alone? and at this midnight hour? when none
But deſp'rate wretches wand'ring to their fates
Venture abroad, uncall'd. But then *Erminia*—
Damn her, ſhe ſins beyond a curſe! and hell,
All hell muſt do her juſtice. Not allow
A minute for the changing of the ſcene!
She wept! by heav'n, I ſaw her faithleſs tears,
And thought I ſaw *Alphonſo* in her eyes;
Then, in that minute, when the devil and luſt
Were bawding for *Alberto* in her heart!

Oh woman! woman!
Dear, damn'd, deceitful ſex! 'tis my own fault,
If after this I fall into thy ſnare.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Lorenzo! welcome as hopes of peace,
Thy preſence brings to my divided ſoul!
O take me to thy arms, and let me hide
Theſe guilty bluſhes, that at ſight of thee
Start, and confeſs the weakneſs of thy friend.
Lor. What weakneſs! ſpeak, *Alphonſo.*
Alph. Wou'dſt thou think it?
Since laſt we parted, I have wand'red on
Through the dark journies of the defart night;
My ridden thoughts hagg'd with oppreſſing fears,
That ſunk my ſpirits to the depths of hell:
And ever as I went, *Erminia* ſtood
Like a tormenting conſcience in my way,
To keep me waking to the ſenſe of pain.
Lor. 'Tis ſcarce an hour ſince we parted.
Alph. Oh! the wretched count by years: by heav'n, my friend,
Were I to live thoſe minutes o'er again,
The horrors that attend on waking guilt
Would ſeize upon my thoughts, and hurry 'em
Into the wildneſs of a mad deſpair.
Lor. Deſpair, and guilt, and horror! theſe are fit
Companions for the damn'd; the murderer,
In his laſt death-bed agonies, hears ſuch ſounds,
To ſummon him to everlaſting woe:
My friend knows no ſuch crimes.
Alph. Lorenzo! Oh *Erminia!*
Lor. Well.
Alph. Inſtruct my weakneſs here,
How to begin, what I ſhall ſay to move her,
How to confeſs myſelf enough her ſlave.
Lor. You rave, *Alphonſo.*
Alph. Oh to thee I do!
But didſt thou know what 'tis to bear about thee
A heart ſubdu'd, devoted to deſires,

Which,

Which, fierce as the firſt appetite of youth,
Drive violently to the goal of love;
That would inform thee better.
Lor. I cannot gueſs what you reſolve on!
Alph. On my happineſs.
Lorenzo, like a waſteful prodigal,
I have long ſpent in folly, from my ſtore;
But there is yet behind a large eſtate;
The promiſe of eternal joys to come,
In my *Erminia*'s arms, where I will run,
And love in quiet all my life away.
Lor. 'Tis well reſolv'd.
Alph. My heart muſt bear me witneſs
With what unwillingneſs I entertain'd
Thoſe fears that ſhap'd theſe monſters in my ſoul;
Then judge me all the world, and thou my friend,
With what a ſtart, and eagerneſs of joy,
I met that peace, that miniſters a cure.
Lor. You mean *Erminia?*
Alph. I do: my wife.
Lor. Is there ſuch healing virtue in a wife?
Alph. Oh ſhe's the kind phyſician of my thoughts.
Lor. Nay then, I aſk your pardon: faith *Alphonſo*,
I thought a wife, like other remedies,
By often application might grow ſtale,
And lye a worthleſs drug upon our hands.
Alph. Lorenzo, thou art alter'd in thy thoughts.
Lor. Men are not ſtill the ſame: our appetites
Are various, and inconſtant as the moon,
That never ſhines with the ſame face again;
'Tis nature's curſe never to be reſolv'd;
Buſy to-day, in the purſuit of what
To-morrow's elder judgment may deſpiſe.
Alph. Theſe are the mouldy morals of the dead.
Lor. That ſpeak the living plain; art thou the ſame?
Art thou not alter'd from what laſt I ſaw thee?
The hero ſtrutting in thy pageant pride;
Swell'd with thy wrongs, and burſting with reſentment?
Alph. Ha!
Lor. Go, you would yet be more her ſlave.

Alph.

Alph. What mean theſe words?
Lor. Your tongue can beſt explain
The dictates of your heart: but now you ſaid
You wiſh'd you knew to be enough her ſlave:
I think 'twas ſo.
Alph. It was, by heav'n!
Lor. And faith
I thought a huſband needed not that prayer.
Alph. Y'are merry, friend!
Lor. Would thou would'ſt be ſo too!
And learn to think no farther of the ſex
Than for thy eaſe and pleaſure.
Alph. Still in riddles!
Lor. To-morrow will unfold 'em: I muſt leave you;
But friend, the night's far ſpent, *Erminia* too
Can live 'till morn without you.
Alph. Say'ſt thou friend?
Lor. To-night you muſt not ſee her.
Alph. Not ſee her?
Lor. No.
Alph. Lorenzo, there is ſomething in thy thoughts
Thou dar'ſt not truſt me with——I hope ſhe's honeſt.
Lor. O doubtleſs, honeſt.
Alph. How did ſhe bear thy meſſage?
Lor. Faith, *Alphonſo*,
If I may count her ſorrow by her tears,
She very hardly bore it: for ſhe wept,——
Had not all hell been kindled in her heart,
Enough to have cool'd the burning devil there! [*Aſide.*
Alph. Then I am ſatisfy'd.
Lor. Indeed!
Alph. Again!
Where would'ſt thou drive my doubts? If thou wouldſt have
Me think thee ſtill the ſame, my friend, and honeſt,
Inform me of thy thoughts.
Lor. Then thou art wrong'd.
Alph. That's the diſeaſe! and know
The poiſonous ſcorpion that has made the wound,

Has

Has virtue in its blood to work a cure:
The man, my friend, the villain that hath done it!
Lor. There I muſt be excus'd!
Alph. Not tell me?
The honour of thy friend engag'd! and thou
Conceal the villain from a juſt revenge?
Lor. Not now! another time.
Alph. This proſtituted outſide-art may paſs
Upon the world, where intereſt is a friendſhip,
But is deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by nobler ſouls.
Lor. You know me better; and I thought, *Alphonſo*,
My virtue had been try'd, and found ſufficient
To juſtify our honours to the world;
You might have truſted me with yours 'till morn:
To-morrow we ſhall meet on better terms;
Farewel.—— [*Exit.*
Alph. I was to blame: I know him honeſt;
And know his thoughts are labouring for my peace!
Yet why he ſhould conceal the villain's name
Confounds me. Hold! if it ſhould prove the duke!
Confuſion! all my ſpirits take the alarm!
Forward to do me noble juſtice there.
'Tis ſo——I know it now——*Lorenzo* too,
Divided in his thoughts, betwixt his friend
And maſter, comes half-hearted to my cauſe,
'Till fame report my vengeance to the world.
Who's there?

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Who's there, ſir? why may be I am here, ſir! may be I am not here! what's that to any man, ſir?
Alph Nothing at all, friend.
Rog. Here's a rogue for you now, a fine embroider'd rogue! that would ſcrape acquaintance for fear of a beating.
Alph. This fellow may be of uſe.
Rog. Friend, you ſay, you're very welcome, ſir; but as I take it, I never ſaw you in my life before.
Alph. Then down with it for a ſecret.
Rog. What?

Alph.

Alph. That an old man may be wiſer than his beard: Mum, not a word of this, as you hope for inſtruction.

Rog. I'll keep your counſel.

Alph. Wilt thou, my old lad? thou ſhalt never wear ſpectacles more then: haſt thou heard no news of late?

Rog. No tidings of thy wits! God help thee.

Alph. Why then I'll tell thee: the duke ——

Rog. What of him?

Alph. Why who would think it now?

Rog. Think! what?

Alph. That when the devil's in the head, the breeches ſhou'd be honeſt.

Rog. What's this to the duke?

Alph. Excuſe me there: there's a method in ſtate affairs, which we politicians amble in to the end of our diſcourſe; now, ſir, if you will mortify the vehemence of your deſire, with the phlegm of your diſcretion, and attend with patience, much may be done, and ſo I may come in order to what relates to the duke.

Rog. Very well, very well.

Alph. But, ſir, 'twill not be very well, when you've heard it all.

Rog. Pray, ſir, go on.

Alph. You know the duke.

Rog. I think I have ſome reaſon.

Alph. You know him well.

Rog. Not well enough to lie with him.

Alph. 'Tis enough you know him.

Rog. Know him! ah, God help thee, and the quantity of thy brains, by thy impertinent catechiſm.

Alph. Why then, old Truepenny, the duke is now moſt violently in labour.

Rog. In labour! alas, I am in pain for thee.

Alph. And by an act of ſtate, this very day
We are oblig'd, as all good ſubjects ought,
To bring by turns our wives and daughters in
As the beſt means of bringing him to bed.
How the poor fools, I warrant you, will ſtrive who firſt ſhall lay him.

Rog. How! my daughter to be a midwife at fifteen!

God

God ſa'me, ſhe is not come to the criſs-croſs-row of her profeſſion yet.

Alph. Haſt thou a daughter? home, quickly home then: lock up thy doors; let her not ſee the day; let her not draw the open air; for if there be a pore unbarr'd about her, the bawdy devil will get in, and then, good-morrow grandfather.

Rog. 'Gad, and it may be ſo, who can tell, ha! come ſir, 'tis late; if you'll along with me, you'll find a hearty welcome, and poor fare.

Alph. I thank you, ſir, I'll follow you; this diſguiſe
Of folly may conceal me for a night;
And my revenge to-morrow ſets me right. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Alphonſo's *houſe.*

Erminia *ſitting.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Clara.

Lor. Your lady not a-bed?

Clar. Alas, in tears
She has ſpent the night, remov'd from comfort here,
And from all eyes, ſhe mourns the hours away.

Lor. My viſit may diſturb her more.

Clar. She ſays you are always welcome.

Lor. She riſes; I will venture on, and ſpare
Your farther ſervice. [*Exit* Clara.
How is it with you, madam? [*To* Erminia.

Erm. As with one.
Who, wand'ring over a wide, barren waſte,
Views the laſt circles of the ſinking ſun,
Then gazing round, quite deſtitute of hope,
Forſaken and forlorn, ſits ſighing down,
To mix with night, and entertain deſpair;
You are that friendly traveller, whom chance
Has this way brought, to guide me ſafely home;
O lend ſome charitable ſuccour to me,
And let me ſtray no farther from my joys!

Lor. There's ſuch an angel innocence appears,
And pleads her cauſe i'th' front of all her crimes,

That

That if I look upon her, I muſt think
That 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be damn'd.
Erm. The hand of heav'n has reach'd my crimes; and why!
Oh why ſhould I complain? Yet I muſt own,
When I reflect upon *Alphonſo*'s loſs!
Oh when I think on that, my poor heart ſwells,
Beats in my breaſt, and riſes at its wrongs,
Diſputes the juſtice of the courts above,
And thinks my puniſhment outweighs my crimes.
Lor. She'll talk me from the credit of my ſenſe,
If ſhe goes on!
Erm. Oh, had wiſe heav'n deſign'd
To prove my virtue this way; I had ſtood
Firm as the foot of reſolution,
And weary'd out the trial of a ſaint!
Afflictions of all kinds, the loſs of friends,
The ſhame of poverty, the hand of want,
Diſeaſes, infamy; all, all together
Drive me far off the comforts of this world;
But my *Alphonſo!* Oh I cannot think
Of life without him.——Heav'n has made us one,
Nor ſhall the malice of our fate divide us.
Lor. It was *Alberto*, for I was awake;
Death! I'll believe my eyes in ſpight of hell.
Erm. Lorenzo; you, nay, you and heav'n muſt do
A juſtice here, and witneſs to my truth.
Lor. What does ſhe drive at now?
Erm. How I have ever liv'd, and always will,
(Tho' baniſh'd from his ſight, and bed for ever)
His truly loving and obedient wife.
Lor. Indeed a moſt obedient, loving wife!
Erm. Alas! *Lorenzo!* I have loſt in him
All that this world calls happy; and may peace
Be ſtill a ſtranger to thy thoughts, if I
Can gueſs a cauſe
Lor. Indeed! is't poſſible?
Erm. Thus in this awful poſture, I invoke
Heav'n, earth, and men to evidence my truth:
May comfort never find me, if my heart

E'er

E'er ſent a wiſh to any other man:
If when my eyes have wander'd, they have fix'd
On any other object of deſire.
Then why, O why am I thus hardly us'd?
Lor. In tears! away! ſend ſorrow to the grave:
Let the ſtale, dry-bon'd matron wiſh and weep
Her wrinkles full, at the ſad memory
Of thoſe dear joys, that never muſt return:
Oh think on that; there is the wretchedneſs
That ſadly ſighs; youth is not always ours:
That beauty that invites all eyes, and now
Charms every heart, in favour of your cauſe,
(When time ſhall ſink his furrows on your cheeks)
Will paſs neglected; therefore be adviſ'd,
And do not laviſh out thoſe charms in tears,
That are a debt to love.
Erm. Alas! my charms
Are uſeleſs now; the power that firſt made
And conjur'd theſe faint beauties into charms,
Withdraws his influence; my lov'd *Alphonſo*——
Lor. No more of him.
Erm. No more of my *Alphonſo!*
Is he not mine? my huſband!
Lor. Therefore no more of him: what woman, when
Her youth boils up, and wantons in her veins,
When her hot panting pulſe beats to the joy,
And the thin blood ſprings forward to be gone,
What woman then would quench a gen'rous flame
In an unactive, heavy huſband's arms,
That tires and jades your expectation
In the firſt ſtretch of love, then dully falls
To his old trot, and drudges out the courſe?
Erm. I do not underſtand you.
Lor. Well, no more
Of the dull ſubject; is't not ſo?
Erm. Lorenzo——
Lor. True, madam: and to leave you without cauſe,
As you ſay, madam, without cauſe, (and ſure
You are the beſt judge of ſuch a cauſe)
Was barbarous, and did deſerve that fate.

Erm.

Erm. Alas! what fate?
Lor. Come, come: I know the ſex;
And know there is a ſpirit in the blood
Of all you marry'd women, that ne'er fails
Soliciting your thoughts to a conſent,
Of forking out your vengeance on the brows
Of the forgiving, thoughtleſs fools at home.
Erm. Our ſex may merit cenſure: but I hope,
My lord, you think ſome honeſt.
Lor. I believe
Pride may do much to keep the body ſafe,
Or fear of vent'ring upon joys unknown;
But ſhe who once has taſted of the ſweets,
(If honeſt to the love of truth) muſt own
A reliſh ſtill remaining of the joy,
That plays upon the palate, and invites
A youthful appetite to taſte again:
But when it comes to that, your cravings grow
Intemperate, not to be ſatisfy'd.
Oh for the brawn! the back of *Hercules!*
With all the three nights ſweat his father *Jove*
Spent in *Alcmene*'s ſervice, but to try
If that could ſatisfy a lady's longing.
Erm. Alas! there is ſome meaning in your words
I do not apprehend; but yet I fear.
Lor. I know thou doſt: the devil, that taught thee ſin,
And train'd thee to perfection in thy trade,
Now leaves thee to the conſcience of thy crimes.
Erm. Alas! what crimes! am I ſuſpected then?
Lor. No. Prov'd, confirm'd, recorded in my brain.
And I will think thee over twice a day,
To warn me of the dangers of thy ſex.
Suſpected! Oh hypocriſy of hell!
Tho' thy feign'd tears have ſeal'd *Alphonſo*'s eyes
With a fond faith of thee, thy truth and love;
Thou couldſt not groſsly think that all the world
Look'd with dull eyes, thro' an eclipſe, upon thee.
But 'tis the ſpight and policy of hell,
Firſt to ſeduce and tempt into the ſin,
And then betray us to the ſcourge and ſhame.

Erm.

Erm. O! I had dy'd contented with the loſs
Of my lov'd lord——
Lor. Think, think on him!
Erm. O he is never abſent from my thoughts.
Lor. Think what a creature he would make of thee,
Did he but barely gueſs at what I know.
Erm. What is't you know?
Lor. Away, away, vile woman! [*She follows him weeping.*
How her eyes ſtream! Tho' they have long prophan'd
The ſanctity and pious uſe of tears;
Yet now in pity to thy ſoul, if they
Weep penitence, for mercy on thy ſins,
May they ſtill flow, and waſh thy ſtains away.
But thou haſt forc'd me from my faith, and left
Me hoodwink'd, blindly ſtumbling upon doubts
Of thee, and all thy ſex; therefore away,
Leave me! begone, thou woman.
Erm. Yes, I will
To death, or baniſhment: but I have vow'd
Never to quit this hold, till you conſent
To hear me!
Lor. Hear you! ſay I ſhould conſent;
What can you ſay? nay, if you ſhould ſpeak truth
(Which certainly you will not) and confeſs
The circumſtances, how you learn'd the trade,
The time and place, the clients you have had;
Nay, and how often they have fee'd you too:
What comfort can this bring? can this atone
For that foul mark of ſhame, that cuſtom brands,
For womens ſins, on their wrong'd huſbands brows?
Erm. Heav'n knows how I am injur'd!
Lor. And heav'n knows
How glad my heart would be to find you ſo.
But laſt night: think of that!
Erm. Alas! I do;
My grief will keep it ever in my mind.
But what? what of laſt night?
Lor. Was it well ſpent?
Erm. In tears and ſorrow for——

Lor.

Lor. The diſappointment
Your lewd adulterer, *Alberto*, met with.
Erm. O guard of innocence!
Lor. Nay, to deny it,
With curſes minted in the mouth of hell,
May add to thy damnation——but not clear
Thee from the living proofs, theſe eyes have given me.
Laſt night I ſaw him.
Erm. How? where?
Lor. Like a thief,
I ſaw him ſteal away from out your houſe,
And had rewarded then his treachery,
But conſcientious *Clara*, ſcouting round,
And dreading the event, ran in, and——
Erm. What?
Has ſhe been practiſing my ruin too?
What has ſhe ſaid? I ſee the ſnares are ſet,
And innocence is doom'd to fall a prey
To the mad cenſure of licentious tongues!
But I defy the worſt; what has ſhe ſaid?
Lor. Who, madam? truſty *Clara?* nothing ſhe.
Erm. Then ſend for her, and wrack her for the truth;
She has a woman's weakneſs in her ſoul,
That cannot look upon the face of death,
Without a fear that will diſcover all.
Lor. Ha! if guilty, why ſhould ſhe invite
This trial, that would make her falſhood plain?
Erm. If then you find me foul; if ſhe but hint
A doubt of folly, in my courſe of life,
Laſt night, or any time, the way you mean,
By the fair hope of my eternal ſoul,
I'll bow me to the juſtice of your ſword;
Think you the holy prieſt that offers up
My blood, to ſatisfy my injur'd lord.
Lor. I know not what to think.
Erm. Alas, my lord!
I know you have condemn'd me in your thoughts,
And I muſt own,
The circumſtance ſhews guilty on my ſide.
Lor His entering of your houſe——

Erm. At midnight too——
Lor. Muſt come, no doubt, from ſome encouragement.
Erm. Alas, I only know my innocence!
Lor. Well, I am ſatisfy'd foul play's deſign'd,
And *Clara* deals the cards to cheat us all.
Erm. If that were prov'd——
Lor. I ſpeak not yet of proof;
But when ſhe ſaw *Alberto* join'd with me,
She ſtarted, with confuſion in her looks,
As fearing a diſcovery.
Erm. Indeed!
Lor. Let her not know what I have utter'd to you,
For much depends on that.
Erm. Oh heav'n protect the innocent, and bring
Theſe midnight treacheries to open day!
Lor. All ſhall be well again; as yet your lord
Is ignorant of what is paſt; nor durſt
I truſt his temper, leſt his violence
Might urge him on ſome deſperate attempt,
To ruin all: but, madam, when he hears
From me the ſtory of your injur'd truth,
Swift as a lover's wiſh, expect him here:
'Tis he muſt prove my advocate, and plead
A pardon for the faults my tongue has made. [*Exit.*
Erm. A pardon! Oh may heav'n in thunder ſend
A general pardon to the ſinning world,
That every heart may feel what mine does now;
Alphonſo comes; like nature's God, he ſhows
In a *May* morning thro' the golden boughs,
Crown'd with the bluſhing beauties of the ſpring,
Whilſt creatures of all kinds their tributes bring;
And birds untaught, his joyful welcome ſing.
And all my paſt misfortunes did but prove
The purgatory to this heav'n of love. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo *diſguis'd, with* Rogero.

Rog. SIR, I muſt leave you awhile.

Alph. With all my heart.

Rog. How, ſir, with all your heart? Why then perhaps you don't care for my company.

Alph. O moſt infinitely, ſir, as naturally as a woman loves a fiddle and a fool: I ſhan't dance 'till you return again.

Rog. Why, ſir, you don't take me for a fool or a fiddler?

Alph. Still you are in the wrong: but that's the common infirmity of long beards; heav'n and a barber may mend all.

Rog. A delicate witty fellow this: I love him dearly, dearly well, by *Jupiter:* but 'tis an ill-natur'd toad: a pox of his ill-nature: but your great wits muſt have a reliſh that way: but as I was ſaying, I muſt leave you.

Alph. Your pleaſure, ſir.

Rog. My pleaſure, ſir; no, ſir, 'tis not my pleaſure; why what a plaguy, teſty, troubleſome, quarrelſome puppy 'tis——[*Aſide.*] Perhaps 'twould pleaſe me better to ſtay here!

Alph. O buſineſs muſt be obey'd.

Rog. Say'ſt thou ſo?

Alph. By all means.

Rog. I'gad, and thou'rt i'th' right on't again. But I ſhall ſuddenly return.

Alph. The ſooner the better.

Rog. By *Jupiter*, it goes againſt my conſcience to part with thee; I am ſorry for't; but I muſt leave thee.

Alph. Art thou, my old lad?

Rog. Heartily ſorry.

Alph. An onion will expreſs it at your eyes.
For me, tho' I ſhall be a loſer by your abſence,
The thought on't moves not much.

Rog. Not move you! why, ſir, are you not ſorry for my abſence?

Alph. Not at all.

Rog. You are not ſorry then?

Alph. Not I. There's a philoſophical cataplaſm in my grandmother's diſpenſatory, exceeds a plantane leaf for a broken ſhin.

Rog. Ay, may be ſo. But what of that?

Alph. Why that ſerves me well enough upon theſe occaſions.——Patience! ſir, patience!——Every man has his liking.——But I prefer patience to a poſt-horſe.

Rog. Patience is a virtue indeed.

Alph. O ever in a mad dog!

Rog. Why in a mad dog pray?

Alph. Hypocriſy, that over-rules the world,
Will have it ſo; things are not what they ſeem!
Go to the pulpits, there you'll hear of patience:
But if you think to find it in the church,
You'll loſe your labour: mark the clergy's look,
And you would ſwear that every prieſt ingroſs'd
That virtue to himſelf; when, to ſpeak truth,
'Tis not their faſting, watching, or their prayers,
But envy at the next fat benefice,
That pines 'em into ghoſts: nay, fools themſelves
Are not contented with their lot; for I
Myſelf would be a knave, if I knew how
To ſet the mill a going.——

Rog. An admirable fellow this! gad I love and honour him, for preaching againſt the prieſts: I warrant him a man of parts, and of my own religion: but you'll pardon me, I muſt away—— But, ſir, as I was ſaying, you may be very private here; nothing will diſturb your meditations, 'till I ſee you again.

Alph. I thank your care!

Rog. Your ſervant.

Alph. Your ſervant, ſir.—— [*Exit* Rog.
This muſt be that *Rogero*, whom my friend
So oft has ſpoke of: well, he knows me not,
Nor my deſign: but thinks my few poor brains
Lie under the dominion of the moon,

And

And this diſguiſe appears the livery
My folly wears, as ſhe grows to the full.
I muſt not ſtir abroad before my hour,
'Tis yet too early for the duke; at nine,
Thin follow'd in the *Belvidere*, he takes
His morning walk: the pleaſure of the ſhade
May tempt him from his followers to the grove,
And there I'll meet him, and make vengeance ſure.
I hear ſome coming this way: It may be this old man's daughter, I've heard much of her, and would know her. [*Retires.*

Enter Juliana *and* Angelline.

Ang. You come moſt luckily: but I muſt bluſh,
That, what the obedience of a child ſhould hide,
I muſt reveal, a parent's ſin and ſhame.
Jul. Is ſhe ſtill obſtinate!
Ang. Inflexible,
Not to be mov'd by virtue or by love.
Jul. When comes *Alberto* here?
Ang. Too well I know my mother's diligence
Will take th'advantage of my father's abſence,
And give him this occaſion.
Jul. And I know
There's an intemperate devil in his blood,
That never ſlips an opportunity
Where virtue may be bought, or woman ruin'd.
Ang. Is there no way to 'ſcape him?
Jul. Yes, a fair one,
What I have ſatisfy'd you in before;
Becoming well our ſex's charity,
To a weak woman's wrongs; 'tis what you may,
Without a ſtain of honour, undertake,
To free yourſelf, and gave me an occaſion
To oblige the man I love, perhaps reclaim him.
Mother within.] *Angelline!* why child?
Ang. My mother calls,
I have not time to hear your ſtory out,
But I am half inſtructed; pray withdraw
And prompt upon occaſion. [Juliana *withdraws.*

Enter Mother.

Moth. O! have I found thee? Thou ſeeſt child, a mother's love attends upon thee always.

Ang. I thank you for your care.

Moth. Ay, *Angelline!* I am a careful mother, up early, and down late, contriving for thy good, how to make thee a woman, child.

Ang. A few years, forſooth, will bring that about, without breaking your reſt for't.

Moth. 'Tis a forward age indeed: I myſelf was not very backward in my youth; no novice at thy years: fifteen was an age of information with me, that when my heart panted, and my eye was pleas'd, could tell me what I wanted without an interpreter: but *Angelline!*

Ang. Forſooth.

Moth. I would make a happy woman of thee, child! and to that purpoſe I have ſent to my lord *Alberto!*

Ang. How, mother? he has no buſineſs here.

Jul. But I ſhall find him an employment if he comes. [*Aſide.*

Moth. No buſineſs here! away! I ſee your ignorance; and 'twill become you to be inſtructed by me, for I have run thro' the experience of many years: I have made ſhrewd obſervations in my time, mankind has been my ſtudy, and I warrant you 'twould do your heart good to hear me read a lecture on every part about 'em; I'm critical in every point, a nice diſtinguiſher of the ſeveral ages, ſtatures, and diſpoſitions of men, nay the colour of their eyes and hair cannot eſcape me.——And for the true performing complexion——I will live and die in the perſuaſion of dark-brown.

Jul. Nothing in commendation of a long noſe? [*Aſide.*

Ang. You are very knowing, mother.

Moth And thou ſhalt learn: I have provided thee a maſter that will inſtruct thee, and in that eaſy method, thou wilt wiſh ſtill to be taſk'd with leſſons of his love.

Ang. Indeed I fain would learn, but yet I fear.

Moth. Fear nothing, *Angelline*: fear nothing: what! let

let the worſt come to the worſt, a man's but a man, and a fiddle for favour., I think I hear him within.

Ang. But, mother, I ſhall ſo bluſh! I cannot think of ſhewing him my face——I muſt be veil'd.

Moth. Well, well; the buſineſs of your face is over: there's ſomething elſe can entertain a lover. [*Exit.*

Ang. You may appear, *Juliana.* I have urg'd this buneſs to a quarrel, and you muſt bear the brunt on't.

Jul. I am preparing for the encounter——This veil transforms me to *Angelline:* but yet——

Ang. Why do you ſigh?

Jul. 'Tis pity to deceive him.

Ang. What if I took this buſineſs on myſelf?

Jul. Not for the world, *Angelline.*——
But if I were a maid again——

Ang. You would not venture.

Jul. Indeed I ought not, but I feel I ſhould——

Ang. You wou'd be wiſer.

Jul. Only while he pleas'd.

Ang. I hear 'em coming. To your poſture.

Jul. Farewel.

Ang. Adieu. [Angelline *retires, and* Juliana *ſtands veil'd in* Angelline's *place.*

Enter Alberto *and* Mother.

Alb. At laſt the tedious date of hopes and fears
Is at an end, and ſhe is all my own.
O let my arms thus preſs thee to my heart,
That labours with the longings of my love,
Struggles and heaves, and fain would out to meet thee.
But why this veil? Why doſt thou hide thy face?
Not anſwer me?

Moth. Alas! poor child! I warrant you her thoughts run all another way. Speak to him, *Angelline.*

Alb. She turns away.

Moth. No, no, my lord! ſhe's only confounded with her paſſion. Child, one word to ſave thy mother's life. [*To* Angel.]——She ſays, [*To* Alber.] ſhe's ſo mightily confounded, ſhe knows not what to ſay. Alas! you know maids muſt have their fits of modeſty; beſides, at

preſent you may better ſpare her tongue, you will have talking time enough hereafter.

Alb. O you inſtruct me, mother.

Moth. This way, this way, my lord! Now, child, but ſhew thyſelf thy mother's daughter. You will be gentle to her at the firſt: 'bate but a little of your lordſhip's vigour: ſhe's young and tender, and cannot bear, alas! what we can bear!

Alb. She points me to the door.

Moth. And chides your ſtay. Away, my lord, away.

[*Exit* Alberto *with* Juliana, *the* Mother *following*.

Angelline *comes forth.*

Ang. Thus far I'm ſafe: but how to ſecure myſelf for the future, from his importunities, and my mother's unnatural office——I am yet to learn. If I ſhould tell my father, he is raſh, and may do ſome violence to my mother. And tho' ſhe has put off a parent's love, I cannot the obedience of a child. I muſt not be ſeen; here's a door open. I'll in, and hide myſelf 'till the buſineſs be over. [*Goes in to* Alphonſo.

Enter Rogero.

Rog. God forgive me——I've ſtaid too long from the gentleman. But his underſtanding is none of the wiſeſt ——and he'll excuſe me without a compliment.——I think I hear him.——Well, he's a companion for an emperor.

Alberto *returns with* Juliana.

Alb. O *Angelline!* It is impoſſible to ſay how much I love thee.

Rog. Mercy upon me! my *Angelline* with *Alberto!* [*Aſide.*

Alb. The extaſy ſtill triumphs in my heart,
My very thought's ſo full of love, and thee,
That words want meaning to expreſs my joy.

Rog. That extaſy! what does he mean now?
But I'll be with him, and his extaſy.

Alb.

Alb. Give me thy bluſhes: throw away that veil,
That darkens ſight, and feaſt my longing eyes:
Come! ſhew me,—ha! [*Sees* Rog.

Rog. Yes! ſhe can ſhew, my lord.

Alb. Rogero here!

Rog. And it ſeems you have ſeen the ſhow: but before you and I part, you ſhall pay for your peeping.

Alb. Now impudence, aſſiſt me!
Rogero, thou ſee'ſt I make bold in thy abſence.

Rog. For which in your preſence, and in the preſence of all the world, I will make bold to cut your throat.

Alb. What doſt thou mean, man?

Rog. Nay, if you are thereabouts: what do you mean by your extaſies? is my daughter an interpreter for your hard words? but, if you be for your extaſies, I'll extaſy you, with a pox at the end on't.

Alb. Your daughter! your daughter may in time——

Rog. Here's a dog. Here's a rogue for you.——But draw ſir, draw.

Jul. If I ſtay, I ſhall be diſcovered; I'll e'en ſneak off with what I have got, and be thankful.

Rog. You, gentlewoman! whither away ſo faſt? if you dance you muſt pay the fidler.

Alb. Would I were fairly rid of this old fellow. I have no ſtomach to murder the father, when the daughter has made me ſo handſome an entertainment already!——— *Rogero*, I won't fight with thee, pr'ythee put up thy ſword.

Rog. Then will I cage thee, and raiſe an eſtate at ſixpence a piece by ſhewing thee thro' all *Italy* for a *Mahometan* whoremaſter as thou art,

Alb. Come, come, you triſle time.——I muſt go by.

Rog. This is your way.

Alb. Nay, then! [*Draws.*

Rog. With all my heart. But firſt, thou moſt intemperate placket-monger! I here declare, for the ſervice you have done me in my daughter there——I will lye with your whole family, from your great grandam, do you ſee, down to her fourth generation in leading-

ſtrings——I'll do't, ſir, I'll do't. But come, ſir; have at you, ſir.

Alb. Think but a little.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpoſe. I won't, ſir, I won't.

Alb. I would not kill thee.

[Rogero *preſſes* Alberto, Lorenzo *enters between 'em.*

Alb. So! now I can fairly make my retreat. Farewel, ſir.

Rog. Lorenzo! my lord, why don't you ſee there, my daughter there? why ſhe has been——

Lor. What, art thou mad?

Rog. And ſhall he carry it off thus?

Alb. Ay, ay, ay. 'Tis ſo. He's perfectly diſtracted. He foams already at the mouth. [*Exit.*

Lor. What of thy daughter, man?

Rog. O nothing, nothing at all, my lord.——But I ſhall never have ſuch an opportunity again.——But come hither miſtreſs o' mine: thou moſt abominable *Angelline!* come and confeſs——nay, nay, off with your veil, and appear in the true likeneſs of a ſtrumpet, and——

[*Pulls off her veil.*

Lor. Why this is not *Angelline!*

Rog. Not my daughter!

Lor. No.

Rog. By *Jupiter*, I am glad on't with all my heart.

Jul. Alas! I am a poor unhappy creature!

Rog. Ay, ay. Any thing with all my ſoul, madam.

Jul. Betray'd by the injuſtice of my fate,
And a believing woman's eaſineſs,
To the ſure ruin of *Alberto*'s love.

Rog. Love, madam. What ſhould a young lady do but love?

Jul. How I came here, and by what accident
He call'd me *Angelline*, your daughter can inform you.

Rog. Nobody doubts it, madam.

Jul. Pray be not angry.

Rog. I was never better pleas'd in my life never ſince I was born, madam.

Jul. I hope, ſir, you'll the eaſier pardon me.

Rog. Pardon! why, I'll come upon my knees to you.

But

But I'll never forgive myſelf, never, madam, for coming in like an old fumbling coxcomb, ſo unſeaſonably to ſpoil ſport: if you had ſaid but the leaſt word to me, I would have held the door in a civil way, and been thankful for the office.

Lor. What, turn pimp, *Rogero?*

Rog. In the humour I am in, I could pimp, lie, hold the door, or do any thing for any body.——But, my lord, I am glad you're come. The fineſt gentleman——

Lor. Where?

Rog. Here in the next room. He's ſomewhat philoſophically given, and hates company, eſpecially women's company; for which reaſon I am the eaſier inclin'd to entertain him in my family.

Enter Alphonſo *and* Angelline.

Oh here he comes; he's a great ſcholar, and a very wiſe man.

Lor. Is not that *Angelline* with him?

Rog. Ay, 'tis ſo indeed——'tis *Angelline.*

Lor. If his wiſdom hath found the philoſopher's ſtone in your houſe, you are certainly a made man.

Rog. If my daughter has, I am ſure ſhe's made a woman.

Alph. What I have heard, and you confirm me in,
Shall turn to your advantage, do not doubt me.

Rog. Sir. [*Goes to* Alph.

Alph. I am glad you are return'd.

Lor. Sure I ſhould know that voice.

Alph. I have diſcovered here——

Rog. Ay, ſo have I, a raſcal.

Alph. Ha! *Lorenzo* there! then to my beſt diſguiſe! [*Aſide.*

Rog. You're for the philoſopher's ſtone as I take it; is my daughter turn'd chymiſt? does ſhe club with you in the experiment?

Lor. Or are you a tutor to inſtruct her in the liberal arts?

Rog. Of whoring I believe, and I will as liberally reward him for his pains.

Jul. Oh hold! for heav'n's ſake hold, and hear me; I may redeem you from this error.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpoſe.

Lor. 'Tis ſome miſtake, and you muſt hear her.

Rog. Nay, if I muſt, and it be but a miſtake, I care not if I do.

Alph. If he diſcover me in this diſguiſe
How ſhall I ſtand it! or how anſwer him
To all thoſe queſtions, that his doubts will raiſe?
If he ſuſpect my purpoſe: why, what then?
'Tho' his ſuſpicions fed upon the truth,
And his clear eye in ſpreading characters
Read here upon my forehead my deſigns,
He knows I would go on. [*Aſide.*

Lor. This has indeed the face of likelihood.

Rog. Of truth itſelf: 'tis impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Lor. Rogero! I would be private.

Rog. Not with my daughter?

Lor. No, no: with this gentleman.

Rog. With all my heart. I'll examine this buſineſs within. Tho' I believe the philoſopher is no better than he ſhould be.

Lor. I'll paſs my word for him. [*Ex.* Rog. Ang. *and* Jul.

Alph. I thank you, ſir, and take my leave.
[*Going to the door, ſtarts and turns.*

Lor. Alphonſo!

Alph. Ha! I am diſcovered! well, *Alphonſo* then.

Lor. You ſtart, and ſeem diſorder'd.

Alph. Not at all.

Lor. I am glad on't.

Alph. Glad of what, *Lorenzo?*

Lor. Glad to find thee firm and conſtant to thyſelf,
To find thee ſtill the man I ever lov'd;
Juſt, valiant, honeſt, loyal, and my friend!

Alph. O I am nothing, when not thine, thy friend.

Lor. I know thou art my friend: and therefore I
Am glad to find thee and thy mind at peace;
Thy thoughts all clear, as cryſtal currents ſtream,

In

In wanton play courſing each other down,
From the fair fountain of an honeſt ſoul.
Alph. I never thought him troubleſome till now. [*Aſide.*
Lor. 'Tis ſo: but I will caſt beyond him yet.
Alph. Would I were rid of him.
Lor. Alphonſo!
Alph. Ha!
Lor. All is not well within, friend!
Alph. Never better.
Lor. Come, come, in vain you ſtifle a concern
That moſt appears, when you would hide it moſt.
Alph. Concern! pr'ythee no more. I know of none.
Lor. This ſeeming may acquit you to the world,
But not to me: be ſatisfy'd, I know you.
Alph. Why, then you know me, and be ſatisfy'd.
Lor. Tho' I have grounds ſufficient for my doubts,
I would not raſhly entertain a thought
That thou wouldſt uſe falſe dealing with thy friend!
Alph. This is unkindly urg'd!
Lor. Then anſwer me,
Why this diſguiſe, and I not know the cauſe?
Alph. O friend! no more of that: there is a cauſe,
And I would have thee think, when I conceal
Myſelf from thee, that then (if poſſible)
I would for ever hide me from myſelf,
And all the world.
Lor. May I not know that cauſe?
Alph. I'm ill at eaſe
At preſent, moſt unhappy in my thoughts;
Unfit for many words: when next we meet——
Lor. When next we meet! *Alphonſo* have a care.
Alph. Of what, *Lorenzo?*
Lor. Come! 'tis poorly done
To trifle with your friend. And let me tell you——
Alph. Nay, if you grow warm, farewel.
Lor. You go not hence.
Alph. How!
Lor. 'Till I am better known to your deſigns.
Alph. Away, no more of this.
Lor. Then be adviſ'd.

Alph.

Alph. Laſt night, you may remember, I was left
Under the hard oppreſſion of my doubt;
And left by you in my extremeſt need,
When only you could ſatisfy my thoughts,
And yet I queſtion'd not.
Lor. My buſineſs then
Was your's, your peace of mind.
Alph. So mine is now!
Lor. I'll give you reaſons why I then conceal'd it.
Alph. My reaſons you ſhall have hereafter,
Why mine is now conceal'd. [*Going.*
Lor. Nay, then 'tis plain;
And mark me what I ſay, you ſhall not go.
Alph. How! ſhall not go?
Lor. By heav'n you ſhall not go.
Alph. Who ſhall oppoſe my way?
Lor. Sir, you may buy
The knowledge dear, to bring it to the proof.
Alph. Pr'ythee forbear: this may be dangerous.
Lor. Falſe friendſhip's always ſo.
Alph. Yet that friendſhip,
Falſe as it is, inſtructs me how to bear!
Lor. Yes, you can bear, now you can calmly bear;
But 'tis with the ſame cunning, that the wolf
Puts tameneſs on, t' abuſe the ſhepherd's care:
But I ſhall watch you for the duke——
Alph. The duke?
What of the duke?
Lor. No more of him: *Alphonſo*,
Take but a minute's patience, and I will
Diſcover to your ear——
Alph. Am I not wrong'd?
Lor. You are.
Alph. No matter then for more diſcoveries.
Lor. And you would be reveng'd?
Alph. Reveng'd! I will,
By heav'n, I will be to the full.
Lor. And may,
You may, with ſafety, would you hear me out.
Alph. Words are the crutches, which lame cowards uſe
To

To halt upon in any brave deſign:
I am reſolv'd; and may the huſband's curſe
Light here upon my forehead, for the boys
To find me out by, as I paſs along,
The common ſcorn, and jeſt of laughing fools,
When I deſiſt from my reſolv'd revenge.

Lor. Deſiſt! No friend, I come not now to preach
A ſufferance to thee; but to be employ'd,
To ſquare thy fortune, and aſſiſt thy cauſe!

Alph. Doſt thou join with me? then I draw my ſword,
Secure, and confident of my revenge:
Tho' he were great as the firſt *Cæſar* was,
High ſeated in the empire of the world,
With nations waiting round him for his guard,
He went to nothing. All his glories here
Should meet their fate, and fall before my fury.

Lor. Be temperate.

Alph. Now let the tyrant boaſt;
Pride his vain thoughts, and triumph in his ills;
Grow riotous, and wanton in the ſpoils
Of the fair fame of noble families;
And let his bawds, that are abroad for prey,
Fatten his luſt with freſh variety,
And wrack him on the fury of deſire,
That I may take him in the hour of hell,
And ſeal damnation to him in his blood.

Lor. Alphonſo, this is all a madman's rage.
Will you yet hear me?

Alph. There's ſuch an inſpiration of revenge,
Rages within my breaſt,
That I could ſtand an idle looker-on,
Tamely behold his bawdy miniſters
Diſh up my wife again to his hot youth,
And then my ſiſter, for his ſecond courſe;
Rather than miſs my time. But this is talk:
Now for the duke.

Lor. Nay, then I can no more.

Alph. Why doſt thou draw thy ſword?

Lor. To kill thee.

Alph. How! is this thy friendſhip?

Lor.

Lor. Yes. The higheſt proof!
If thou art fond of death, fall nobly here,
Not like a villain, by the hangman's hands.
Stir not a ſtep this way, for by the life
Of my eternal ſoul, I mean my words.
Alph. You dare not mean 'em.
Lor. Do not prove my daring,
For if you do——
Alph. Nay then—— [*Juſt engaging.*
Yet I am calm. Is this a friend, *Lorenzo*?
Lor. Yes! a juſt one,
A friend to thee, thy honour, and thy name.
A friend that does deſerve a nobler uſage.
Alph. I know thou doſt deſerve what man can merit;
Bear with my weakneſs; I have been to blame;
But pardon me, and uſe me like a friend.
Lor. As I have always done, and ever will.
Alph. Then tell me which way I muſt ſteer my courſe.
Thou would'ſt not have me ſpend a ſordid life
In a tame fellowſhip with my diſgrace?
Lor. Nor would I have our generous duke
Fall violently under thy revenge,
When juſtice calls it on *Alberto*'s life.
Alph. Alberto!
Lor. Yes. I ſpeak on certainty,
On my own ſenſe; and therefore came to find you;
Had you been temperate, you had ſooner known it.
Alph. Thou haſt redeem'd my ſoul from ſuch a ſin,
As only an abandon'd conſcience, leagu'd
With hell, could have found out to damn me. Oh!
My ſoul's preſerver, how ſhall I repay thee?
What ſhall I ſay? Oh there is yet behind
The quiet, or the torment of my life;
I dare not aſk thee; but if ſhe be falſe——
Lor. Thy wife, thy much-wrong'd wife, is innocent!
I've prov'd and found her innocence.
Alph. No more.
Lor. Yes. I have promis'd you ſhall ſee her.
Alph. See her, my friend! why, is ſhe innocent?
O let the tongues of angels tune that word,

When

When they ſpeak comfort to deſpairing ſouls;
For there are charms in ev'ry letter there:
The very winds in ſilent reverence,
Muſt liſten to the muſic of that ſound,
And bear about the accents of my joy.
Lor. Come! you delay.
Alph. I had forgot myſelf.
I thought I only dream'd of happineſs;
And fear'd to wake to wretchedneſs again.
But lead me to her; O I do confeſs
I am to blame: now, when my ſparing fate
Hardly allows me a few happy hours,
To trifle out my minutes idle here;
When love invites me with his ſofteſt charms,
T' improve my joys in my *Erminia*'s arms.

Enter Erminia.

Erm. Who calls upon *Erminia!*
Lor. See, your wife,
Impatient of her lodgings, comes herſelf
To meet your ſteps, and bleſs you on your way.
Alph. My wife, *Lorenzo!*
Erm. O 'tis heav'n to hear,
On any terms, that dear lov'd voice again:
Though my misfortunes ever muſt deſpair
Of any comfort from thoſe lips: yet ſpeak,
Or if you will be gentler to my prayers, [*Kneels.*
Speak kindly to me, ſpeak as you were wont;
With thoſe undoing charms upon your tongue;
That have ſo often trembled to my ſoul,
In the ſoft rapture of proteſting joys!
Lor. Can you hear this, yet ſee her on her knees?
Alph. Alas! I am unworthy, do thou raiſe her;
And tell her, friend, the guilty memory,
How I have wrong'd her innocence, turns my brain,
And fixes me a ſenſeleſs ſtatue here.
Erm. Then I will ruſh upon you with my charms,
Break thro' the bars of modeſty and form,
To your aſſiſtance: thus to fold you in,

And

And with my paſſion warm you into life!
My love! my ſoul!
Alph. My being! all that heav'n,
From the deep counſels of eternity,
Could have ſent down in bleſſings on mankind
To ſweeten life, and beautify the world.
Lor. Why this is as it ſhould be!
Alph. O my friend!
How is my peace indebted to thy care?
And how, *Erminia*, how ſhall I reward
Thy virtue? How intreat thee to forget
Thy wrongs?
Erm. I know of none.
Alph. Their memory!
Erm. I have no thought, but of my inſtant joy,
Of love, and thee.
Alph. Thou art too good for man——
But thy example ſhall inſtruct my love,
And make me worthy of thee.
Erm. O for this!
May the recorded perjuries of men,
Ne'er meet a faith in our believing ſex!
To injure the ſwift progreſs of their joys:
Men are all truth, all conſtancy, all love!
And they who do traduce their virtues, wrong
Their conſciences: but yet it does belong
To th' envious old, ſo to inſtruct the young.
Alph. And for thy ſake, may liſt'ning virgins find
Their lovers juſt, as thy *Alphonſo*'s kind.
Erm. And you, who hear the ſtory of our lives,
May you have all ſuch huſbands——
Alph. And ſuch wives. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rogero, Angelline, *and* Juliana.

Rog. WELL! well, I am ſatisfy'd. I love reaſon, and am eaſily perſuaded in the way of reaſon, or ſo: a little of it goes a great way with me; and when once I find it, why the diſpute's at an end ——I give it over, I am ſilent, not a word, not a ſyllable; mum for me!

Ang. Indeed you have heard the truth of what I know.

Jul. Nothing has been omitted.

Rog. Why very well——You ſee I am ſatisfy'd. But how the world may be miſtaken in a philoſopher! *Angelline!* Come hither. Come, I muſt take you to taſk a little upon the point, or ſo. Nay, look thy natural father in the face, child. Why this ſame *Alphonſo* looks like a vigorous rogue upon occaſion: he had thee alone, that he had: pr'ythee how did he behave himſelf? Ha! what I warrant you, he kiſs'd you.

Ang. No, indeed!

Rog. What did he not kiſs you? put you to the ſqueak, or ſo; tickle you, tumble you——or——

Ang. No, Sir, nothing of all theſe.

Rog. Why, what a pox, neither kiſs, tickle, or tumble, fumble or mumble you? what, did he not offer you a Teſtimony of his manhood, child?

Ang. I do not underſtand you!

Rog. Nay, no bluſhes for the matter! a man may do that in a civil way to ſhew his breeding, child: that he may, and no harm done.——but for *Alberto*——

Jul. Sir, may he do ſo?

Rog. Ay, and be whipt thro' the guts too for his pains, madam.

Jul. I hope not ſo.

Rog. Nay, I ſhould be ſorry for't: that's the truth on't: but I heard *Alphonſo* talk ſomething ſuſpiciouſly that way.

Jul.

Jul. O Sir, if you have pity for misfortune,
Fly, and prevent this miſchief: I have told you
The cauſe of theſe miſtakes, *Clara*, and I
Have been to blame: but he is innocent.
Reg. Nay, I am eaſily mollify'd: I love an honeſt whoremaſter with all my heart, that I do; and as far as old *Roger* will go, by *Jupiter*, it ſhall be at his ſervice. But we muſt make haſte, that we muſt—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Alphonſo's *Houſe.*

Enter Alphonſo *and* Erminia.

Alph. You know my purpoſe: therefore be adviſ'd,
And manage this deſign with your beſt art;
I know your letter ſoon will bring him here;
'Twill conjure him, from his cool honeſt thoughts,
Into the warmer circle of your arms.
Erm. Alas! what means this preparation?
Alph. Ha!
What means that queſtion now? is this a time?
Erm. If am doubted!
Alph. If I were a man,
Or any thing, but a fond woman's fool,
A huſband, death! you durſt not trifle thus!
Why will you drive my nature to extremes?
Would you not have me ſatisfy'd?
Erm. I would.
Alph. This is the only way.
Erm. I fear th' event.
Alph. Th' event, of what? what is that you fear?
Have you a cauſe of fear?
Erm. I have a near one,
Dear as my peace, and far above my life;
Your ſafety is the cauſe of all my fears.
Alph. No more—I hear him coming, you receive him
As I adviſ'd: you know the reſt.—— [*Retires.*

A SONG

A SONG written by Sir *George Etheridge.*

SEE how fair Corinna *lies,*
Kindly calling with her eyes:
In the tender minute prove her;
Shepherd! Why ſo dull a lover?
Prithee, why ſo dull a lover?

In her bluſhes ſee your ſhame;
Anger they with love proclaim;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your pipe a little by;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiſs,
May be, favours that are greater:
Leave your piping, to her ſly;
When the nymph you love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! *fie, Oh! fie:*
Now your ſhepherdeſs is nigh;
Can you paſs your time no better?

Enter Alberto.

Alb. So the kind nymph, diſſolving as ſhe lay,
Expecting ſigh'd, and chid the ſhepherd's ſtay!
When panting to the joy, he flew, to prove
The immortality of life and love.

Erm. I muſt, but know not how to act his part.

Alb. Turn not away: I ſee the god of love
Is buſy in thy heart; he ſhoots his fires
Through every pore, and kindles every vein,
And now he mounts in bluſhes on thy cheeks,
That tell me all, and ſummon on my joy.
Say, madam, is't not ſo?

Erm. Nay, now my lord.

Alb. Your looks confeſs it: every glance declares

For

For love and me; whilſt your hot glowing eyes,
Like golden planets flaming from their ſpheres,
Shine out, and guide me ſafe into your arms.
Erm. Why do you talk thus to me?
Alb. I confeſs I am to blame,
When this kind opportunity informs me,
There are a thouſand better arguments,
Of more convincing virtue to prevail,
Than all the unperforming ſenſeleſs noiſe,
That talking love can offer to the fair.
Erm. You wrong my meaning ſtill.
Alb. I would not wrong it:
Nor injure you ſo far, to think you can
Mean otherwiſe: away, this modeſty
Is the dull virtue of a marriage-bed;
The idol only of a huſband's zeal!
Erm. A huſband! then my fit returns again.
Why did you name him?
Alb. Nay, the devil knows.
Erm. At the leaſt mention of that word, I ſtart,
And the remembrance of my ſufferings
Freezes my blood, and leaves me pale with fear.
Alb. There is no danger in a lover's arms.
Erm. But did you know what I have ſuffer'd!
Alb. All, I've heard it all, and know th' unlucky cauſe,
The letter that I ſent——
Erm. What letter?
Alb. That, that fell into *Alphonſo*'s hands.
Erm. I've ſeen one from the duke.
Alb. It was from me.
Erm. Is't poſſible from you?
Alb. The ſtory ſhall imploy an idler hour,
And ſatisfy you in each circumſtance;
Why I ſubſcrib'd the duke to my deſign.
Erm. I dread the conſequence. [*Aſide.*
Alb. You ſee the ſtraits
The hazardous attempts, that vent'rous love
Engages on his way to happineſs:
Yet theſe are nothing now, tho' I have tir'd

The

The expectation of a chymiſt's hope,
This golden birth at laſt rewards my toil.
Erm. Forbear, my lord.
Alb. Forbear!
Erm. I muſt not hear you.
Alb. Why?
Erm. Think who I am.
Alb. I do.
Erm. Whoſe wife I am.
Alb. For that it matters not: ſince you are
Erm. O unexampled villany——
Alb. But why?
O! why theſe ſcruples now? I thought laſt night
Had ſatisfy'd all doubts.
Erm. Laſt night, my lord?
Alb. Nay, then I muſt refreſh your memory
Erm. This inſolence is brutal.
Alb. Tho' I find
Your purpoſe plainly meant to my abuſe,
I think the management of your deſign,
Exceeds the peeviſh follies of your ſex:
Alas! we might have parted upon eaſier terms
For faith you wrong me, madam, if you think
I came to find out conſtancy, or preach
It to a woman. I've been your gueſt indeed,
Have met a hearty welcome; and laſt night,
That bawdy night, and honeſt *Clara*, knows
I have not been ungrateful: ſo, I leave you
To the freſh youth of your next cuſtomer.

Enter Alphonſo, *with a piſtol.*

Alph. Thy own words be thy ſentence!
Alb. How? betray'd!
Erm. My fears are come upon me; O ſome power
Divert this miſchief! help, heav'n's ſake! help. [*Runs out.*
Alph. No human help can come between thy luſts
And my revenge: deſpair, and curſe thyſelf.
Alb. You will not murder me?
Alph. 'Tis juſtice now

That

That arms againſt thy crimes, and ſtrikes in me:
Therefore, prepare——

Alb. Yet throw away your odds;
And do not baſely thus attempt my life.

Alph. That baſeneſs is your own: for face to face,
When brave men ſhew their actions to the ſun,
You could not wrong my honour, or my name,
But by baſe practices, and midnight arts,
You found the weakneſs of a woman's guard,
And there ſurpriz'd me; take the juſt reward——
[*The piſtol not going off——draws his ſword.*
Fortune I thank thee: Thou inſtruct'ſt my rage.

Alb. I wiſh no more advantage. Now come on.

Alph. This brings thy certain fate.

Alb. That yet to try.—— [*Fight.*

Alph. Thy blood ſhews thou art mortal: Yet unſay
What thou haſt ſaid.

Alb. Were fate within thy power,
I'd ſcorn my life at ſuch a ſordid price.

Alph. Then have thy wiſh: O were the ſtrumpet here,
That my juſt ſword might join your bodies cloſe
As your glued luſts.——This, villain to thy heart,
[*Fight* Alb. *falls.*
Thou haſt it there; and ſhe ſhall quickly follow.
[*Going out, juſtles* Rogero *at the Door.*

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Why, what a pox, here's fine doings, indeed! if whoremaſters fall off at this rate, our women are likely to have a comfortable time on't, that's certain; maidenheads may hang as long as our medlars do, and mellow into marmalet that they may.

Alb. Some help I hope!

Rog. What, you are not kill'd then you ſay! Only dril'd through the guts or ſo, to cool your liver, my lord?

Alb. The loſs of blood has made me faint.

Rog. Ah! what ſay now to the conjuration of a black-brow'd wench? Would not that raiſe you, ha?

Alb. Your arm will do better. Sir, I thank you!

But

But if you would be truly charitable,
Follow *Alphonſo*; you may yet prevent him,
Tho' he has vow'd the murder of his wife.

Rog. Mercy upon us! why, what a bloody-minded monſter is a cuckold in imagination.

Enter Juliana *and* Angelline.

Oh: you come in time! here lead him in; nay, no crying for the matter, madam: he has ſprung a leak or ſo; that's the truth on't: but lend you but a helping hand, and I warrant him he ſerves again, that he does—— [*Exit.*

Alb. Juliana here! I know humanity
Inſtructs the world to pity the diſtreſs'd;
But oh! in thee, in thee whom I have wrong'd,
This tenderneſs, theſe kind forgiving tears,
Shew moſt amazing goodneſs, far above
The natural frailty of a woman's love.

Jul. Abandon'd and forſaken, at my birth,
Of every ſtar, I live an outcaſt here!
Doom'd by my guilty fate to this curs'd day
For thy undoing——I have been the cauſe
Of thy misfortunes.

Alb. Thou the cauſe! tho' thou
Art truth itſelf; in this I would prefer
The obſtinacy of an infidel,
And 'twere leſs ſin than that injurious faith.

Jul. I cannot look upon thoſe bleeding wounds
Without a fear that ſinks me.

Alb. I have none,
I hope, that dangerouſly threaten me.

Jul. Within, my ſtory ſhall confirm, what I
Have ſaid, and ſatisfy your doubts.

Alb. I go;
Gueſſing in vain at what I long to know. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonſo *with a Dagger againſt* Erminia.

Alb. Nay——'tis in vain: you ſhould have thought before,
Now 'tis too late.

Erm. Oh! why that dreadful dagger?

Alph. No ſtirring hence: there is no ſafety for thee! Think, think what thou haſt done.

Erm. Alas! your words Speak terror to me, and I fear you now!

Alph. I know thou doſt.

Erm. O! do not kill me, ſir.

Alph. Not kill thee! why, this impudence exceeds The meaſure of thy ſins; and nothing but A dead ſtupidity, that waits on guilt, Could urge that now; not kill thee! have a care, That thought that flatters thee into a hope Of life, betrays thee to damnation: For hadſt thou lives in number to thy luſts, Not one ſhould 'ſcape me: no, I would not lend thee One laſt repenting hour to ſave thy ſoul.

Erm. Yet hold, my lord——

Alph. None of your woman's arts, To ſoften my reſolve.——

Erm. Hear me but ſpeak!

Alph. Have I not heard enough? Methinks my ears Are full of cuckold ſtill: yet I will hear thee; ſay On what foundation canſt thou raiſe a hope Of mercy; is't from my nature's ſufferance? A *Florentine*'s forgiveneſs, thou can'ſt hope; Or from the venial quality, you whore, Of your offending. O you ſtrumpet down! Down to your lewd adulterer—— [*Going to ſtab her.*

Enter Lorenzo, *who interpoſes and takes the Dagger.*

Lor. O hold, *Alphonſo*——hold! are you a man?

Alph. Protect her not; for I have vow'd her death.

Lor. Murder your wife!

Alph. A whore, a whore, *Lorenzo!* practis'd long In the hot exerciſe and trade of ſhame, Ripen'd in ſin, and ready to be damn'd.

Lor. This is a mad-man's rage, to be reſtrain'd By force, if you go on. [*Draws.*

Alph. Nay, then 'tis plain, You would maintain her in her trade?

Lor.

Lor. I will defend her innocence.

Alph. Her innocence!
Or I am mad, or this will make me ſo;
Alberto has confeſs'd it, in theſe ears
Proclaim'd me cuckold. Needs there other proof?

Lor. Not of his vanity: but I can bring
One more convincing of her innocence.

Alph. Words, idle words. *Lorenzo!* give me way.

Lor. It muſt be through my breaſt, if you come on.

Alph. Nay, ſince it muſt be ſo——

[*Juſt engaging*, Erminia *throws herſelf between 'em.*

Erm. O let me here
Atone this difference: let your fury fall
Upon my life, and cut me from my woes;
You think me falſe, my lord; and in that thought
Are bury'd all my hopes: high heav'n, that knows
My boſom'd ſoul, muſt witneſs to this truth;
Since love and you no more, no more are mine,
The comforts of this life are mine no more,
And death alone can be my refuge now.

Enter Rogero.

Rog. How's this! ſwords drawn upon a woman: ſince wars muſt enſue, I declare for the ſubject: old *Rogero* ſtands up for the property of the petticoat, that's certain: ſpeak, what ſay you?—is't a battle royal, or no?

Alph. Pr'ythee be gone! this is no fooling time.

Rog. Why very well, now you ſay ſomething; you've fool'd it long enough in conſcience already; murder your wife for not making you a cuckold! by *Jupiter*, I thought the devil in the family!

Alph. How, that again *Rogero?*

Rog. Nay, ſir, I ſtand to my word, and over and over again ſay, that *Alberto*'s an aſs; as a certain gentlewoman within, one *Juliana*, can teſtify at large.

Alph. What doſt thou mean?

Rog. Mean, ſir? don't you know what I mean? why then, ſir, I'll tell you what I mean! in the firſt place I mean to be heard. And ſecondly, tho' it be a little unreaſonable, becauſe I trouble you but ſeldom, I expect to

be underſtood, ſir, that I do: for as I was ſaying, this *Juliana*, out of a regard to her former acquaintance with *Alberto*, finding his deſigns on the body of your wife there, and my daughter, has out of a conſcionable diſcretion ſupplied their places, and fobb'd him off with her own proper perſon.——And there's my meaning out now.

Alph. Why this is wonderful, but tell me how?

Rog. How, ſir! may be I won't! may be I can't tell you how!

I did not hold the door, or pimp to the project, I;
But there comes a gentleman can tell you more.

Enter Alberto, *led by* Juliana *and* Angelline, *and her Mother.*

Alb. Thy ſtory, *Juliana*, has ſubdu'd
My wilder thoughts, and fix'd me only thine;
But oh! inſtruct me how I ſhall appear
Before that injur'd fair, whoſe innocence,
To late I find, I have unjuſtly wrong'd,
Beyond a hope of pardon.

Alph. Wrong'd, ſaid'ſt thou?
Wrong'd? *Lorenzo!* doſt thou hear him?
Even he, *Alberto!* he, who beſt can tell
If ſhe be ſo, ſays that my wife is wrong'd;
You talk'd of innocence; whoſe innocence? O ſpeak!
Inform me ſtrait, and ſave me from my fears.

Alb. I muſt confeſs my wild intemperance
Urging me on, my buſy thoughts were all
Lawleſly looſe, and ready for the ſpoil
Of chaſte *Erminia*'s virtue.

Alph. Ha——What grounds?
On what encouragement did you proceed?
Any from her?

Alb. O never! all I had
Was from my fond perſuading vanity:
'Till *Clara* came, and gave me fuller hopes.

Alph. Clara!

Lor. She has confeſs'd her treachery!

Alph. Impudent damning whore!

Lor.

Lor. Laſt night, my lord!
You may remember we met here.
Alb. We did.
Lor. Came you abroad ſo late to take the air?
Alb. 'Twas *Clara* ſummon'd me, and I obey'd.
Lor. *Ermina* was the feaſt ſhe bid you to!
Alb. That was the invitation: but I find
I ſtand indebted for my welcome here. [*To* Juliana.
Lor. That *Clara* too confirms.
Alph. Why does there need
A farther proof?——The circumſtances join
In full conſent, to clear her to the world. [*Goes to* Erm.
O let me thus make ſure of happineſs!
Thus panting, fold thee in the arms of love,
'Till my repenting thoughts, and ſubdu'd fears,
Confeſſing thy dominion in my heart,
Make room to entertain thy triumph their.
Rog. Your ſervant, my lord; here's a ſlight commodity, a maidenhead here; if your appetite be up again: we have ſtole cuſtom, and can afford you a pen'worth.
Alb. I have paid for that already.
Lor. Pray explain yourſelf.
Alb. I bought her of that reverend matron there, her mother.
Rog. Hem! hem! hem!
Moth. What will become of me?
Lor. *Rogero!* I confeſs I had deſign'd
Thy daughter for my wife!
Rog. With all my heart.——
Lor. But ſince ſhe proves of ſuch a virtuous ſtrain,
And on the ſurer ſide, I dare not truſt
My honour with her mother's infamy.
Rog. Ay, as you ſay, 'tis that forbids the banes.——
Her mother there!
Lor. There is no other cauſe.
Rog. Here take her then: by *Jupiter*, ſhe's yours.
Lor. What doſt thou mean?
Rog. Only to let you know, that the priſoner at the bar there, is no mother of *Angelline*'s; no matrimonial conſort of mine, but the natural iniquity of my youth.

Lor. Your whore!

Reg. My concubine, an't ſhall pleaſe you, of ſtarving memory: whom, when *Angelline*'s mother dy'd, I entertain'd for the reputation of being in faſhion, and the breeding of my daughter.

Lor. A hopeful education truly, ſir!
But now ſhe is my care!

Reg *Amen* to that, with more devotion than ever the pariſh-prieſt ſaid it in his prayers: why, I am young again, I could caper, ſing, come over a ſtick, or any thing, in the humour I am in.

Moth. I hope you'll pardon me.

Reg. Why, what did I ſet you up for, but to follow your trade? I know a whore runs as naturally into a bawd, as a young man into letchery and the pox.

Alb. Or as an old man into impotence, and law-ſuits: come, *Regero!* you muſt forgive her: you ſee in all civil governments, bawds, as well as lawyers paſt the exerciſe of the bar, are conſider'd for their experience; and both have their chamber-practice allow'd them, for the benefit of the public.

Reg. Nay, then you ſervant, ſir! I am ſatisfy'd, if the government allows it: and am ſatisfy'd 'tis a civil government for allowing it. And ſo your ſervant again.

Lor. Our joys are now complete.

Alph. By heav'n they are
So purely perfect, nothing can remain
Worthy a wiſh: you two are all the world.

Erm. Oh happineſs of life, and innocence!

Alph. And innocence is prov'd: Oh there's the thing;
For 'tis a woman's falſeſt, vaineſt pride,
To boaſt a virtue that has ne'er been try'd:
——In equal folly too thoſe huſbands live,
Who peeviſhly againſt themſelves contrive,
By early fears, to haſten on the day;
For jealouſy but ſhews our wives the way:
And if the forked fortune be our doom,
In vain we ſtrive; the bleſſing will come home.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

By the Honourable JOHN STAFFORD, Eſq.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, when we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play;
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow,
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt wou'd grow,
But 'twas heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little ſelves you meet,
'Tis Govent-Garden *drawn in* Bridges ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhewn
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chaſe,
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean *vices pace.*
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus *once was a* Platonic *queen,*
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard maſk upon the face.
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no hand,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch every twenty years, to ſnap offences:
Saturn, *even now, takes doctoral degrees,*
He' l do your work this ſummer, without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, *find thy grace,*
And, ah, preſerve thy eighteen penny place!

But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhew:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For every critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

Sir ANTONY LOVE:

OR, THE

RAMBLING LADY.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1691.

Artis ſeveræ ſi quis amat affectus,
Mentemque magnis applicat——
——det primos verſibus annos,
Meoniumque bibat fælici pectore fontem.
PETRO. ARB. Satyr. p. 3.

TO MY FRIEND

THO. SKIPWITH, Eſq;

THERE is that certain argument of poverty in poetry, that its offspring muſt always be laid at ſome body's door; and indeed, the greateſt maſter of this art will ſcarce be able to ſupport the iſſue of his brain, upon the narrow income of a ſingle reputation.

From the very ſtart of my deſign upon this play, I had a deſign upon you, like a rich god-father, to eaſe the pariſh of a charge, and the parent of a care, in maintaining it.

You know the original ſir *Antony*, and therefore can beſt judge how the copy is drawn; though it will not be to my advantage to have them too narrowly compared; her wit is indeed inimitable, not to be painted: yet I muſt ſay, there is ſomething in my draught of her, that carries a reſemblance, and makes up a very tolerable figure: and ſince I have this occaſion of mentioning Mrs. *Montford*, I am pleaſed, by way of thanks, to do her that public juſtice in print, which ſome of the beſt judges of theſe performances, have, in her praiſe, already done her, in public places; that they never ſaw any part more maſterly played: and as I made every line for her, ſhe has mended every word for me; and by a gaiety and air, particular to her action, turned every thing into the genius of the character.

You have here ſeven hundred lines more in the print, than was upon the ſtage, which I cut out in the apprehenſion and dread of a long play.

The Abbé's character languiſhes in the fifth act for want of the ſcene between him and ſir *Antony*, which I plainly ſaw before, but was contented to leave a gap in the action, and to loſe the advantage of Mr. *Lee*'s playing (which, through his part, that place only gave him occaſion to ſhew) than run the venture of offending the women; not that there is one indecent expreſſion in it; but the over-fine folk might run it into a deſign I never had in my head: my meaning was, to expoſe the vice; and I thought it could not be more contemptibly expoſed, than in the perſon of a wanton old man, that muſt make even the moſt reaſonable pleaſure ridiculous.

I am gratefully ſenſible of the general good-nature of the town to me, which you muſt give me leave to value myſelf upon, ſince the pride proceeds from an opinion, that I have deſerved no otherwiſe from any man. But I muſt make my boaſt (though with the moſt acknowledging reſpect) of the favours from the fair ſex (I may call them favours, and I may boaſt of ladies favours, when there are ſo many concerned) in ſo viſibly promoting my intereſt, on thoſe days chiefly (the third, and the ſixth) when I had the tendereſt relation to the welfare of my play. I will not from their encouragement imagine I am the better poet, but I will for the future, endeavour not to give them cauſe of repenting ſo ſeaſonable a piece of good-nature; and if I cannot give them a good comedy, I will not give them a very bad one; this has had its fate, and a very favourable one. And I cannot but have the better eſteem of it, for bringing ſo many of my well wiſhers together.

So far for Prefacing.

Now, ſir, as to my dedication: I fear my credit in this place, is as little worth as in *Lombard-ſtreet*; you may take up money upon it, as ſoon as reputation: but the bleſſing of your fortune lies in having as little need of your friend's purſe in the city, as your friend's praiſe in *Covent-Garden:* they who know you, will take you upon your own word; and they who do not, will hardly upon mine. However, this I muſt ſay, if there be a quickneſs in the dialogue and converſation of this comedy, I owe it in a great meaſure to my familiarity with you; which, in the freedom of ſeveral years, has given me a thouſand occaſions of envy and admiration; and at laſt perſuaded me to an imitation of what I have heard with ſo much pleaſure and pain. I would not flatter a friend: but I have often thought, and ſometimes told you, that were it as much in your inclination, as it is in your power, to write comedy, no man could better ſucceed in it, becauſe no man can be more naturally deſigned for the undertaking. I do not pretend to add any thing to the character of a man ſo very well known: if I have a deſign, behind the pleaſing myſelf in dedicating this play to you, it is to ſecure the eſteem of being thought you friend: as I have the title, I deſire to continue the thing; being very much

Your humble ſervant,

T. SOUTHERNE.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE ladies have a lonely ſummer paſs'd,
In hopes kind winter would return at laſt.
The ſeaſons change; but heroes are the ſame,
A twelvemonth running in purſuit of fame.
Theirs may be good, but they have ſpoil'd our game.
Some weak amends this thin town might afford,
If honeſt gentlemen would keep their word.
But your lewd Tunbridge-*ſcandal that was moving,*
Foretold how ſad a time would come for loving.
Sad time indeed, when you begin to write:
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign of wanting appetite,
When you forget yourſelves, to think of wit.
Whilſt thus your itch is only to beſpatter,
Your Cupid *is transform'd into a ſatyr:*
Nothing of man about you, all o'er beaſt;
Submitting your chief pleaſure to your jeſt.
The time will come (for Ireland *falls of courſe,*
And muſt ſend back her conquerors, and ours).
When each of us, our loſſes to recover,
Will mend her fortune in a ſolaier lover:
They'll uſe us better much, than you have done,
Take us in, paſſing, like an open town,
And plunder, ao their buſineſs, and begone.
Or if, at leiſure, they lye down to woe,
They'll rather make us whores, than call us ſo:
Not ſend a whiſp'ring libel thro' the town,
To blab the favour out, before 'tis done;
And maul the ladies only in lampoon.
But if they write in a ſententious ſtrain,
Two lines conclude the travels of their pen;
One, only to know where, and t'other, when.
And we can give a lover leave to write,
When all his bills are to be paid at ſight.

O! would

O! would our peaceful days were come again;
Then I might act it, on and off, a queen.
When once the child was turn'd into her teens,
You could not find a maid behind the ſcenes.
But now your keeping humour's out a-door,
We muſt die maids, or marry to be poor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir ANTONY LOVE,	Mrs. *Montford.*
VALENTINE,	Mr. *Montford.*
ILFORD,	Mr. *Williams.*
Sir GENTLE GOLDING,	Mr. *Bowen.*
An ABBE,	Mr. *Ant. Leigh.*
Count CANAILE, his Brother,	Mr. *Hodgson.*
Count VEROLE,	Mr. *Sandford.*
PALMER, a Pilgrim,	Mr. *Powel*, jun.
WAITWELL, Sir ANTONY's Governor and Confidant,	Mr. *Bright.*
TRAFFIQUE, a Merchant,	Mr. *Kirkham.*
COURTAUT, a Taylor's Man,	*Mich. Lee.*
Bravoes belonging to Count VEROLE.	
Servants.	
Servant to Sir GENTLE,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Servant to ILFORD,	*Tho. Kent.*

WOMEN.

FLORIANTE, CHARLOTTE,	Daughters to Count CANAILE,	Mrs. *Butler.* Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
VOLANTE, the ABBE's Niece and Charge,		Mrs. *Knight.*

SCENE, *Montpelier.*

Sir ANTONY LOVE:

OR, THE

RAMBLING LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Antony Love, *and* Waitwell *following him.*

Sir ANTONY LOVE.

WELL, governor, I think I have atchiev'd, under thy conduct, as conſiderable a character, in as ſhort a time——

Wait. Nay, you come on amain.

Sir Ant. And though I ſay it, have done as much——

Wait. And ſuffer'd as much.

Sir Ant. For the credit of my countrymen, and the reputation of a whoremaſter, as the arranteſt rake-hell of 'em all.

Wait. You're a pretty proficient, indeed, and ſo perfectly act the cavalier, that cou'd you put on our ſex with your breeches, o' my conſcience, you wou'd carry all the women before you.

Sir

Sir Ant. And drive all the men before me; I am for univerſal empire, and wou'd not be ſtinted to one province; I wou'd be fear'd, as well as lov'd: as famous for my action with the men, as for my paſſion for the women.

Wait. You're in the way to't; you change your men as often as you do your women; and have every day a new miſtreſs, and a new quarrel.

Sir Ant. Why, 'tis only the faſhion of the world, that gives your ſex a better title than we have, to the wearing a ſword; my conſtant exerciſe with my fencing maſter, and converſation among men, who make little of the matter, have at laſt not only made me *adroit*, but deſpiſe the danger of a quarrel too.

Wait. A lady-like reputation, truly. But how prepoſterouſly fortune places her favours, when no body is the better for 'em.

Sir Ant. Why how now, governor?

Wait. She ſeldom gives a man an eſtate, who has either the conſcience or youth to enjoy it——

Sir Ant. But he may leave it to one who has.

Wait. An honeſt man might be thankful for half your fortune with the women. But what pleaſure can you find in following 'em?

Sir Ant. The ſame that ſome of the men find.

Wait. You can't enjoy 'em.

Sir Ant. But may I make 'em ready for thoſe who can.

Wait. Are there ſuch ſportſmen?

Sir Ant. Very many, who beat about more for company, than the pleaſure of the ſport; and if they do ſtart any thing, are better pleas'd with the accidents of the chaſe, the hedges and ditches, than the cloſe purſuit of the game; and theſe are ſure never to come in to the quarry.

Wait. This is ſo like you now; why love ſhou'd be your buſineſs; and you make a buſineſs of your love: you are young and handſome in petticoats; yet are contented to part with the pleaſures of your own ſex, to ramble into the troubles of ours. In my opinion, you might be better employ'd.

Sir

Sir Ant. I do it to be better employ'd; to recommend me to *Valentine*, for whoſe dear ſake I firſt engag'd in the adventure; robb'd my keeper, that nauſeous fool *Golding*, of five hundred pounds, and under thy diſcretion, came a colonelling after him here into *France*.

Wait. Why do you loſe time then? Why don't you tell him ſo?

Sir Ant. Thou wou'dſt have had me, with the true conduct of an *Engliſh* miſtreſs, upon the firſt inclination, cloy'd him with my perſon, without any aſſurance of his reliſhing me enough to praiſe his appetite to a ſecond taſte: no, now I am ſure he likes me; and likes me ſo well in a man, he'll love me in a woman; and let him make the diſcovery if he dares.

Wait. Let me direct him.

Sir Ant. To the lodgings you ſhall; thoſe I ſaw, and lik'd; they are private and convenient, make 'em ready; I'll tell thee all anon——And do you hear——my female wardrobe too muſt be produc'd, my woman's equipage——[Waitwell *going.*] For as the conduct of affairs now goes, I'm beſt diſguis'd in my own ſex, and cloaths. Hey, I had forgot; bring me the fifty pieces I ſpoke of, the five hundred are in good health yet, governor.

Wait But ſicken at that ſound.

Sir Ant. Valentine and *Ilford* are diſappointed of their bills, and, in ſpite of their good eſtates, want money; now, tho' I lend upon the old conſideration of borrowing a greater ſum, fifty pieces are convenient.

Wait. And will be welcome to 'em at this time——

Sir Ant. Moſt certainly; and take this along with you, governor; you muſt make your converſation neceſſary ſometimes, as well as agreeable, to preſerve a friendſhip with an *Engliſhman*.

Enter Valentine *and* Ilford.

Val. How's this, Sir *Antony?* Under the diſcipline of your governor, and his wiſdom, this morning?

Sir Ant. Like a good chriſtian, *Valentine*, clearing old accounts,

accounts, that I may begin a new ſcore, with a better conſcience.

Ilf. Confeſſing, and repenting paſt enormities——

Sir. Ant. About the pitch of thy piety, *Ilford*; repenting only, becauſe they are paſt.

Val. So far you may repent with honour.

Sir Ant. Nay, I confeſs myſelf a child of this world; for at this moment I have a hint from my conſtitution, that tells me the pleaſure of thy example——

Val. Thou art above example, or imitation——

Sir Ant. Will go near to overthrow the wiſdom of his precepts; the morality of thy beard, governor——

Wait. But, ſir, it wou'd be well.

Sir Ant. It wou'd be better, ſir, thou pitiful preacher, wou'dſt thou but follow thy pimping; 'tis a better trade, and becomes thy diſcretion as well: you'll find me hereabouts—— [*Thruſts out* Waitwell.

Val. You have compounded for whoring then, Sir *Antony?*

Sir Ant. Any thing but fighting; he has ſwing'd me away for my quarrel yeſterday i'th' tennis-court.

Ilf. You deſerv'd to be ſwing'd for't——

Val. I ſhou'd chide you too, though 'twas upon my account.

Ilf. To run a gentleman thro' the arm, for not witneſſing all you ſaid in commendation of *Valentine*——

Val. When he was not ſo much as acquainted with my perſon——

Ilf. Was——

Sir Ant. Something more bold than welcome, I grant you; but I had not fought a great while, my hand was in, and I was puſhing at reputation. For, i'gad, I look upon courage to proceed more from habit and practice, than any virtue of the mind.

Val. How, how, Sir *Antony?* there's ſomething in family ſure——

Sir Ant. Wooden legs, in a great many, *Valentine.*

Ilf. Courage often runs in a blood——

Sir Ant. They ſay ſo of the pox, indeed. The ſins of the fathers may run in the blood ſometimes, and viſit to the

the third and fourth generation: but their virtues die with the men. And if the example and cuſtom of the world (ſupported by good eating and drinking) had not infus'd a nobler ſpirit into the blood, than any deriv'd from the father, moſt men had continu'd like thoſe, who ſtay with their fathers; elder brothers all; and had never offer'd at an intrigue, above a red petticoat; or a quarrel, above a rubber at cuffs.

Ilf. 'Tis ſenſibly extravagant, and wild!

Val. Inimitably new! But how do you to avoid drinking?

Sir Ant. Why that avoids me, thanks to the cuſtom of the country, and the better diverſions of this place; not but I can arrive at a bottle too.

Ilf. If thou were in *London*——

Sir Ant. There I grant you——Where the young fellows begin the reputation of their humour and wit in a pint glaſs, carrying 'em, without intermiſſion of ſenſe or jeſt, to the end of the third bottle; and then thro' the public places, and folly of the town.

Val. There you wou'd be at a loſs.

Sir Ant. I ſhou'd indeed; where they go to taverns, to ſwallow a drunkenneſs; and then to a play, to talk over their liquor.

Ilf. I thought that folly fell off with their fathers——

Val. The entertainment of it did indeed.

Ilf. Who, as they began it in their frolick, ſupported it in their wit.

Sir Ant. And ſince the ſons are ſo plainly diſinherited of the ſenſe, they have no title to the ſins of their fathers.

Val. Unleſs they kept 'em more in countenance.

Ilf. Yet they would do ſomething like their fathers.

Val. As an ignorant player in *England*, whom I ſaw undertaking to copy a maſter actor of his time, began at his infirmity in his feet; and growing famous for the imitation of his gout, he cou'd walk like him, when he cou'd do nothing elſe like him.

Sir Ant. The gout and the pox take him for't——

Ilf. And all thoſe, I ſay, who, only from their opinion

of

of themſelves, are encourag'd to meddle in other mens matters, without ever bringing any thing about of their own.

Sir Ant. Ay, thoſe meddling fools, *Iſford!* who are in all places, yet ever out of their way——

Ilf. And not only out of their own way, but always in other men's——

Sir Ant. And ſtill as ridiculous as a fellow of thy ſeverity and reſerve wou'd be in the fantaſtical figure of a lover.

Ilf. Whoever has the woman; you have your wit, Sir *Antony*——

Sir Ant. They go together ſir——You'll find it ſo.

Enter a Pilgrim.

Val. Whom have we here?

Sir Ant. A broken brother of *Bethlehem*, with all his ſlippery about him!

Val. One of that travelling tribe, without their circumciſion.

Sir Ant. Of Chriſtian appellation, a pilgrim.

Val. 'Tis a ſenſeleſs conſtitution of men!

Sir Ant. Who make themſelves mad, to make the reſt of the world fools, by finding a faith for all their fopperies.

Val. How can they paſs upon the world?

Sir Ant. As other conſtitutions and orders of men, as ſenſeleſs, paſs; that are founded too in as much cozenage and roguery as this can be.

Ilf. You are an enemy of forms, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. Oh, ſir, the virtue of the habit often covers the vices of the man: there's field enough in *England* to find this in, without the abbey-lands, gentlemen.

Ilf. Weeds are the general growth of every ſoil.

Val. How many fools in the ſtate, and atheiſts in the church, carry themſelves current thro' their congregations and clients, to great employments; and, being arm'd only with the authority and countenance of their cloathing, ſecure themſelves from the diſcovery and cenſure of the court and town?

Sir

Sir Ant. These are disguises, I grant you, worth a sensible man's putting on; but a pilgrim's habit is as ridiculous as his pretence; and I wou'd no more wear a fool's coat, to be thought devout; than be devout for the sake of the livery.

Ilf. Fools are the guts of all bodies, and make the bulk of every opinion. [*Exit Pilgrim.*

Val. Hang him, let him pass; spare him for the sake of the church, and spare the church for the sake of our Abbé

Sir Ant. Who is, indeed, a most considerable pillar of it, to his own profit, and our pleasurable living in this town.

Ilf. He is a very pope in *Montpelier*, the head here—

Sir Ant. And a fit head he is for such sinful members as we are.

Ilf. We members! your are a protestant, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. You may be surly enough to tell 'em you are one; but I am always of the religion of the government I am in——

Val. And of the women you converse with, knight.

Sir Ant. And when I can't convince 'em, I conform.

Ilf. A very civil character of a fashionable conscience.

Val Of a sensible man, I think: why must your capacity be the measure of another man's understanding? And all men be in the wrong, who don't dance i'th' circle of your thoughts?

Sir Ant. Every man a villain, or a-fool, who does not fall into your notion of things?

Val. No opinion ever sprung out of an universal consent; truth can no more be comprehended than beauty: we have our several reasons for the one, and fancies for the other. And as beauty has not the same influence upon all complexions; so reason has not the same force upon all understandings: we embrace what pleases us in both, secure ourselves in a probability, and guess out the rest.

Sir Ant. Iford is one of those fellows, whom if you divide from in one thing, will never close with you in any. Tho' the Abbé and you do differ about the way

to

to heav'n, you may go to the devil together, I warrant you.

Val. However wide we may be from his opinion of t'other world, I'm ſure he joins with us in our opinion of this.

Sir. Ant. For my part, I regard the man, not his religion; and if he does my buſineſs in this world, let him do his own in the next.

Ilf. Nay, gentlemen, I have as honourable an opinion of the Abbé as you can have; I know there's nothing to be done without him——

Sir Ant. That the converſation of the beſt families in *Montpelier* runs thro' his reformation——

Ilf. That ſome of our fortunes——

Sir Ant. All our fortunes——

Ilf. Yours particularly with *Florrante*, at preſent depending upon his favour, againſt the authority of her father——

Val. And the quality of my rival, count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. No dancings, no balls, no maſquerades, in a ſweet circle of ſociety, as it has been, from one good houſe to another, without his introduction and gravity to qualify the ſcandal.

Val. Subſtantial reaſons for our reſpect.

Ilf. Weighty motives all for our attendance.

Sir Ant. Are they ſo, ſir? No more of your proteſtant then, if you wou'd not be damn'd for a heretic by the women in a catholic country.

Val. We ſhou'd ha' been at our patron's levee, gentlemen.

Sir Ant. He'll bate us the ceremony. Are you going to viſit him?

Val. You muſt along with us.

Sir Ant. I'll follow you.

Val You are his favourite; we are nobody without you——

Ilf. The ſupport of our intereſt with him.

Sir Ant. Buſineſs, buſineſs, gentlemen.

Val. Pox o'your buſineſs.

Ilf.

Ilf. 'Twill end in that——pr'ythee let him go; a whore I warrant you——

Sir Ant. Money, money, ſir, more filthy and more common than a whore; more proſtituted too, to knaves and fools: yet, my grave friend, you'll have a ſhare in both, or I miſtake your nature.

Val. You are anſwer'd.

Ilf. Indeed my little friend is ſo far right, money and a whore, make one another's uſe; either is dull alone.

Enter Pilgrim.

Val. This Pilgrim here again!

Sir Ant. He follows us; what would he have?

Pilg. Your charity, good gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Pr'ythee leave us; there's chraity in my advice to thee, not to loſe thy labour; beſides, we are *Engliſhmen*, and never think of the poor out of our own pariſh.

Val. Nor there neither, but according to law, and when we cannot help it.

Ilf. Charity is a free-will-offering; and we part with nothing we can keep, I aſſure you——

Val. Not ſo much as our ſins.

Ilf. Eſpecially at this time——

Sir Ant. Unleſs it be to live upon 'em.

Pilg. Alas! what pity 'tis, that gentlemen ſo much in debt——

Sir Ant. That we ſhall never pay——

Pilg. To heav'n——

Sir Ant. And other creditors.

Pilg. Of youth ſo ſweet, of form ſo excellent——

Sir Ant. You or me, *Ilford?* Who does he mean?

Pilg. So finiſh'd, by the great Creator's hand, I worſhip him in thee. [*To Sir* Antony.

Ilf. As thou doſt the king's picture in his coin——

Val. In hopes of getting by it.

Pilg. You are ſo faſhion'd——

Sir Ant. For a ſinner.

Pilg. And by nature's hand deſign'd——

Sir Ant. A whoremaſter.

Pilg. You can't want——

Sir Ant. Women? No, *Pilgrim*, I ſhan't want 'em, in thy acquaintance, I'm ſure.

Pilg. You can't want grace, the beauty of the ſoul, the accompliſhment of virtue to the work: you can't want charity; for charity is call'd our gratitude to heav'n——

Ilf. You call it ſo.

Pilg. You would not be ungrateful?

Sir Ant. I would not be a fool, nor imagine ſuch an aſs as thou art could ever be commiſſion'd, a' God's name, to collect the revenues of this world——

Val. Nor to convert (thoſe deodands of devotion) the public charitable endowments of bigotted or dying fools, to the private luxury of your own lazy tribe.

Ilf. We build no churches, *Pilgrim*, nor found hoſpitals, but in our own country; nor there neither, but to father our own baſtards.

Sir Ant. Your mendicant women-ſaints, we allow of indeed: all our charity runs thro' their devotion.

Val. Soft little hands become an offering, and thoſe we often fill.

Pilg. Are you ſo loſt——

Ilf. To all thou can'ſt ſay.

Sir Ant. Thy godlineſs may convert others, tho' it does nothing upon us.

Pilg. What can I do for you?

Sir Ant. Pimp for us.

Pilg. I will pray for you.

Sir Ant. Do't in a corner alone then; [*Thruſts him out.*] be as godly as thou wou't by thyſelf; and leave us to our devotions.

Pilg. I may join with you in yours, before I have done; the Abbé won't fail me. [*Exit Pilgrim.*

Sir Ant. I have my hands full, gentlemen; but my trade is ſettled, my correſpondence eaſy, my factors employ'd, and my returns will be quick.

Val. Pray make 'em ſo; and come as ſoon as you can to us.

Sir

Sir Ant. I ſail with every wind, in the teeth of fortune ſometimes.

Val. Have a care of being bit, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. I kiſs as cloſe as an older ſinner, *Valentine*, I warrant you—— [*Exit Sir* Antony.

Ilf. You may venture him: he has nothing to loſe, that I know of, but his youth; and that will not long ſupport the expence of the life he leads.

Val. He loſes no time, indeed.

Ilf. But miſemploys a great deal, in my opinion.

Val. Youth will have its ſallies.

Ilf. The ſallies of his youth will ſooner lead him to repentance and the pox, than to his manor of *Lovedale*, as he calls it.

Val. His manſion-houſe in *Glo'ſterſhire*.

Ilf. His caſtle in the air, which no man ever heard of, till he was pleas'd to fancy, and chriſten it, for the ſeat of his family.

Val. Then you don't believe him a baronet, of twelve hundred pounds a year, under age, and upon an allowance for his travel from his guardians?

Ilf. I believe he may have been ſome court page, ſpoil'd firſt by the confidence of his lady, in knowing her ſecrets; then coming early into the iniquity of the town, by the merit of his perſon; and impudence has ſince made a faſhionable livelihood out of women and fools.

Val. I don't know who he is, or what he has: if he be no knight, he's a pretty fellow, and that's better: and if he has not twelve hundred pounds a year, he deſerves it, and does not want it; which is more than you can ſay of moſt of your knights, that have that eſtate, I'm ſure.

Ilf. Nay, that I grant you too.

Val. He lives as like a gentleman, has all things as well about him, is as much reſpected by the men, and better receiv'd by the women, than any of us.

Ilf. He's a pretty woman's man, indeed.

Val. And a merry man's man too, ſir; for you muſt own he has a great deal of wit.

Ilf. Pretty good natural parts, I confeſs; but a fool has the keeping 'em; no judgment in the world, and what he ſays, comes as much by chance ——

Val. As *Epicurus*'s world did; perfect and uniform, without a deſign.

Ilf. He flies too much at random to pleaſe any man of diſcretion.

Val. There is indeed the quarrel of twelve years difference between thy diſcretion and his wit. He may live up to thy diſcretion, *George*, but we ſhall neither of us arrive at his wit.

Ilf. How long will his wit ſupport him?

Val. That muſt be his care, and not our buſineſs: I never examine any man's pockets, that is not troubleſome to mine.

Ilf. If he be not troubleſome, his neceſſities may throw him upon ſome ſcandalous action ——

Val. That may require thy bailing him?

Ilf. That may reflect upon us.

Val. O! thou wer't always tender of thy reputation, when thou wer't to pay for the ſcandal, I'll ſay that for thee, *Ilford*: but if want of money be a crime, heav'n help the guilty! we are diſappointed of our bills at preſent too.

Ilf. But we have letters of credit, and may uſe 'em upon occaſion.

Val. And he has credit without letters, which he may uſe too, upon occaſion; for I am ſo far from apprehending he may, that I am reſolv'd he ſhall want nothing I can oblige him in, pocket or perſon.

Ilf. O ſir! you need not doubt his giving you an opportunity of ſhewing your gallantry in that part of your friendſhip; he'll borrow money of you, I warrant you.

Val. And he ſhall have it, tho' I borrow it for him. But, ſir, you had not always this ſlight opinion of Sir *Antony*.

Ilf. I did not always know him. [*Walking off.*

Val. Nor he the Abbé's niece.

Ilf. I found him out but lately.

Val. For your rival.

Ilf.

Ilf. His vanity, extravagance, and general pretenſion to women, are intolerable——

Val. Eſpecially when the gaiety of that humour is likely to get the better of your formality, in *Volante's* eſteem: he is your rival.

Ilf. My rival!

Val. And I don't wonder you don't like him.

Ilf. He's a general undertaker, indeed; and in that part of his converſation, is as impertinent to the women as in other things he is troubleſome to the men: ſo I think it would be our common good fortune to get rid of him.

Val. I am not of your mind: and here he comes to convince you.

Enter Sir Antony.

Sir Ant. Juſt as I left you! you ſcorn to ſtir an inch out of your quality, to put yourſelves in the way of fortune, tho' you know her to be blind.

Val. You meet her at every turn, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. She muſt come home to you to be welcome.

Ilf. When do you bring her home?

Sir Ant. But you may be ſullen, and ſour, domineer, threaten your ſtewards, and talk loud at a diſappointment; you are in poſſeſſion, gentlemen:

Enter Waitwell *with a purſe.*

My guardians won't be ſo ſerv'd: my governor teaches me to provide againſt accidents: what I want of my age, I muſt ſupply with my diligence.

[Waitwell *gives him the purſe.*

Ilf. And have your labour for your pains.

Sir Ant. I can take pains, ſir, and the profit of my pains, ſir; fifty pieces in a morning, ſir, the price of my pains, and give the lady a penny-worth into the bargain.

Ilf. How! fifty pieces?

Val. From a woman, Sir *Antony*?

Sir Ant. Nothing, ſir, a trifle.

Val. Your miſtreſs pays like a widow——

Sir. Ant. That had loſt her youth upon a huſband, and the hopes of a jointure——

Ilf. And juſt delivered, would redeem the folly of the paſt, by the enjoyment of what's to come——

Val. In a ſober reſolution, of making the price of her penance, the purchaſe of her pleaſure——

Sir Ant. By refunding upon a young fellow, what ſhe had wheedled from an old one.

Ilf. I warrant her old and ugly, by her penſion.

Sir Ant. She's young enough to be a maid, handſome enough to be a miſtreſs, cunning enough to be a wife, and rich enough to be a widow.

Val. Faith, ſhe comes down——

Sir Ant. Deeper than I can, I aſſure you.

Ilf. She pays well, I'll ſay that for her.

Sir Ant. And is well——I'll ſay that for her.

Val. And does every thing well.

Sir Ant. You would ſay that for her, *Valentine*; and ſhe does every thing well; that way ſhe is a widow, I promiſe you.

Ilf. Take us into your aſſiſtance.

Val. We are friends, and will ſtand by you.

Ilf. We are out of employment that way——

Val. And would journey-work under you.

Sir Ant. Any thing to be wicked, gentlemen: but *Ilford*, thou art honourably in love, and haſt it too much in the head to have it any where elſe Beſides, ſhe's ſo much of my humour ſhe'll never reliſh thine.

Val. She muſt not go out of our family.

Sir Ant. She's handſome and convenient; as able to anſwer all our wants, as all we are to ſatisfy the importunity of hers.

Val. Well, I am ſatisfy'd; I am her man.

Sir Ant. Or any woman's man, who wants to be ſatisfy'd.

Val. She muſt like me for being of her opinion, in liking thee.

Sir Ant. That indeed may do ſomething, and time may bring it about: in ſhort, this is the *Engliſh* lady you have heard me ſpeak of; I allow her the favour of my perſon; and

and ſhe allows me the freedom of her purſe: and am glad I command it ſo luckily, to anſwer the occaſions of my friends.

Ilf. You can command nothing we can have occaſion for.

Val. By your pardon, ſir, you may be too proud to be oblig'd; but I have occaſion for the money and woman too; ſo as you were ſaying, Sir *Antony*——

Enter a Servant, Ilford *goes to him.*

Sir Ant. Why, I ſtill ſay, a true-bred *Engliſhman* is ever out of humour when he's out of pocket: he knows no more how to want money than how to borrow it——

Val. And when he does, is as ſurly in borrowing, as others are in lending money.

Sir Ant. 'Tis almoſt as dangerous too to offer him money, as to lend money to another man: for he is as likely out of want of ſenſe, to ſuſpect your courteſy, as a ſtranger out of want of honeſty, never to return it.

Val. That way, indeed, our countrymen take care never to think themſelves oblig'd: we can be ungrateful——

Sir Ant. And cheat our benefactors of their good offices, by an ingratitude almoſt natural to us; and that makes a tolerable amends for our want of the more ſublim'd villanies of warmer countries.

Val. But the lady, Sir *Antony*——

Sir Ant. More of the lady at leiſure; in the mean time, here are fifty pieces of hers, to keep up your fancy: if your occaſions require a greater ſum——ſhe ſhall ſupply you——

Val. And I'll ſupply her.

Sir Ant. Upon your bond, for the payment of the whole to her in *England*.——

Val. By all means.

Sir Ant. A blank bond, becauſe ſhe would not be known here.

Val. With all my heart, but won't ſhe take a gentleman's word?

Sir Ant. O yes, when ſhe has his bond for the performance.

formance. When our ſurly friend is civil enough to be oblig'd, I have a twin-purſe at his ſervice too.

Val. You are very much out of his favour of late.

Sir Ant. So I find: what's the matter with the fool?

Val. How have you diſoblig'd him?

Sir Ant. But he's in love, and conſequently an aſs.

Val. And I believe jealous of you.

Sir Ant. Faith, I'll give him cauſe. *Volante* is as fit for my purpoſe of tormenting him that way as I could wiſh. Shall we to the Abbé, gentlemen?

Il. Golding? an *Engliſhman?*

Serv. So his ſervants tell me, ſir.

Ilf. Juſt come to town, ſay'ſt thou?

Serv. He has not peep'd abroad ſince his coming, ſir.

Ilf. Do you know any ſuch gentleman, *Valentine?*

Val. I did? a conſiderable coxcomb of that name in *England*; a knight, Sir *Gentle Golding*. Sir *Antony*, you may have known him too.

Sir Ant. I have heard of him.——If this ſhou'd prove my coxcomb governor! [*Aſide.*

Val. But damn him, he has not courage enough to croſs the Channel.

Sir Ant. I know he is in *France*, I heard of him at *Paris*.

Serv. Faith, ſir, it muſt be the man——

Sir Ant. Whom we muſt manage then. [*To* Waitwell.

Val. Why do'ſt think ſo?

Serv. Your deſcription is ſo like him, ſir.

Val. Why, haſt thou found him out——

Ilf. For his father's ſon, and his mother's fool.

Sir Ant. And our fool, gentlemen: if he be a fool, I'll have my ſnack of him.

Serv. There's enough for you all, without wronging the family, as he will quickly convince you. He knows you, ſir—— [*To* Valentine.

Val. Then 'tis the very fool.

Serv. And deſigns to wait upon you.

Val. At his peril be't: I owe him a revenge for *Lucia*'s ſake.

Ilf. Is this the ſpark?

Val.

Val. That bought her of her aunt——

Sir Ant. Now for my character. [*To* Waitwell.

Val. When ſhe was yet too young, to judge between the fortune and the fool.

Sir Ant. That's ſome excuſe however.

Ilf. A little time ſhew'd her her ſenſeleſs bargain.

Val. So I hear.

Sir Ant. Which ſhe repenting, gave you the cheaper pennyworth of her perſon: then was the time——

Val. That I was in *France*; out of the reach of any other pleaſure, had ſhe deſign'd me any, than the bare news that ſhe had found him out, loath'd, and abhorr'd him.

Ilf. Loathing and abhorring are tokens of mortification indeed: but penance is not enough for ſuch a fault; 'tis generally as ſhort-liv'd as the ſin that begot it. What marks of amendment has ſhe ſince given?

Sir Ant. What marks of amendment wou'd you have?

Val. I know nothing of her amendment.

Sir Ant. Wou'd you have her ſnivel like a girl; more afraid of her mother than the ſin; and cry, Forgive me this one ſlip, I'll do ſo no more——

Val. Repent upon the firſt intrigue——

Sir Ant. Turn honeſt, and diſparage the pleaſure by leaving the trade.

Val. That muſt not be.

Sir Ant. By no means, *Valentine*.

Val. Wou'd you have her already fall off——

Sir Ant. Become a civil perſon——

Val. And take up——

Ilf. With ſomebody that better deſerves her; that way I wou'd have her a civil perſon, and fall off from her fool.

Sir Ant. Indeed a woman never repents of a fool ſo heartily as in the arms of a man of ſenſe.

Val. How fortune has diſpos'd of her I know not; but I lik'd her once ſo well, I wou'd have her ſtill preſerve my good opinion of her conduct; if ſhe has manag'd her monſter as he deſerv'd, ſhe has made money

..nd mirth of him; and me ſome amends for the loſs of her, by mending her condition.

Sir Ant. If that will preſerve your good opinion of her, ſhe will continue it: for I hear ſhe has us'd him as ill as you cou'd deſire from your revenge, or the town ·xpect from their hopes of a libel.

Val. Then I honour her.

Sir Ant. She has robb'd him of five hundred pounds, un away from him; and ſo expos'd him, that he has .een the common rhyming theme, the hackney *Pegaſus* ›r the puny poets to ſet out upon, in their vaſt ambition f arriving at a lampoon.

Ilf. And that perhaps has ſent him into *France.*

Val. Well, I will have her knighted.

Sir Ant. Of what order? A knight errant, or an errant knight?

Val. A knight errant, of thy order, ſhe muſt be.

Wait. That ſhe is already. [*Aſide.*

Val. And thee a right honourable, for thy news.

Sir Ant. You may depend upon it.

Val. If ever I light on her, I'll thank her for this juſtice to us all.

Ilf. Golding may tell us more of her.

Val. So he may; you, ſir, wait at her lodgings for him, and direct him to the Abbé's, if he comes. [*To a Servant.*] We'll laugh at him, if we do nothing more.

Sir Ant. But he and I muſt clear another ſcore. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Garden.*

Count Canaile, *and the* Abbé.

Can. BRother, you may forget yourſelf, and your rank, as much as you pleaſe, in our niece *Volente*: I have nothing to do with her, but to wiſh her well.

Abb.

Abb. 'Tis very well.

Can. You are her guardian: her perſon, her fortune, and her conduct are in your care.

Abb. I'll take care of 'em.

Can. You muſt anſwer for 'em.

Abb. I will anſwer for 'em.

Can. But my daughters are under my government; and whilſt they are, they muſt, nay ſhall do nothing to diſhonour me.

Abb. They will do nothing to diſhonour you.

Can. I'll put it out of their power, had they a mind to't.

Abb. They ha' no ſuch mind.

Can. That's more than I can tell, from the liberties you give theſe *Engliſhmen* in our family——

Abb. They are gentlemen.

Can. I apprehend a danger, tho' you won't.

Abb. Pugh! pugh! there is no danger.

Can. I'll prevent it, if there were.

Abb. All men of fortune, in their country.

Can. They are not men of quality. Wou'd count *Verole* were come. [*Walking about.*

Abb. Don't do ſo raſh a thing.

Can. I'll rid myſelf of all my fears at once; diſpoſe my youngeſt daughter in a nunnery, and inſtantly marry *Floriante*——

Abb. To make her more miſerable.

Can. Suitable to her birth.

Abb. To a fool, the worſt of fools; a ſingular, opinionated, obſtinate, crooked-temper'd jealous-pated fool.

Can. If he were ſo, that fool's a count; and the count makes amends for the fool.

Abb. Then he is welcome——[*Count* Verole *entert to 'em.*] Virtue created firſt nobility; but in our honourable ignorance nobility makes virtue.

Ver. What ſays the Abbé?

Can. Sir, you are moſt welcome.

Ver. I ſhall be glad to find it from the man I ſo much honour—— [*Exeunt* Ver. *and* Canaile.

Abb. For his title, that's all this fellow thinks worth honouring Hang 'em, they make me grave——But that a brother of my blood ſhou'd chuſe a coxcomb out ——But if my brother prove a coxcomb too, that wonder's over, then 'tis their mutual intereſt to join; each likes the other to excuſe himſelf.

Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, *and* Ilford.

Sir Ant. Ah, monſieur l'Abbé.

Ilf. You have prevented us.

Val. We were going to viſit you.

Abb. In nomine domine, amen.

Ilf. The Abbé making his will!

Sir Ant. Amen to our Abbé's devotions.

Abb. You fall as naturally as a pariſh-clerk into the cloſe of a prayer.

Sir Ant. I love to bring things to a good end.

Abb. Nay, I have done; my devotion won't tire your attention.

Sir Ant. You are like the prelate, that being dignify'd for long prayers, hated them ever after.

Abb. Long prayers are for poor prieſts that want preferment, men of quality riſe without 'em.

Val. In men of your rank they are phariſaical, and always to carry on a deſign.

Abb. I neither have a faith in them nor their followers; and therefore I ſeldom or never pray at all?

Ilf. How! never pray at all?

Abb. The church and I are agreed upon the bargain; and few words are beſt, when the parties are of a mind.

Val. But the church may better your bargain.

Abb. I am mortify'd to the dignities and deſigns of the church; have laid aſide the pomp and pride of my profeſſion, I am contented to ſit down in a ſinecure; and, with the poor pittance of 2000 piſtoles a year, make the moſt of a good conſcience and good company.

Ilf. A good conſcience is good company indeed.

Abb. I mean, ſir, I'll make a conſcience of good company——

Sir

Sir Ant. Make the beſt of the bleſſing, and enjoy it as long as you can.

Abb. Ah! my little knight underſtands me, tho' you won't, ſir.

Val. You'll anger him—— [*To* Ilford.

Abb. He jumps into the point with me.

Sir Ant. And into the company too, dear Abbé; I muſt make one.

Abb. Make one! thou mak'ſt all; thou'rt all in all; the whole company thyſelf; thou art every thing with every body; a man among the women, and a woman among the men. [Abbé *wantons with Sir* Ant.

Val. How, Abbé! Sir *Anthony* a woman?

Abb. One might indeed miſtake him, by his face.

Ilf. He wou'd miſtake him, I believe.

Val. Somewhere elſe.

Abb. But there's no faith in faces; the women have found him out, and won't truſt him.

Sir Ant. Ay, ay, the women Abbé, the ladies——

Abb. As mad as ever they were, my neices you mean!

Sir Ant. I long to be among 'em.

Abb. Nay, they long too, if that wou'd do 'em any good. And think it long.

Sir Ant. I have not ſpoke to a woman this half hour.

Val. We are all idle without you.

Ilf. Sin has been as ſilent among us——

Sir Ant. As in the firſt ſeſſion of a parliament, in fear of a reformation.

Abb. Ah! very well, i'faith, my little man. But no, no reformation, I warrant you; matters ſhall not be much mended by my management; ſin muſt ſometimes get the better of the ſaint.

Sir Ant. Or the devil may ſtill wear black, ſir.

Abb. Let him wear what he will: we have had him in our family this morning.

Val. What's the matter?

Abb. My brother has diſcover'd ſomething between you, and his eldeſt daughter.

Val. That's unlucky.

Abb.

Abb. Which to prevent, he deſigns to marry her inſtantly to coun *Vergle*.

Ilf. That's bad indeed.

Val. What is there to be done?

Abb. Nothing that I know of.

Sir Ant. What's to be done? any thing's to be done?

Val. What if I run away with her?

Abb. With all my heart.

Val. Or if I cut his throat?

Sir Ant. With all my heart.

Val. Or bed-rid him with a beating.

Ilf. With all my heart.

Sir Ant. If none of theſe will do, let him marry her.

Val. And I muſt ſay with all my heart.

Sir Ant. If you can't make her your wife, make him your cuckold.

Abb. With all my heart.

Val. Ah! if I durſt but hope that way.

Abb. Hope, you muſt hope, man; and you muſt dare, man, if you wou'd do any thing with the women.

Val. Can you encourage me?

Abb. Why, faith, whatever her father deſign, ſhe does not deſign to marry him: and diſobedience may make way for other ſins.

Val. I know ſhe hates him.

Abb. And I know ſhe likes you. And if I have any authority from the church——

Ilf. Which is not to be diſputed.

Abb. Or any intereſt from my eſtate——

Val. Which muſt be conſiderable——

Sir Ant. Not to be oppos'd——

Abb. And which muſt furniſh the better part of her fortune, he ſha'nt have her.

Val. That's gaining time at leaſt

Ilf. He's naturally jealous.

Sir Ant. And has ſettled that nature by a *Spaniſh* education, they ſay.

Abb. He was bred in *Spain* indeed.

Ilf. A miſerable woman ſhe muſt be then.

Abb.

Abb. I wou'd not have a niece of mine marry'd into a family or nation, where, if ſhe diſlike her own man, ſhe can have no body elſe.

Val. Our women are the happy women, ſir.

Abb. Why, indeed your *Engliſhmen* are the fitteſt men for huſbands in the world! wou'd all my female relations were marry'd into your country!

Ilf. Wou'd they thought as well of us, as you do.

Abb. There, if a lady quarrels at her condition, or likes another man better than her huſband, which ſometimes may happen, you know——

Val. Such things have happen'd indeed.

Abb. There they ſay cuckoldom is in faſhion.

Sir Ant. Nay, more than in faſhion, ſir, 'tis according to law; cuckoldom is the liberty, and a ſeparate maintenance, the property of the free-born women of *England.*

Ilf. We give our women fair play for't.

Val. And ſcorn any tie upon 'em, more than their inclinations.

Abb. Why, what wou'd a lady aſk more in marriage? I'll maintain it, ſuch a privilege is better than her dower; and in a prudent woman's thoughts, muſt take place of any other conſideration.

Ilf. 'Tis as much before a dower in profit too, as in time; for a huſband may cheat a wife of her dower.

Sir Ant. Or wear out her title by out-living her; and then ſhe is bobb'd of her reverſion.

Val. Or leave her ſo old, ſhe may be paſt having any good from it.

Sir Ant. Unleſs ſhe lays it out in redeeming ſome younger brother——

Ilf. That had ſpent his annuity in a lord's company——

Sir Ant. Or in following a common whore——

Val. Or in following as common a miſtreſs, the court.

Sir Ant. And being reduc'd to the laſt fifty, had ventur'd it prudently on a birth-day coat, and the hopes of an employment.

Ilf.

Ilf. One, who in ſpite of having been once undone, will have no more profit from his experience, than to fall in the ſame folly again, with the ſame occaſion.

Abb. Then hang him for a fool, enough of him—— I am convinc'd with what you ſay, gentlemen: and you ſhall have my niece, you have her conſent, and my conſent, and Sir *Antony*'s good word; which I promiſe you goes a great way with the women.

Val. Your niece *Volante* is her confident.

Abb. I'll make her your friend.

[*A ſervant whiſpers the* Abbé.

Sir Ant. I'll ſecure her for you.

Ilf. Why you ſecure her?

Sir. Ant. For ſuch a favour, ſir, I think I may.

Ilf. Your intereſt is mighty.

Sir Ant. So far I can engage her.

Ilf. You engage her!

Sir Ant. Nay, oblige her.

Ilf. Her friendſhip may oblige her, but not you.

Abb. Pray don't quarrel about obliging her; *Volante* is my favourite, ſhe ſhall pleaſe herſelf, and I believe wou'd pleaſe ſir *Antony*——Gentlemen, you are three, and my nieces are three; I won't meddle in your choice; agree among ourſelves; win 'em, and wear 'em; I had rather you ſhou'd have 'em than my brother diſpoſe of 'em.

Val. Sir, you oblige us all.

Abb. Our dinner ſtays for us, we'll ſettle thoſe things within; I had almoſt forgot the extraordinary part of my entertainment, I have a pilgrim for you.

Ilf. We had him already.

Sir Ant. And our ſhare of laughing at him too, ſir.

Abb. He pretends to be a man of extraordinary ſanctity; I meddled with that as little as I cou'd, for fear of raiſing a ſpirit I cou'd not lay; beſides, I had matters of more moment to mind then.

Val. How did you get rid of him?

Abb. With much ado I put him and his hiſtory off, telling him ſome *Engliſh* heretics were to dine with me—

Sir Ant. We are oblig'd to you, ſir.

Abb. And if he pleas'd to ſpare that miraculous account,

count, (which he will be ſure to give of himſelf) for the converſion of the wicked, he might then have a proper occaſion for ſo great a deſign.

Sir Ant. I ſhould think the worſe of my conſtitution as long as I liv'd, if I ſhou'd grow qualmiſh of any thing he could ſay to me.

Abb. I knew I muſt hear him, and therefore provided your converſation to qualify his.

Val. The novelty may divert us.

Ilf. He profeſſes more charity, than to ſerve his nonſenſe upon you.

Abb. That puniſhment I muſt go through, before he will go away, and pay for my penance too.

Ilf. At the expence of his vow of poverty.

Abb. Pray, gentlemen, along with me. I don't deſire you to believe all he ſays. Take what you like, and laugh at all the reſt.

Val. Why, there our chriſtian liberty's confeſs'd.

Sir Ant. Wou'd we had ne'er a more impoſing prieſt.

[*Exeunt.*

Ilf. One word before you go.

[*Pulling Sir* Ant. *by the ſleeve.*

Sir Ant. Pr'ythee come along——no cautioning in ſuch a ſlight affair——

Ilf. I am glad you think it ſuch a ſlight affair.

Sir Ant. Mere merriment.

Ilf. I never thought it more.

Sir Ant. Matter of mirth, and jeſt.

Ilf. Nay, that's too much.

Sir Ant. Upon a fooliſh pilgrim.

Ilf. Upon *Volante.*

Sir Ant. Volante! thou talk'ſt of *Volante*, and I anſwer thee the pilgrim: why thou art diſtracted, man; and I ſhall ſuſpect myſelf to be no wiſer than I ſhou'd be, for keeping thee company.

Ilf. Sir, however you think to carry it, I muſt tell you——

Sir Ant. With a very grave face——

Ilf. This is no jeſting time——

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Becauſe 'tis a ridiculous ſubject.

Ilf. That I am in love.

Sir Ant. In ſerious ſadneſs.

Ilf. With that Lady.

Sir Ant. That never was ſad, nor ſerious in her life: pr'ythee, no more of this, *Ilford:* in love! thou art a very honeſt fellow, and haſt a great many good qualities, but thy talent lies quite another way.

Ilf. Sir, I am ſerious enough to be angry, if you laugh at me.

Sir Ant. But you are in love with her, you ſay: why every body that ſees her is in love with her, if that wou'd do any good: but is ſhe in love with you?

Ilf. I think my eſtate may recommend my perſon to a welcome, where-ever I pretend.

Sir Ant. Do's ſhe think ſo?

Ilf. Why do you aſk the queſtion?

Sir Ant. Volante is too witty to be very wiſe; and requires no ſettlement but her man.

Ilf. And why may not I be her man, pray?

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, ſir, more modeſty might become a man of your gravity! you her man! no, no, ſhe's otherwiſe diſpos'd of, I aſſure you.

Ilf. What, you follow her!

Sir Ant. Nay, you follow her: ſhe does not put me to the trouble.

Ilf. No, ſir——I ſhall put you to more trouble, if you don't quit your pretenſions to her——

Sir Ant. Quit my pretenſions to her!

Ilf. And promiſe me——

Sir Ant. I will promiſe you——

Ilf. O, will you ſo, ſir?

Sir Ant. That (whatever I wou'd have done by fair means) I will now follow her in ſpight of your teeth---

Ilf. In ſpite of my teeth——.

Sir Ant. Purſue her, 'till ſhe yield to my deſires——

Ilf. The devil you will!

Sir Ant. And lie with her under your noſe.

Ilf. You ſhall be damn'd firſt.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Nay, then have at the lady.

[Volante *entering, ſees 'em fighting, ſhrieks, and runs out,* Sir Antony *after her, and returns with her in his hand.*

Ilf. This was a trick to ſave his cowardice.

Sir Ant. I had rather part with my pretenſion to a quarrel, than to my miſtreſs at any time.

Vol I hope you are not hurt.

Ilf. Sir, you aſſert a privilege the lady never gave you, of treating her at that familiar rate.

Vol. At what familiar rate?

Sir Ant. Sir, you may be reſpectful, look ſimply, and bow at a diſtance, in a modeſt deſpair of ever coming nearer to pleaſe; but I am for a cloſer converſation, when I like my company.

Vol. I am ſorry, ſir, my carriage gives offence; but I muſt think you treat me more familiarly, that ſaucily ſhou'd dare to cenſure me, limit my actions, and preſcribe me rules.

Sir Ant. A fooliſh fellow, madam, not worth your anger; leave him to his repentance, and your ſcorn.

Ilf. I muſt bear it all.

Vol. But pray, how came this difference?

Ilf. 'Twas your quarrel, madam.

Vol. I am ſorry for it.

Sir Ant. You may judge what a huſband he'll make, who (being but a ſervant) dares aſſume an authority over you——

Vol. Which I never gave him, that I remember.

Sir Ant. I told you, you were out of the road of her favour. [*To* Ilford.

Vol. The report of this quarrel, and the occaſion of it, will be but a ſcandalous addition to my fame, when it comes to be the tattle of the town.

Ilf. It ſhall go no further for me.

Vol. I ſuppoſe the folly on't will keep you ſilent; you may be aſham'd on't indeed.

Ilf. I beg your pardon for it.

Vol. Beg Sir *Antony*'s; for till he pardons you, I am ſure I won't.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. There is no remedy, you muſt ſubmit.

Ilf. I am a woman's fool, and muſt obey.

[*They embrace.*

Sir Ant. 'Tis many a wiſe man's fortune.

Ilf. We are friends.

Vol. If you have favours to expect from me, deſerve 'em by fair means.

Sir Ant. Or come to me, and I'll ſpeak a good word for thee to the lady.

Ilf. You triumph, ſir.

Sir Ant. 'Till when, we take our leaves.

[*Leads* Volante *out.*

Ilf. Pox! I deſerve it all, for putting it into her power to uſe me ſo; he's ten years younger than I am, and conſequently ſo much handſomer in her eye: he prates a great deal more, and better than I do for her purpoſe, and therefore lies better in her ear; he has the advantage of me in every vanity that can betray a girl; *Volante*'s a girl, and what could I expect from my honourable love for her, when, in the weakneſs of a woman's choice, ſhe will prefer the preſent laughing hour to all that can come after. If this would cure me now, 'twere a leſſon well learn'd: I'll hear what the pilgrim can ſay upon this ſubject; I'll liſten to his lie; they are leſs miſchievous, and may drive this woman out of my head. [*Exit.*

Enter Floriante *and* Charlott.

Flo. Is not that Sir *Antony?*

Char. With my couſin *Volante.* We ſhall have 'em at the turning of the walk.

Flo. They are proper counſellors for our purpoſe of diſobedience——

Char. As we could ha' met withal.

Flo. You'll be no nun, ſiſter?

Char. Nor you no counteſs?

Flo. I would be as willingly enclos'd in the walls of a monaſtery, as in the arms of that count *Varole*: and in the arms of death rather than in either.

Char.

Char. Well, I'm not ſo difficult; I had rather be alive upon any terms, than dead upon the beſt; I had rather be a nun, than be nothing at all; tho' there's nothing I had not rather be, than be a nun.

Flo. Any man's company rather than the company of all women.

Char. 'Tis more to my honour, I confeſs to you, among the reſt of my venial offences; but *Valentine!* he is your man, ſiſter; would I had the fellow of him——

Flo. For your confeſſor, ſiſter?

Char. I could confeſs ſomething to him that would make him enjoin me another kind of penance than my prayers.

Flo. What! abſolve you from your devotion?

Char. And perſuade him to make a ſinner of me, rather than ſuffer my father to make me a ſaint ſo much before my time.

Flo. You are a mad girl: but what of *Valentine?*

Char. He ſhould not be out of our deſign.

Flo. I'll anſwer for him, he won't.

Char. His intereſt's ſo concern'd, he ſhould not be wanting in any occaſion of abuſing our father.

Flo. Or of uſing the count as he deſerves.

Char. They're both behind us, mum——

Enter count Canaile *and count* Verole.

Can. I have prepar'd my daughter to receive the honour you intend our houſe and her, by this alliance with us; ſhe too well knows what's owing to a father and herſelf, to my authority and her own birth, now to diſpute what I deſign for her; ſhe has my will, the reſt I leave to you—— [*Exit.*

Ver. Madam, you hear your father; and I come
Thro' his authority, to ſpeak my love;
Tho' bateing his authority, I muſt think
There need not many arguments to move,
More than your knowing me, and what I am.

Flo. My lord, that goes a great way with me, I aſſure you.

Char.

Char. She knows you and your qualities, my lord, and eſteems 'em accordingly: I have heard her ſay, ſhe was very much oblig'd to you, and ſhould be more——

Flo. If he would hang himſelf—— [*Aſide.*

Ver. For what, young lady?

Char. For your kind care of me.

Ver. I'm glad you're ſenſible I mean you well.

Char. O yes, ſir, ſenſible! ſo ſenſible, I muſt be oblig'd in conſcience to thank you: for adviſing my father to ſend me to a nunnery.——The devil take you for you advice. [*Aſide.*

Ver. A nunnery is virtue's beſt retreat from a bad world.

Char. But if my ſiſter's fortune, in your opinion,
Had not wanted mending more than my manners——

Flo. Fie, *Charlott*, you'll tell all.

Ver. How could ſhe gueſs at that?

Char. I might have continued in this bad world, for any advice the count would have given, in his great care of me to my father; but I'll be reveng'd on him—Do as much miſchief as I can while I am in the world, and repent when I am out on't, and can do no more.

Flo. Bring Sir *Antony* to my reſcue, I beſeech thee.
[*Exit* Charlott.

Ver. Your ſiſter's diſoblig'd,
But I've my ends in ſerving you——

Flo. In ſerving of yourſelf:
For what I get by her, my father ſays,
You muſt command.

Ver. To make it but more your's.

Flo. So you promiſe all before you have enclos'd us;
But poſſeſs'd,
Our fortunes, and our perſons are your ſlaves,
Us'd like your ſlaves, and often both abus'd.

Ver. This is a common ſubject for your ſex,

Enter Sir Antony, Volante, *and* Charlott.

To boaſt the glory of your wit upon;
But I'm above the taſte of common things,
Being born above the rank of common men.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Out of the rank, he means, of common men; and indeed, he ſcarcely looks of human kind.

Ver. What do I look like then?

Sir Ant. There's nothing like you; you are yourſelf.

Ver. I would be nothing elſe.

Sir Ant. What, not of God's creation?

Ver. I am of his creation.

Sir Ant. Of the king's you may be; but he who makes a count, ne'er made a man; remember that, and fall that mighty creſt.

Ver. It ſeems you know me then.

Sir Ant. By that coy, cock'd-up noſe, that hinders you
From ſeeing any man, that does not ſtand
Upon the ſhoulders of his anceſtors,
For long deſcents of far-fam'd heraldry.
I take you for a thing, they call a count;
For had you not been a count, you had been nothing,
At leaſt I'm ſure you had been nothing here.

Ver. I would be nothing, if I were no count.

Char. Pray more reſpect.

Flo. This is the count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. O, is it ſo?

Vol. That's to marry my couſin.

Sir Ant. I have been too bold, pray ladies join with me——

Char. To laugh at him.

Sir Ant. To aſk his pardon.

Ver. For the future, know me, and know yourſelf; I aſk no more.

Sir Ant. Then I am pardon'd, for I know myſelf,
And think I know your worſhip. Can you fight?

Ver. Ha? what do you mean?

Sir Ant. Why faith I come but upon a ſurly embaſſy; and a finical phraſe, that would fit the fineneſs of your quality, would not become my buſineſs.

Ver. What does the gentleman mean?

Sir Ant. Walk but aſide with me, I'll tell you what I mean.

Ver. You have no ſecret for me?

Sir Ant. Why then it ſhall be none.

Ver.

Ver. He won't draw before the women, ſure. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. Since the ladies muſt be by, as they muſt be the judges at laſt, you muſt know then, I come to you from a gentleman——

Ver. Is he no more?

Sir Ant. He's every thing in that, that makes a man.

Ver. You may go as you came, for me, ſir, if he be but a gentleman.

Sir Ant. His name is *Valentine*, your rival in that lady.

Ver. My rival is my equal; I am born
Above his rank, he cannot rival me.

Sir Ant. He does rival you, and will rival you.

Ver. Envy he may my fortune with that lady.

Sir Ant. Well! envy then, if that muſt be the word; He envies you;
And only wants an opportunity
Of telling you, how much he envies you.

Flo. A modeſt requeſt truly.

Char. He can't deny it him——

Vol. Before his miſtreſs too.

Sir Ant. Now, ſir, if you will be ſo courteous, as by me, who am to be his ſecond, to favour him with knowing where and when he may wait upon you, you will oblige me by this civility to ſerve your friend, as he deſigns to ſerve you.

Ver. How may that be, pray?

Sir Ant. To cut your throat, ſir.

Ver. O, ſir, I'll ſpare his compliment.

Sir Ant. My friend's an *Engliſhman*, and never loſes a miſtreſs for want of fighting for her, I aſſure you; nay, I have known ſome of my countrymen, rather than not make a quarrel in the families they made love in, have beat their very women into good nature, and conſent.

Char. It ſhou'd be good nature for another then.

Flo. Such arguments wou'd not prevail on us.

Vol. Unleſs to cuckold 'em.

Sir Ant. For one reaſon or another, [*Goes to* Verole.
There are cuckolds every where.

Char.

Char. How will our count get rid of this buſineſs?

Sir Ant. I wait your anſwer, ſir.

Ver. My anſwer is, when I am as angry as your friend is, which, at preſent, I have no reaſon to be, nor to a day, can certainly ſay when I ſhall be——

Sir Ant. You muſt be made angry then.

Ver. When I am under a defeat of my hopes about that lady, as he may be, and in an abſolute deſpair of better ſucceſs, and have nothing elſe to do with myſelf, I may be angry, and then I may fight with him.

Sir Ant. Muſt you be angry when you fight?

Ver. Or mad, or drunk; 'tis no employment for a ſober man.

Sir Ant. Have you no notion of courage?

Ver. Notion indeed, young man; for courage is
No more than juſt ſuch a degree of heat,
To ſome complexions natural; but they
Who want that heat, may raiſe their ſpirits to't.

Sir Ant. Ay marry! there's a receipt indeed.

Ver. Paſſion will fire the coldeſt elements:
The lees of wine ferment the dulleſt phlegm
To froth and vapour; I've ſeen a drunkard in
His fit, attempt dangers to rival *Cæſar*:
If ſuch extravagancies make the brave,
Madmen are heroes.

Sir Ant. This won't do my buſineſs. Will you fight?

Ver. 'Tis common ſoldiers work.

Sir Ant. You muſt fight with him.

Ver. Not while I can hire ruffians to take the trouble off my hands.

Sir Ant. You muſt expect to be us'd very ſcurvily, wherever he meets you.

Enter Valentine, Ilford, *with Sir* Gent. Golding.

Ver. I ſhall be provided for him.

Sir Ant. O, here he comes himſelf.

Ver. If you're for muſt'ring your friends, I have your father of my party [*Exit in diſord r, women laugh at him.*

Val. The ladies never want an entertainment, when

they have Sir *Antony* to encourage the mirth. Pray what particular diverſion has he given you?

Clar. Very particular indeed.

[*The ladies aſide with* Valentine.

Val. You were a party concern'd.

Flo. And only wanting to make up the farce.

Sir Ant. Yes, this is he, my very, very fool!

Sir Gent. Very handſome gentlewomen indeed, all three of 'em: and that's Sir *Antony* that the Abbé commended ſo much.

Iſf. The very ſame, ſir.

Sir Gent. I will be acquainted with him——

[*Goes to ſalute Sir* Ant.

Iſf. Sir *Antony*——

Sir Gent. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir Ant. Do you know me, ſir?

Sir Gent. Not I; but I'm an *Engliſhman*, and the *Engliſh* always keep together abroad, they ſay, for fear of being cheated.

Iſf. Of their money, or manners?

Sir Ant. Of their mother-tongue.

Sir Gent. Of their mother-church, their religion. Now I, deſigning to continue as I am——

Iſf. A fool.

Sir Gent. Have a mind to ſpend my money among my countrymen.

Sir Ant. You're very welcome——

Iſf. To be cheated only by your friends.

Sir Gent. There's *Valentine*, a very pretty fellow; but I have known him a great while; I am for variety, and freſh faces; here's honeſt *Ilford*, my very good friend, of half an hour's acquaintance, will recommend me.

Sir Ant. You recommend yourſelf, ſir.

Sir Gent. Truly I hear you are an extraordinary perſon, and a knight, ſir; I am a knight myſelf, ſir!

Sir Ant. And an extraordinary perſon truly: pray of what family, ſir?

Sir Gent. Of what family? Of my father's family before me; the family of the *Goldings*, of which, I am your ſervant, and Sir *Gentle Golding*.

Val.

Val. Alas poor count! I vow I pity him. Where's this mad knight? Oh!

[*Sees the two knights in ſalutation.*

You are before me it ſeems; but ſince I come too late to recommend Sir *Gentle* to you, pray do you recommend him to the ladies.

Sir Ant. This is Sir *Gentle Golding*——

[*Sir* Gent. *ſalutes the women.*

Sir Gent. Sir, as I may ſay, I may thank you for this favour.

Sir Ant. If you are for this ſport, I'll find you game, ſir.

Sir Gent. O, of all things I love the women.

Vol. Sir *Gentle* declares that by his dreſſing.

Sir Ant. You ſhan't dreſs in vain, I'll find you employment among 'em.

Sir Gent. I'll depend upon you then, and from this time forward we muſt be intimate as men of the ſame brotherhood, and worſhip——ought to be.

Char. See, ſee, our count has rally'd again!

[*Looking on.*

Val. With your father in his tail, to ſuſtain him.

Flo. We muſt not ſtay till they come. At night I may expect you?

Val. If any thing extraordinary happens——

Vol. I'll come expreſs with the tidings.

Flo. You ſhall hear from us.

Sir Ant. Your ſervant, your ſervant. [*Exeunt women.*

Val. You ſee, Sir *Gentle*, we make a ſhift.

Sir Ant. Make ſhift! we make a carnival; all the year a carnival: every man his woman, and a new one at every town we come at.

Sir Gent. Ah, would I could ſay ſo too?

Val. You ſay ſo, Sir *Gentle?* Fie fie, you don't deſire to ſay ſo, to my knowledge.

Sir Gent. That's very fine i'faith.

Val. You only rally your countrymen.

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd, *Val*; tho' I love a joke, I never rally a friend.

Val. You a miſtreſs! why, you have forſworn the ſex!

Sr Gent. O lord, O lord! that's a likely buſineſs indeed! I forſwear the ſex! I would as ſoon forſwear my own ſex, as the women's; why, I have made it my endeavour, ever ſince I was a man of eſtate, to be accounted a knight of intrigue; ſo you never were more miſtaken ſince you were born, ſir.

Val. Why, what a lying world we live in! I was told you were ſo ſcurvily us'd in *England*——

Sir Gent. Softly, ſoftly, man.

Val. By *Lucia*——

Sir Gent. A jilting jade! you knew her, not worth remembering.

Val. That you were reſolv'd never to venture on the ſex again.

Sir Gent. Pr'ythee, dear *Val*, no more on't: there's ſome ill-nature in my part of the ſtory; I would not have it go further for my own ſake.

Iſf. It goes no further for our hearing it.

Sir Ant. We know it already.

Sir Gent. Ay, it may be ſo; I confeſs, poor creature, I gave her a jealouſy of another woman.

Sir Ant. And that perhaps, in her deſpair of pleaſing you much longer, might be a reaſon of doing what ſhe did.

Sir Gent. Why truly very likely.

Val. And therefore ſhe robb'd you.

Iſf. Of five hundred pounds.

Sir Ant. She might ha' ſhew'd a conſcience in her cheating though! five hundred pounds was too much in reaſon——

Sir Gent. Sir *Antony*, you are my friend upon all occaſions; but the truth is, I gave her an opportunity; left my cabinet open on purpoſe; and was glad to get rid of her for the money.

Sir Ant. You ſhall pay as round a ſum for this lie, before I part with your vanity. [*Aſide.*

Val. And this is all?

Sir Gent. The ſhort and long of the ſtory.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Leave the ſilly creature to her garret, where ſhe will be in a little time: ſhe'll hang herſelf in her garters when the money is ſpent.

Sir Gent. I warrant her, will ſhe, and be glad to come off ſo too.

Val. So, forgetting diſaſters at home, you travel——

Ilf. To drive an old miſtreſs out of his head.

Sir Ant. And recover here, what he had loſt in *England*, by the gallantry of a *French* intrigue——

Sir Gent. Which I come qualified for, gentlemen; being able to bid up to the price of any of 'em.

Val. If you ſhew your money, we may borrow.

Sir Gent. You may borrow, but I never lend; you are acquainted, and have your good breeding and behaviour to recommend you to the ladies.

Sir Ant. You ſhew your wiſdom in your good huſbandry, Sir *Gentle*; you are a ſtranger, and muſt be oblig'd to your pocket for what you muſt expect from them.

Sir Gent. And therefore, Sir *Antony*, I will part with my new acquaintances, my luid'ores, to none but the ladies.

Sir Ant. Money does every thing with the women in *France*, ſir.

Sir Gent. I won't ſpare it upon them, Sir *Antony*: I rely upon you for a miſtreſs then.

Sir Ant. You ſhall ſee her this evening.

Sir Gent. Bills and buſineſs, gentlemen; but now we live together, no ceremony: adieu for a moment; and dear Sir *Antony*, yours. [*Exit.*

Val. You are in his favour.

Sir Ant. And will be in his pocket: leave him to me.

Enter Abbé, Pilgrim, *and* Waitwell.

Ilf. Our Abbé and the *Pilgrim* again! this viſit is to you.

Sir Ant. He has a mind to make a convert of me, that's certain: but whether in the fleſh or the ſpirit, is the queſtion.

Val. He's for the outward man, I warrant him.

Ilf. And his arguments of this world, whatever the *Pilgrim*'s may be.

Abb. Ah my little man! you have loſt a mighty ſatisfaction; the *Pilgrim* has wrought wonders upon us all within.

Val. Much above my expectation, indeed.

Ilf. His ſtory ſtaggers me, I confeſs; and has cur'd me of an old diffidence I had of all religious pretenders.

Sir Ant. Well, he's a rogue; and you han't found him.

Abb. You are the only infidel in the company.

Sir Ant. You diſſemble a belief; 'tis neceſſary to the church, and you get by the trade; but none of you remove mountains, that I hear of.

Abb. Do but hear what he can ſay.

Sir Ant. I'll give him both my ears——

[Pilgrim *advances.*

But not a word here; I muſt have him to myſelf, to diſcover the bottom of him. [*To* Waitwell.

Pilg. 'Tis a work of the ſpirit indeed; and the ſpirit works unſeen on human eyes; therefore in private would do very well.

Sir Ant. Do as I order you. [*Exit* Waitwell.

Pilg. There is an obſtinacy in ſin, that won't be confuted before company; reproof may return into our own teeth, a rebuke and a reproach unto ourſelves. For which reaſon I am aſſur'd, that a privacy in communication, and a retirement from the eyes of the world (when the cauſe is conſcientious) are always neceſſary to a conviction and converſion of the wicked.

Sir Ant. Thoſe neceſſaries thou ſhalt have at my lodging; I follow thee, *Pilgrim*: farewel gentlemen; if I am convinced in this point, and live to ſet foot in *England* again, I ſhall ſatisfy the ſe heretical unbelievers, that I have ſeen one miracle in a catholic country.

[*Exit after the* Pilgrim.

Ilf. Thus every man to his own intereſt tends:
The *Pilgrim* makes his converts, we make friends,
With the ſame conſcience all, for our own ends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Waitwell *placing bottles on the table.*

Enter Sir Antony *and the* Pilgrim.

Sir Ant. THIS is a dry ſubject, *Pilgrim*; there's no engaging in't without a bottle.

Pilg. You'll have your own way here. [*Walks about.*

Sir Ant. Have you infus'd the opiate in his wine?

Wait. I warrant him he ſleeps for't; your's is half-water.

Sir Ant. If I don't find him a knave, I'll make him a fool, for troubling me with his impertinence: but chiefly, for the dear jeſt of expoſing his reverence to the laughter of the prophane——Have you done there?——Lock the door, and let no body come near us.

[Waitwell *goes out.*

Now *Pilgrim*, we are alone; and ſit you down——

[Pilgrim *ſtands and croſſes himſelf and Sir* Antony. Nay, I will have no bleſſing upon our endeavours, but a bumper——this will baniſh croſſes: Here's to the falling of the fleſh, and the riſing of the ſpirit. [*Drinks.*

Pilg. 'Tis a myſterious health, of ſacred ſenſe! ev'n to the pulling down of ſatan's throne. [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. A little wine does well to qualify the water you drink in your pilgrimage.——

Pilg. Sometimes, without offence, wine may be us'd; tho' our whole life is but a pilgrimage——

[*Sir* Antony *fills again the glaſſes.*

Sir Ant. That's as you pleaſe to make it. Come, ſir, this is the ſearcher of hearts; here's to the opening of ours—— [*Drinks.*

Pilg. Hearts and eyes, that we may ſee our errors. This wine will warm him ſure. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. Confeſſion is a ſtep to repentance, you ſay.

Pilg. The ready road——

Sir Ant. Then drink off your glaſs, *Pilgrim*: how do you like your wine?

Pilg. 'Tis warm, I promiſe you——

Sir Ant. Able to diſtinguiſh a ſaint from a ſinner; and will keep you out of the mire, better than your wooden ſhoes.

Pilg. 'Twill rather leave us there. But to our purpoſe now——

Sir Ant. Another glaſs to ſtrengthen my attention; I ſhall edify the better by it. [*Fills the glaſs.*

Pilg. Sure he can't make me drunk. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. I expected you wou'd ha' drunk to my converſion.

Pilg. I ſhou'd ha' began it in charity, indeed; but I'll make you what reparation I may, and drink a full glaſs for my forgetfulneſs. [*Fills himſelf a bumper.*

Sir Ant. I warrant him my own. [*Aſide.*

Pilg. To your converſion be it—— [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. This is the way to't, and the pleaſantneſs road you can travel in: for let me tell you, the world is bad enough at the beſt; we need not take pains to make it worſe.

Pilg. Too many do indeed. [*Sir* Antony *drinks.*

Sir Ant. Such fooliſh apoſtles as thou art then: why, I begin to deſpair of thee: I took thee for a ſanguine, ſenſual ſinner, a man of ſenſe, and an hypocrite. But I find thee a peaking penitent, and an aſs.

Pilg. You ſit in the ſeat of the ſcorner.

Sir Ant. Tho' you paſs upon the Abbé and other fools, I expected you wou'd have open'd yourſelf to me: I profeſs myſelf what I thought you were under your habit, a rogue: we might have been of uſe to one another. But ſince you are for cheating no body but yourſelf, [*Fills again.*] I'll make an end of my bottle and buſineſs, and leave you to ſay grace to the next courteſy I offer you. [*Drinks.*

Pilg. I muſt not loſe this opportunity.

Sir Ant. Now I begin to believe all the ſilly things you have ſaid of yourſelf; your being weary of, and leaving the world, when you have a good ſhare of it your own; your parting with the pleaſures (which you call the vanities) of it, at a time, when you were in a condi-

condition of enjoying 'em, by a ſenſeleſs reſigning up your birth-right——

Pilg. My ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant Of a conſiderable quality and fortune to a younger brother; who indeed needed no other expectation for his wants, than the abundance of your folly to live upon.

Pilg. You cenſure me too raſhly. [*Riſes.*

Sir Ant. I ſpeak my thoughts, and am ſo far from imitating you any way, that when an elder brother ſtood between me and a good eſtate, I made bold to remove him.

Pilg. By no violent means?

Sir Ant. Something before his time. I had a jointure too incumber'd me; but a phyſician after my own heart eas'd me and my good lady grandmother.

Pilg. And dare you own it?

Sir Ant. Not at a bar of juſtice.

Pilg. So horrid a villainy!

Sir Ant. Never troubles me: I dont proclaim it but in my cups, and where I think I'm ſafe to men of my own kidney——

Pilg. You confeſs yourſelf a villain?

Sir Ant. Any kind of rogue that ſerves my turn; for I am of a principle that levels every thing in the way of my pleaſure or profit.

Pilg. A worthy principle!

Sir Ant. I cheat the men, and lye with the women, as many as I can get in my power.

Pilg. Sir, I honour you: pray ſit down again. [*They ſit.*

Sir Ant. To hear you preach again?

Pilg. And are you really this rogue you pretend to be?

Sir Ant. Are you the fool you pretend to be?

Pilg. I muſt come nearer to you. [*Shews a caſket.*

Sir Ant. How, jewels!

Pilg. I bring my welcome with me.

Sir Ant. Enough to ſet up a ſaint: the Lady of *Loretto* may keep her chamber; thou haſt ſpoil'd her holy-days, by robbing her ſhrine; for thou haſt robb'd hers, or ſome other, that's certain.

Pilg. 'Tis certain I have the jewels: how I came by 'em, and why I put on this habit——

Sir Ant. Then you are no *Pilgrim?*

Pilg. No more than you are a prieſt. I am as arrant a rogue as you can be: a ſhifter of ſhapes and names; have travell'd through ever profeſſion, and cheated in all; ſo having by my induſtry gather'd a handſome fortune, I converted that into jewels, and myſelf into a *Pilgrim*, for the ſafer conveyance of both into *Spain*, whither I was going 'till I light upon you.

Sir Ant. I ſaw you thro' your weeds, and had a mind to diſcover you.

Pilg. Well, now you have diſcover'd me——

Sir Ant. Why, now I like you.

Pilg. But are you ſure you like me?

Sir Ant. Like you extremely.

Pilg. If you can like me, you may love me too; for a woman I know you are.

Sir Ant. Am I diſcover'd too—— [*Aſide.*

Pilg. Nay, I'm reſolv'd to like you in any ſex

[*Squeezing and kiſſing her hand.*

But it is impoſſible ſuch beauty ſhould be a man's:
And I will think you a woman, [*Approaching ſtill nearer.*
'Till you convince me to the contrary.

Sir Ant. Have you a miſtreſs to be convinc'd to the contrary?

Pilg. We were made for one another's converſation; here's that ſhall keep it in humour.

[*Lays his hand on the caſket.*

Sir Ant. I have heard of *Mark Antony*'s pearl cordial.

Pilg. You ſhall drink nothing elſe but pearl diſſolv'd: Ha! What's the matter with me? [*Yawns oft n.*

Sir Ant. Now, now my doſe begins——you grow indifferent——

Pilg. My ſenſes vaniſh all.

[*Kiſſes, and ſtruggles all he can againſt it; but falls into his chair aſleep.*

Sir Ant. What, fall a-ſleep before me?

Pilg. By and by I'll come again to you.

Sir

Sir Ant. So, he's as ſafe as his caſket in my cuſtody: governor, you may appear.

Enter Waitwell.

Here's an oriental preſent from the *Mogul*, by the hands of his embaſſador there.

Wait. He looks as he were drunk-dead, or dead-drunk.

Sir Ant. Examine his pockets, let's ſee what credentials he has for his character, tho' you ſee I have treated him like an embaſſador without 'em.

Wait. Here are tablets full of *memorandums*, to avoid ſuch and ſuch places where he has done his rogueries.

Sir Ant. Very well; theſe, when he awakes, will make good, if he ſhould have the impudence to diſpute my title to the theft.

Wait. You won't keep all the jewels?

Sir Ant. A round ranſom may redeem 'em; but him I muſt expoſe, governor; when I ſend for him, bring him in a chair to the Abbé's.

Wait. Moſt carefully.

Sir Ant. And if Sir *Gentle* enquire for me, as I expect he will, direct him thither.

Wait. I won't fail.

Sir Ant. I have a miſtreſs for him. [*Exit.*

[*The* Pilgrim *carry'd off.*

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet.*

Ilford *alone.*

Ilf. Volante is ſo buſy for another, ſhe has nothing to do for herſelf; ſo cloſely employ'd for *Valentine*, ſhe has no employment for any body; or when ſhe has, 'tis partially deſign'd for that boy-knight, in prejudice of every man that may with more reaſon pretend——

Sir Antony *croſſes the ſtage.*

Sir *Antony*——Sir *Antony*——a word with you——

Sir Ant. Pr'ythee let me go; I am big with a jeſt, and ſhall certainly miſcarry with the firſt grave word you ſay to me.

Ilf. Be deliver'd of our burden then, lay it at my door; I'll father it for a friend.

[*Bringing him back by the hand.*

Sir Ant. As ſome men wou'd a baſtard, for the reputation of getting it.

Ilf. I have thought better of this rivalling buſineſs between us: I ſee plainly *Volante* declares for you——

Sir Ant. I think the poor creature loves me indeed.

Ilf. And 'tis to no purpoſe to proceed——

Sir Ant. None in the world, ſir.

Ilf. In the meaſures I had taken in making my way to her: therefore now I come, like a friend, to deſire a favour of you.

Sir Ant. Now you ſay ſomething, *Ilford.*

Ilf. And like a friend to adviſe you; you're a very pretty fellow, and have a great many dancing years to trip over, before you come to be ſerious.

Sir Ant. I hope ſo, ſir.

Ilf. You ſhou'd ramble before you ſettle——

Sir Ant. For fear of rambling after——

Ilf. You are too great a good, among the women, to think of being particular; a dozen years too gay for the condition——

Sir Ant. Too gay for a lover?

Ilf. Too gay for a huſband.

Sir Ant. Ay, marry, ſir, a huſband!

Ilf. How, ſir?

Sir Ant. I make love ſometimes, but do not often marry.

Ilf. What do you follow *Volante* for then?

Sir Ant. Can't you tell for what? for as good a thing you may ſwear, *Ilford:* you gueſs at her inclinations, poor rogue; and a lady ſhall never loſe her longing upon me; I deſign to lie with her.

Ilf. Without marrying her?

Sir Ant. Without aſking any conſent but her own; I am not for many words, when I have a mind to be doing.

Ilf. So impudent a thing I never heard!

Enter

Enter Volante.

Vol. Quarrelling again, gentlemen!

Sir Ant. Upon the old ſubject.

Ilf. I hate the emplyment and character of an informer: but you come ſo upon the ſcandalous minute, I muſt tell you what that young gentleman——

Vol. Sir *Antony* has no friend of you, ſir.

Ilf. Nor you of him, madam; as you will find, when you hear what he ſays of you.

Vol. Pray, what's the matter?

Ilf. He has the impudence not only to deſign it, but ev'n to me his rival, who love and honour you——

Vol. Your ſtory, ſir, your ſtory!

Ilf. He dares notoriouſly tell me to my face, that he never deſign'd to marry you; but becauſe you were in love with him, poor creature, he wou'd do you the favour to lye with you.

Sir Ant. Madam, you know he hates me upon your account; and this is one of the poor endeavours of his malice to ruin me: you can't think I wou'd be ſuch a villain——

Vol. I won't think it, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. Such an ideot, if I cou'd have it in my head, to declare it to my rival.

Vol. Oh no——it is not probable.

Ilf. By heav'n and earth he ſaid it.

Vol. I wou'd not believe it for earth and heav'n, if he did.

Ilf. Nay then 'tis labour loſt.

Vol. If you'll deliver this letter to *Valentine*, you'll do him more ſervice [*Gives* Ilford *a letter*] than you have me with your news——I won't leave you behind me, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. I am going to the Abbé's, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Ilf. Well! I cou'd almoſt wiſh he wou'd lie with her, to convince her; tho' ſhe won't believe me, ſhe will him; and that, in time, will be a ſufficient revenge upon her folly.

Enter Abbé *and* Valentine *to* Ilford: *Count* Verole, *with ſix Bravoes on the other ſide; they ſtare upon each other, and paſs on.* Abbé, Valentine, *and* Ilford *remain.*

Abb. The count has his *guard de corps*, *Valentine.*

Val. Sir *Antony* has alarm'd him.

Ilf. He is in a ſtate of war, fit to give battle already.

Val. What he wants in his perſon, he has in his equipage: but they threaten too much, to do any harm.

Abb. Do you ſecure your perſon; *Volante* ſhall ſecure your miſtreſs againſt him, I warrant her.

Ilf. Here's a letter ſhe gave me for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Abbé's Houſe.*

Pilgrim *brought in a chair*: *Sir* Antony Love *after it.*

Sir Ant. Down with your burthen; and place him in that chair. So, this is as proper a ſcene to recommend our farce to the family as we can have——

Enter Waitwell.

Wait. Sir *Gentle Golding* is below, and wou'd ſpeak with you.

Sir Ant. One of you bring him up——

[*To the chairmen, who go out.*

Governor, he muſt not know you belong to me.

Wait. I know your deſign upon him; and I'll begone to put things in order to receive him——

Sir Ant. To receive *Valentine*: he ſhall be welcome to me; but to deceive Sir *Gentle.*

Wait. You are as buſy as a projector; ſome of your plots muſt miſcarry.

Sir Ant. Ha! he begins to ſtir: how long will the opiate hold him?

Wait. If he wakes before the company comes, you loſe your pleaſure of laughing at him.

Sir Ant. But I have a ſudden thought may give us a better diverſion. [*Exit* Waitwell.

Enter

Enter Sir G

Sir Gent. Sir *Antony*, your h
ſervant.

Sir Ant. Sir *Gentle*, I have done yo

Sir Gent. With the lady you promis'd

Sir Ant. With that very lady; I've ſecur
ment for you; but being a woman of quality—

Sir Gent. There you oblige me for ever.

Sir Ant. Tho' ſomething decay'd, and fall'n in
fortune——She muſt be humour'd in little things; ſhe will have her forms.

Sir Gent. I warrant her; and very fit ſhe ſhou'd. A perſon of quality is known by her forms.

Sir Ant. They laſt but 'till the evening, then I'll carry you to wait on her. [*Shews the* Pilgrim.] Here's a drunken *Pilgrim* will afford you merriment enough to entertain ſome part of the time.

Sir Gent. Dead drunk, as I intend to live ſober.

Sir Ant. Do me the favour to ſtay, and ſecure him, if he ſhou'd awake. I'll but bring the Abbé and his family to ſhare in abuſing him, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. Why, what an unlucky, hypocritical rogue is this, to be diſcover'd, and to lye at the mercy of Sir *Antony!* If he were but half as holy as he pretended, he might 'ſcape by miracle; but he ſleeps ſo ſound, no revelation can wake him.

Pilg. Boy, draw the curtain, ſirrah——

[*Turns in his chair, and makes ſigns of waking.*

Sir Gent. Is the light in your eyes, ſir? What pains he takes to come to himſelf! Gad, I'll play the rogue with him——I'll be the midwife to his labour—— Stay, let me ſee, a ſtiff ſtraw wou'd do rarely, to probe his ſobriety. If his brain be touch'd, he'll take up the more time in his cure, and 'tis well if ever he be his own man again. Now for the experiment.

[*Tickling his nose, the* Pilgrim *jumps up, and throws Sir* Gentle *along, and in his thoughtfulneſs ſtumbles over him: both amazed, raiſe themſelves upon their bottoms, and ſtare at each other.*

Pilg.

ere have I been? Where re? Who are you? What

elf in a wiſh to *England.* Wou'd 's belly again.

conjure you, ſpeak to me. e's as heartily frightened as I can be; I'll ſpirit and ſpeak to him.

Some ill thing has poſſeſs'd me.

Sir Gent. Yes, poſſeſs'd thou art; by the lewd ſpirit of powerful wine poſſeſs'd, A drunken devil.

Pilg. A bottle, and Sir *Antony* I remember, and the diſcoveries I made him. [*Both riſe.*

Sir Gent. You are diſcover'd, and in the Abbé's houſe——

Pilg. In the Abbé's houſe!

Sir Gent. Where now your buſineſs is to be laugh'd at, and expos'd; and the whole family are coming to make your holineſs a ridiculous viſit to that purpoſe.

Pilg. That young rogue Sir *Antony!* has he done nothing elſe to me? [*Examining his pockets.*] Undone! undone! I'm robb'd, and ruin'd! My jewels gone! my table-book gone too! that may do me more harm than the jewels can do any body good.

Sir Gent. Have you loſt your learning? How cou'd you miſs it ſo ſoon? A table-book?

Pilg. Sir, I am robb'd; and I took you very ſuſpiciouſly about my pockets; you ſhall anſwer the robbery.

Sir Gent. Why, do I look like a pickpocket? I'd have you to know, I ſcorn your words: but that trick ſhan't ſerve your turn——

Pilg. Serve my turn, ſir—— [*Offering to go by him.*

Sir Gent. You muſt not 'ſcape me ſo

Pilg. Why, ſir, am I your priſoner? I muſt not be found here. [*Aſide.*] I have an inkhorn may frighten him.

Sir Gent. Look you, ſir, here's the inſide of my pockets; I have nothing about me but bills of exchange,

and

and this purſe of *Elizabeth* broad gold: you ſhall ſearch me, if you pleaſe.

Pilg. I have ſearch'd you, and found you, and muſt go by you too—— [*Preſents an inkhorn to his breaſt.*

Sir Gent. O Lord, ſir! I don't hinder you——

Pilg. No, no, you had not beſt.

Sir Gent. Pray take it away: I have a natural averſion to the ſmell of gun-powder——Tho' 'twill be difficult to get away, for the ſervants are order'd to ſtop you.

Pilg. How! to ſtop me!

Sir Gent. Now he won't offer to go.

Pilg. The ſervants order'd to ſtop me, do you ſay?

Sir Gent. If you be the *Pilgrim.*

Pilg. Then I'll be the *Pilgrim* no longer——. [*Undreſſes himſelf.*

Sir Gent. What will you be then pray?

Pilg. Ev'n Sir *Gentle Golding*; I will get off in your perſon, ſince I can't in my own; I muſt change outſides with you—— [*Gives to undreſs Sir* Gent. Gold.

Sir Gent. O Lord, ſir! there's no occaſion for it; I know nothing of a deſign upon you.

Pilg. That's more than I know.

Sir Gent. Faith and trot.a now, what I ſaid, was only to play the rogue with you.

Pilg. And what I do, is to play the fool with you. You muſt ſtrip, ſir.

Sir Gent. O, but this is carrying the jeſt too far.

Pilg. Look you, you may keep your worſhip and wit for your own wearing; but I muſt borrow your cloaths.

Sir Gent. At any other time and welcome; I ſhould be pleas'd with the humour on't; but this is my firſt day of wearing 'em; beſides, there's a miſtreſs in the caſe—— [*Dreſſes himſelf in Sir* Gentle's *cloaths.*

Pilg. As long as you live, prefer a friend to a miſtreſs, Sir *Gentle*; come, ſir, a little of your aſſiſtance.

Sir Gent. But I am to ſee her this evening: and one wou'd be well dreſs'd you know, the firſt time.

Pilg. If you muſt ſee your miſtreſs, viſit her in maſquerade; 'tis a faſhionable way of beginning an intrigue ——and

——and a pilgrim's habit——is as fantaſtical, as you can contrive———to give a lady a curioſity———of knowing more of you——and that I know is your buſineſs.

Sir Gent. That is my buſineſs indeed: but if I loſe my time——

Pilg. Don't make a noiſe, nor follow me; if you wou'd ſee her, or little *England* again, know your friends, and give thanks, ſir—— [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. What a paſs have I brought myſelf to, by my own policy! why muſt I needs lye myſelf out of my cloaths? If I had held my tongue, or ſpoke but the truth, he wou'd ha' gone about his buſineſs, without interrupting mine. Now here I muſt ſtay, to be expos'd in his room: but in a foolither figure, than ever the *Pilgrim* made: he was only diſguis'd; but I am ſtripp'd. He was drunk indeed; wou'd I were dead drunk, to cover my ſhame any way; wou'd I had any diſguiſe. 'Gad I'll put on the *Pilgrim*'s——It can't be worſe with me—— Beſides, the reſpect that is paid to this cloathing, will at leaſt carry me ſafe to my lodging. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Pilgrim *in Sir* Gentle's *cloaths, with Monſieur* Traſſique.

Traſſ. Sir, I have accepted theſe bills already.

Pilg. I know you have: but my occaſions falling out more extraordinary than I expected, I am forc'd to preſs you for this bill of a hundred piſtoles, before the day.

Traſſ. I have ſo often ſuffer'd for thoſe complimental payments, that I have reſolv'd againſt 'em: but my correſpondent gives me an account of Sir *Gentle Goading*; you ſhall have what credit you pleaſe with me.

Pilg. A hundred piſtoles I have preſent uſe for.

Traſſ. If my caſhier were at home, you ſhould have 'em along with you; but in the morning, as ſoon as you pleaſe——

Pilg.

Pilg. I'll ſend my ſervant to you——Pray, ſir, what news have you in the city?

Traff. The neweſt, ſir, is of a *Pilgrim*, that is ſuſpected of ſomething; I am imperfect in the particulars; but there are warrants out to apprehend him, that I know.

Pilg. There's no believing outſides; ſir, your ſervant. [*Exit* Pilg.

Traff. So I think too: and therefore I will be better inform'd, whether you are Sir *Gentle Golding* or no, before I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Pilgrim *at another door.*

Pilg. The hundred piſtoles, if I had receiv'd 'em, had carry'd me off cleverly, and for ſome time ſupported my deſigns in another place, till an opportunity had favour'd me in making a handſome compoſition with Sir *Antony* about my jewels——however, I make a pretty good figure ſtill; here's a good ſuit of cloaths to begin the world with again——

[*Strutting and looking on his cloaths.*

Enter Courtaut, *the taylor's man.*

Court. Bleſs your worſhip, Sir *Gentle*, long may you live to wear 'em; how do your cloaths fit you, ſir?

Pilg. Very well, friend, very well.

Court. Have you forgot me, maſter?

Pilg. No, no, I han't forgot thee; for I never ſaw thee before.

Court. I am poor *Courtaut*, your taylor's finiſher; I brought your honour's cloaths home to you this morning——

Pilg. Did you ſo, did you ſo?

Court. By the ſame token, you ſaid, you would give me ſomething to drink your health; but you were pleas'd to forget it.

Pilg. I remember I gave thee nothing indeed; but the next time——

Court. Ay, an't like your honour, I am contented to ſtay, if my maſter would: but he has beaten me black and

and blue for leaving the cloaths behind me, without money.

Pilg. Gad forgive me; that I ſhould forget that too! But come to my lodging an hour hence———

Court. Pleaſe you, I'll wait upon you now to your lodging———

Pilg. How ſhall I ſhake him off? [*Aſide.*

Court. For I dare not go home without the money, or ſome part on't.

Pilg. Here, take this purſe, 'tis more than the debt, but take the reſt for thyſelf, now I remember thee——

Enter Traffique *with a ſervant of Sir* Gentle's.

The *Elizabeth* broad gold has deliver'd me.

Serv. Yes, maſter monſieur, that is maſter, Sir *Gentle Gelding.* You ſhall ſee me ſpeak to him——

[*Goes to the* Pilgrim.

Traff. Young man, a word with you. [*To* Courtaut.

Pilg. More debts to pay! I ſhall fall like an executor without aſſets.

Serv. Sir I have been about your buſineſs, with the meſſenger, as you order'd me——

Pilg. This is one of my *Engliſh* ſervants, it ſeems; I'll anſwer him in *French* to get rid of him.

Serv. If you were at leiſure——

Pilg. Que demandez-vous? que dites-vous laquis? Entendez-vous le *Frarçois*, grand coquin?

Serv. How's this? I durſt ha' ſworn it had been my maſter; but I am ſure he has no more languages than tongues, and that his mother gave him: beſides, he's too good an *Engliſhman*, to learn any thing in another country.

Pilg. Je ne vous entens pas, je ne parle pas *Anglois.*

Serv. It ſeems I was miſtaken, ſir, this is ſome outlandiſh man; he can't ſpeak *Engliſh* ——

Traff. How, not ſpeak *Engliſh*?

Court. I'm ſure he paid me for the ſuit upon his back, but juſt now, in very good *Engliſh* ——

Traff. And would have borrow'd a hundred piſtoles of me, in as civil *Engliſh* ——

Pilg.

Pilg. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, gentlemen, I ſpoke *French* only to try if that fellow had learn'd any thing ſince he came into the country.

Serv. I'll have trial with you. This is ſome rogue that has murder'd my maſter——

Court. And ſtole his cloaths——

Traff. And robb'd him of his bills of Exchange.

[*Exeunt after the* Pilgrim.

Serv. Murder, murder! roguery, thievery, ſtop him!

Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, Ilford, *and* Abbé.

Ilf. Nay, the *Pilgrim* was in the right, in getting off before your evidence came upon him.

Abb. I never hear of ſo extraordinary a rogue, as he confeſſes himſelf to be in theſe tablets.

Val. But that our gentle knight, ſhould neither hinder him from going, nor be forthcoming himſelf, makes me believe ſome ridiculous accident has light upon him.

Sir Ant. Let it be but ridiculous enough, and I may forgive him.

Abb. The ports are ſhut, and for the *Pilgrim*, if he be in the city, we ſhall have him again.

Enter Sir Gentle *in the* Pilgrim's *habit.*

Ilf. What's that ſneaks by us ſo?

Val. Our very, very ſaint. [*Gathering about him.*

Sir Ant. Good morrow, *Pilgrim!*

Abb. Won't you know your friends?

Ilf. We were too late for your levee. But men of your auſterity and life never indulge the fleſh, by ſleeping long; you are an early ſtirrer.

Abb. Pray look up: you can do nothing ſure to caſt you down.

Omnes. Sir *Gentle Golding!*

Sir Gent. Ev'n the very ſame.

Val. What do you in this habit?

Sir Gent. 'Tis whimſical and odd; I had a mind to try if you could know me in this diſguiſe.

Sir Ant. O yes, we know you in any diſguiſe.

Abb.

Abb. But there's a warrant out againſt the *Pilgrim*; you'll be taken up for him.

Sir Gent. Why? you don't take me for the *Pilgrim?*

Ilf. But the government will.

Sir Gent. The government then will take me for as very a raſcal as lives unhang'd in it.

Val. But what's become of him?

Sir Ant. You were laſt with him——

Val. You have convey'd him away.

Ilf. Or murder'd him——

Abb. You muſt anſwer for him, for you have his cloaths.

Sir Gent. Nay, if it be ſo, I'll tell you how I came by them——

Ilf. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Sir Gent. I'll ſee him hang'd, before I tell a lie for a rogue, that has us'd me ſo ſcurvily——

Sir Ant. How ſcurvily, dear knight?

Sir Gent. Why, when you left me you know alone with him, he took his time, when my back was turn'd, and clapp'd a piſtol to my breaſt——

Abb. Bleſs the mark, a piſtol!

Val. A piſtol, Sir *Gentle!*

Sir Gent. A double barrel'd piſtol.

Sir Ant. A brace of bullets in each, I warrant you.

Sir Gent. I warrant you there were: for he ſwore he would ſhoot me thro' the head——

Ilf. The piſtol was at your breaſt, Sir *Gentle?*

Sir Gent. Breaſt, did I ſay, gentlemen?—Did I ſay at my breaſt, gentlemen? But, breaſt or head, ſir,—he ſwore he would murder me, if I did not give him my cloaths to make his eſcape in.

Val. And ſo, you gave him your cloaths?

Sir Gent. No, I thank you; that were to make myſelf acceſſary; I put him to the trouble of taking 'em.

Abb. And very wiſely done, ſir.

Sir Ant. So he ſtripp'd you?

Sir Gent. To my very ſhirt, I'll make oath on't before a magiſtrate.

Ilf. You put on his cloaths then, as one may ſay, in your own defence?

Sir Gent. You may ſo indeed. *Abb.*

Abb. Stick there, ſir, *ſe defendendo* will bring you off.

Sir Gent. I muſt ha' gone home naked elſe.

Sir Ant. And could you have paſs'd ſuddenly by us, and conceal'd ſuch an occaſion of laughing at you?

Sir Gent. Pr'ythee, Sir *Antony*, no more on't.

Officers bring in the Pilgrim. *Enter Monſieur* Traffique, Courtaut, *and Sir* Golding's *ſervant.*

Serv. Bring him along; bring him along——

Val. What rabble have we here?

Serv. We are enough to hang one rogue, or we deſerve to beat hemp for one another.

Abb. Where are you hauling the gentleman?

Pilg. Sir *Antony*, I am in your power; ſtand but my friend in this buſineſs, and bring me off, you ſhall make your own conditions about the jewels——

[*He and Sir* Antony *confer.*

Serv. I'll ſwear point blank my maſter's murder upon him.

Abb. Who is your maſter, friend?

Serv. Sir *Gentle Golding*, and like you; and I am his man.

Sir Gent. Ay, 'tis my man, indeed; would I were his maſter again.

Serv. You my maſter, you raſcal! my maſter's a knight——

Sir Ant. Now Abbé, I am even with you and your *Pilgrim:* but ſince I have brought him ſo far into this buſineſs, 'tis matter of conſcience to bring him out again. I was provided for his impertinence; and ſince I could not make him drunk, I gave him an opiate to expoſe him as if he were; for that purpoſe I removed him to your houſe: but coming to himſelf before I expected, he 'ſcap'd that deſign——

Pilg. And finding the diſgrace ready to fall on me, and in your houſe, I made bold to change cloaths with Sir *Gentle Golding.*——

Sir Gent. 'Tis true indeed, gentlemen.

Pilg. But ſince matters are brought to a clearing, I am ready to return 'em to the gentleman.

Sir Ant. As you had 'em, I hope?

Pilg. Every thing but his purſe, which I was forc'd to give his taylor there, to get rid of him. *Abb.*

Abb. Return the purſe.

Traff. I'll ſee your maſter paid. [*To* Courtaut. The hundred piſtoles are ready, ſir. [*To the* Pilgrim.

Pilg. For Sir *Gentle Golding*, I only haſten'd you.

Sir Gent. Why, how did you know I wanted ſuch a ſum?

Traff. It ſhall be paid to you, or your order.

Sir Gent. Pray pay it to nobody elſe.

[*Exeunt* Traffique *and* Courtaut.

Abb. You've done your duty, gentlemen; 'tis very well. *Pilgrim*, a word with you.—— [*Takes him aſide.*

Val. How this fooling has run away with the time! [*Looks on his watch.*

Sir Ant. I'll be for you immediately. [*Takes Sir* Gentle *aſide.*

Val. Within a quarter of ten already!

Ilf. I ſhould ha' been glad to ha' made one, *Valentine.*

Val. I thank you; but numbers may diſcover us; and Sir *Antony* won't be out of the buſineſs.

Abb. Do me but this piece of ſervice, and I won't only pardon you, but reward you well when you ha' don't. Beſides, 'tis a kind of revenge upon Sir *Antony*.

Pilg. I am at your mercy, and you ſhall command me any thing.

Ilf. Sir *Gentle* ſays, you drew a piſtol upon him.

Val. That was not according to the law of arms.

Pilg. I can't tell how his fear repreſented it, but it was an inkhorn that diſarm'd him.

Sir Ant. You won't fail, when I ſend for you?

Sir Gent. I'll but change cloaths with that gentleman, and be ready as ſoon as you pleaſe.

[*Exeunt Sir* Gentle, Pilgrim, *and Servant.*

Sir Ant. Now, *Valentine*, have with you——

Abb. 'Tis near upon your appointment with my niece: I'll ſecure her father within, the better to favour her running away from him.

Ilf. I wiſh you well, gentlemen. [*They go out ſeveral ways,* Ilford *and the* Abbé; *but Sir* Ant. *and* Val. *together.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the backſide of a great houſe with gardens.*

Enter Count Verole *with ſix Bravoes.*

Ver. To-morrow; let but once to-morrow come,
And ſhe is mine, marry'd, and wholly mine:
If then not wholly mine, 'twill be my fault.
Gentlemen, we muſt be every where to-night:
This *Engliſhman*, that dares to rival me,
May attempt farther; if he ſhould, I think
Floriante but too inclin'd to pardon him.
But we'll prevent the worſt. *(Whiſtle.)*

[Valentine *and Sir* Antony *make the ſignal at the garden-door, which opens upon it.* Floriante *retires upon the noiſe of ſwords, crying murder.*

Stand and obſerve their motions.
Nay, then 'tis he; be ſure you murder him.

Count Canaile *enters with ſword in hand, runs to aſſiſt* Valentine *and Sir* Antony *againſt the Bravoes.*

Can. Villains and murderers — I hope you are not hurt.

Val. Thank your aſſiſtance, ſir.

Sir Ant. If I am not a man in this point, I'll never wear breeches more.

Val. I know 'twas count *Verole.*

Can. He has not rais'd himſelf in my eſteem by this baſe action——

Enter Floriante.

What do you out of doors?

Flo. I could not ſtay within, knowing your danger.

Can. 'Tis over, now retire.

Flo. Pray pardon me; if I have done any indecent thing, my duty caus'd it in my fears for you. [*Exit.*

Val. I'm ſorry, I have alarm'd your family.

Sir Ant. I dare ſwear for him he is.

Can. So far 'tis well, ſir: if you think yourſelf obliged for what is paſt, ſhew it in what's to come; forbear

my houſe, my daughter is diſpos'd of: ſo good night. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Very good advice, *Valentine:* ſince you can't make it a good night with his daughter, make it as good as you can with ſomebody elſe.

Val. Why faith, the expectation of her has raiſed me into a deſire of any thing in petticoats.

Sir Ant. What think you of my *Engliſh* lady?

Val. You owe me a favour there, Sir *Antony.*

Sir Ant. To-night I'll pay it then; I have an appointment upon me now; but not being in ſo perfect a condition to oblige her, you ſhall make an end of my quarrel.

Val. With all my heart.

Sir Ant. I'll ſend my governor to conduct you.

Val. He, like other wiſe men, makes no ſcruple of pimping, when he gets by the employment.

Sir Ant. Then you are not one of thoſe fine gentlemen, who becauſe they are in love with one woman, can lie with nobody elſe?

Val. Not I, faith, knight; I may be a lover, but I muſt be a man.

Sir Ant. When the dear days of rambling joys are o'er,
When nature grudges to ſupply your whore,
There's love enough for marriage left in ſtore.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Waitwell *diſguis'd, with Sir* Gentle Golding.

Wait. SIR *Antony* not being able to wait upon you in perſon, as he deſign'd, has deſired me, his friend——

Sir Gent. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Wait. To ſhew you the way.

Sir Gent. I'll ſhew my good breeding, and follow you.

Wait.

Wait. The lady is at preſent in private; when ſhe has diſpatch'd her own buſineſs, ſhe'll be ready for yours.

Sir Gent. Then ſhe's a woman of buſineſs.

Wait. And of diſpatch too, ſir: if you love pictures, there's a gallery will take up your thoughts 'till the lady's at leiſure to employ 'em better. I'll let her know you're here. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. How ceremony diſguiſes any thing! I can't take this civil gentleman for a pimp, tho' I have occaſion for him; nor this houſe for a bawdy-houſe, tho' I have a mind to make it one. Would Sir *Antony* were here, to encourage me with his impudence: when I have company to halloo me, I can faſten like a bull dog. But I have a villanous ſuſpicion, that when I ſee this lady, I ſhall take her for a civil gentlewoman; abuſe her a way ſhe does not deſerve; think too well of her, and loſe my labour. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Bed-chamber.*

A SONG.

Valentine *following* Sir Antony Love *in her woman's cloaths.*

Val. Faith, madam, your entertainment will keep you in countenance; you may own the making of it.

Sir Ant. You'll truſt your ſtomach with a covered diſh another time, ſir?

Val. You may ſhew your face after it, and expect the thanks of the company.

Sir Ant. And diſgrace the reputation I have got with you in other things.

Val Nay, if you think ſo, I would not have you ſhew it for the world.

Sir Ant. That were to ruin the compliment you intend me.

Val. But after all, if your face ſhould be as delicate as your other charms——

Sir Ant. But if it ſhould not be as delicate——

Val. Then keep it to yourſelf; but 'tis pity 'tis not:

but be it what it is, I will pay ſome part of my thanks in adviſing you.

Sir Ant. You would ſay grace and be gone, my ſerious ſinner, would you?

Val. Only to make ſure of coming again, child, that's all.

Sir Ant. Some of that all, I beſeech you——

Val. My doctrine will turn to thy uſe, child, and lead me often to thee, if thou haſt but the grace to make the right application.

Sir Ant. Good holder-forth, bate your damn'd faces and begin.

Val. Why then, in the firſt place, about our friend Sir *Antony*; he's a very pretty fellow. I grant you; but he's a boy, a giddy-pated boy——

Sir Ant. A little too young indeed to be truſted——

Val. In an affair of this nature, by any woman that has a reputation to ſecure with her pleaſure.

Sir Ant. I have been afraid of his talking indeed a great while.

Val. You muſt expect it, madam; he has not experience enough to value you: all women are alike to the young fellows; as indeed all fellows are alike to the young women; neither ſex chuſes well, 'till they come to an age of diſcretion.

Sir Ant. There I am with you indeed.

Val. There is a maturity requir'd in love, as in other fruits, to recommend the true reliſh of it to the diſtinguiſhing palate of an epicure. I am ſomething a better judge of that pleaſure than he can be; and I think fitter, a great deal, for an intrigue with your ladyſhip, both in diſcretion and performance——

Sir Ant. Than Sir *Antony* can be. [*Shews her face.*

Val. Sir *Antony* in petticoats, my good friend Mrs. *Lucy!*

Sir Ant. But are not you a rogue, *Valentine?* not to receive a courteſy from a lady by the favour of your friend, but you muſt abuſe your truſt, and ſupplant the very intereſt that rais'd you to her?

Val.

Val. I am confounded indeed! but are you Sir *Antony Love?*

Sir Ant. All but my petticoats.

Val. And are you ſure you're a woman?

Sir Ant. Are not you ſure of that, ſir?

Val. I am; and charm'd with the certainty——

[*Kiſſes her.*

Now every pleaſure paſt comes o'er my thoughts:
How many opportunities have I loſt,
That you have giv'n me, and muſt anſwer for!

Sir Ant. There are as many to come; you ſhall command 'em all.

Val. Now I remember; you father'd a baſtard for me, at *Paris*——

Sir Ant. I had the reputation of it indeed; and ſhould have had the cow with the calf; for her father purſu'd me to marry her, thro' all means of accommodation, into the ſtrait at laſt of confeſſing my ſex to the *Engliſh* ambaſſador——

Val. This you never told me before.

Sir Ant. He had her puniſh'd, and ſecur'd me in his family, as long as I ſtaid there; for you know he was a man of honour——

Val. And a man of gallantry too, madam, that knew which way to improve ſuch a piece of good fortune——

Sir. Ant. As well as any body; and ſo he did *Valentine:* by his generoſity and good uſage he preſs'd me ſo very far, that not being able to anſwer the obligations I had to him (having you in my head at that very time) I was forc'd to run away from him, to get rid of him.

Val. How could you keep this from me ſo long?

Sir Ant. Now 'tis more welcome to you.

Val. Had I known it before, it had been in my power——

Sir Ant. Not to marry me, I hope, *Valentine!* but if you could be in that mind (which I neither deſire, nor deſerve) I know you too well, to think of ſecuring you that way.

Val. But I would not have engaged myſelf any where elſe——

Sir Ant. I know your engagements to *Floriante*; and

you ſhall marry her. That will diſengage you, I warrant you.

Val. You continue your opinion of marriage.

Sir Ant Flriante, I grant you, would be a dangerous rival in a miſtreſs——

Val. Nothing can rival thee.

Sr Ant. And you might linger out a long liking of her, to my uneaſineſs and your own; but matrimony, that's her ſecurity, is mine: I can't apprehend her in a wife.

Enter Waitwell.

Sir Ant. Well, governor, what think you of my management?

Wait. Why, if you take but half the pains in your profit, that you have ſpent in your pleaſure, I think we may expect a very good account of the knight——

Val. Sir *Gentle Golding!* he's in your debt indeed: I had not leiſure to remember him.

Sir Ant. We'll laugh at him at leiſure.

Wait. He's in the gallery, expecting your pleaſure.

Sir Ant. My pleaſure is to ſee him, bring him in.

[*Exit* Waitwell.

I promis'd him a miſtreſs, you muſt know: 'twill be fooliſh enough to obſerve him, when he diſcovers me; pray ſtay, and laugh with me.

Val. The interview muſt needs be ridiculous.

[*Goes to the door.*

Sir Gentle Golding *introduc'd by* Waitwell: *he is ſurpris'd at the ſight of Sir* Antony.

Wait. My office ends where the lady begins; I'll leave you to her.

Sir Gent. Pray, ſir, a word with you——

Wait. The fewer the better, till you have ſaluted her: you ſee ſhe expects it.

Sir Gent. I ſhould have ſaluted her indeed: but the ſuprize of your beauty, madam, made me forget my compliment.

Sir Ant. My face has ſurpris'd him, I believe.

Sir

Sir Gent. Pray, did I never ſee this gentlewoman before?

Wait. You beſt can tell that, ſir; but you are concern'd at ſomething.

Sir Gent A little concern'd I am indeed, but 'tis only to know, whether I know her, or no.

Wait. In your tour of *France* you may have ſeen her; ſhe's of the country.

Sir Gent. A *French* woman?

Wait. Of *Languedoc.*

Sir Gent. I durſt ha' ſworn ſhe was an *Engliſh* woman!

Wait. Born and bred among us.

Sir Gent. I'm glad on't with all my heart. For I knew a little woman, but a great devil, ſo like her in *England*——

Wait. Very like, ſir.

Sir Gent. That faith and troth, I was down right confounded at the ſight of her.

Wait. Some miſtreſs, that you have forſaken——

Sir Gent. O fie, ſir, I never do thoſe things——

Wait. I warrant you, and the guilt of her ill uſage haunts you up and down, in her ſhape.

Sir Gent. Nay, I deſerve it indeed if it ſhould be ſo; for I was too barbarous to the poor devil, conſidering I was the firſt that undid her.

[*Sir* Antony *making a courtſy, points Sir* Gentle *to a chair.*

Wait. See, ſir, the lady would have you ſit down by her; I never ſaw her make ſuch advances before; you are very much in favour.

Sir Gent. Soft and fair. I muſt be more in your favour, before I have done with you.

Wait. She does not ſpeak *Engliſh.* But there's an univerſal character in love, which every creature can comprehend; when ſhe has you alone, ſhe'll grope out your meaning, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. So, ſince we have nothing to ſay to one another, we ſhall loſe no time in compliments; I like her exceedingly: tho' I never look upon her, but *Lucia* comes in my thoughts; ſhe's ſo very like that jilting jade, I ſhall never love her heartily: a week will be the

farthest I shall be constant to her. What sign shall I make to put her in mind of her bed-chamber? Money speaks all languages, this purse will be my interpreter. Voulez-vous do me the grand favour——

Sir Ant. But how shall we do to understand one another? You speak no *French*, and I speak no *English*; 'tis impossible to understand one another.

Sir Gent. Madam, you do speak *English*——

Sir Ant. I understand it a little; enough to know I resemble one—— what do you call her, *Lucia*, ay, *Lucia*, a jilting jade, you don't like; that for that reason you can't love me heartily; nor be constant above a week: I understand so much, without speaking *English*, as you find to be understood.

Sir Gent. I find I do understand you.

Sir Ant. But I'll try to speak plainer to you.

Sir Gent. Nay, you speak plain enough, Mrs. *Lucy*. Would I were any where to be rid of you.

Sir Ant. You see, we were not to part so. Fortune will have me oblig'd to you: I have almost spent the five hundred pounds I borrow'd of you.

Sir Gent. I'm glad I had it for you, madam.

Sir Ant. And faith 'tis very kind in an old acquaintance to follow me into *France*, to supply me again; I know you came on purpose——

Sir Gent. Not quite on purpose——

Sir Ant. No, not quite on purpose, some little business bye the bye of your own, you might have, I grant you: but this purse you never design'd for me.

Sir Gent. I'll force nothing upon you, madam; you may give it me again, if you don't like it.

Sir Ant. Yes, yes; the purse is an amiable purse, and very well to be lik'd; only the sum does not amount to my occasions: there's no retreating, Sir *Gentle*, you are in my power, and, without a ransom, must continue my prisoner; you know I never want a pistol upon these occasions; 'tis not the first time I have robb'd you.

Sir Gent. Any composition; but don't murder me; you know I hate a pistol.

Sir

Sir Ant. What have you in your pockets? Nothing but papers?

Sir Gent. You have got already all the money I had about me.

Sir Ant. About you! with a pox to you: muſt I be ſo anſwer'd? And why had not you more about you? Stay, here's a bill of one hundred piſtoles, at preſent, ſhall excuſe you——

Sir Gent. 'Tis very well it does.

Sir Ant. Payable to you, or your order? Who's there?

Enter Waitwell.

Run, and receive this bill for the gentleman.

Wait. He ſhould indorſe it firſt.

Sir Ant. Come, ſir, you muſt lend me your order.

Sir Gent. No borrowing among friends; I'll give it you, to monſieur *Traffique.*

[*Writes, and gives* Sir Ant. *the bill, and* Sir Ant. *gives it to* Waitwell, *who goes out.*

Sir Ant. Why, that's well ſaid.

Sir Gent. You live as it were by your wits; 'tis better I ſhould loſe a little money, than you ſhould forget your trade, for want of employment.

Sir Ant. A great deal better, Sir *Gentle!* But I muſt lock you up till the money be paid.

Sir Gent. Ay, ay, with all my heart; but he won't ſcruple the payment.

Sir Ant. The next time I do you this favour, take care to be better provided; don't let me loſe my labour upon you; I ſpeak as a friend to you.

Sir Gent. I'll take your advice.

Sir Ant. If I were not juſt upon my leaving the town, and in a very great haſte, I can tell you, you ſhould not get off ſo eaſily.

Sir Gent. I am beholding to you; but I am ſorry we loſe you ſo ſoon.

Sir Ant. You may find me again, if Chriſtendom ſtands where it does a twelvemonth to an end; let not that trouble you. [*Exit after Sir* Gentle.

Valentine *comes forth.*

Val. Thus all things are provided for by fate:
The witty man enjoys the fool's eſtate.
So rich and poor, let 'em compute their gains;
One has his lot in lands, and one in brains.
And 'tis but juſtice fortune ſhould do more
For him, who being born ſo, would be poor. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Count Canaile *and* Abbé.

Can. I allow all you ſay: and laſt night's action has not declin'd the count from my eſteem, more than it raiſes *Valentine.*

Abb. He'll keep your daughter more orderly than a nunnery can; ev'n let him marry her.

Can. You know, I'm out of my own power and choice.

Abb. Hang your choice; you may be aſham'd on't.

Can. Indeed I do repent it; but my word and reputation are engag'd to him.

Abb. Is that a man to make a grandfather?

Can. No other ſhall, by *Floriante*, make me one: and therefore ſhe ſhall be religious, and take the habit in her ſiſter's room——

Abb. What, make a nun of her, againſt her will!

Can. To cut off all pretenders; but to prove how I regard your friend, *Charlotte* you know, inferior in nothing but her years, if *Valentine* likes her, ſhe has my leave, and ſhall receive his viſits at the grate: let him but conquer her, he has gain'd me. [*Exit.*

Abb. Let him get *Floriante*, and he conquers thee.

Palmer *enters in another diſguiſe.*

Ah my little *Palmer!* you lye as cloſe as a man in a proclamation; but you are a pilgrim of honour I find——

Palm. Where I am engag'd, ſir——

Abb. Sir *Antony* can never diſcover thee. [*Turns him about.*

Palm. I warrant I do your buſineſs——

Abb.

Abb. And your own buſineſs——

Palm. My own buſineſs to be ſure, and Sir *Antony's* too, or I ſhall loſe my labour.

Abb. About it, about inſtantly, and proſper, my little *Palmer.* [*Exit* Palmer.

Enter Valentine *with Sir* Antony *and Sir* Gentle.

Abb. Valentine! I have ſome news for you: [*Walks off with him.*

Sir Ant. But you amaze me, Sir *Gentle*——

Sir Gent. It would amaze one indeed, Sir *Antony.*

Sir Ant. 'Tis the oddeſt piece of roguery and impudence that I have heard of.

Sir Gent. Ay, ſo 'tis, 'tis pretty odd, and impudent indeed.

Sir Ant. A cheating gypſey; I warrant ſhe has had her eye upon you, from your firſt coming to town.

Sir Gent. Nay, not unlikely.

Sir Ant. I began to ſuſpect her myſelf, ſhe preſs'd me ſo often to bring you.

Sir Gent. Ah, if I had known that, Sir *Antony!*

Sir Ant. Why, what if you had?

Sir Gent. Why, I would ha' ſtaid away; but if you had been with me, it had been the better for me.

Sir Ant. Much at one for that, I believe. But is ſhe gone out of town, do you ſay? You ſhould have apprehended her——

Sir Gent. Pugh, pugh—ſhe's gone from her lodging, ſhe muſt not ſtay long in a place.

Sir Ant. 'Tis very well ſhe's gone——

Sir Gent. Ay, ſo it is: and I hope I ſhall never ſee her again. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. I dare ſwear for him, he ſpeaks his heart.

Enter Palmer *to him.*

Well, ſir——your buſineſs with me? If it be grave or wiſe, keep it for your own uſe; I never approve diſcretion in any man but a pimp.

Palm. Sir, you may ſay what you pleaſe, or call me what you pleaſe——

Sir Ant. Nay, ſir, I honour you, if you are one.

Palm. Then I am one, and one employ'd to you.

Sir Ant. Begin your employment, that I may go about mine.

Palm. Why then, ſir, in few words; there's a lady dying for you——

Sir Ant. I never viſit the ſick, let her die in peace: but don't let a prieſt come near her; he'll aſk her bawdy queſtions, when ſhe has a mind to be ſerious.

Palm. She's only dying for you, ſir.

Sir Ant. Were ſhe living for me, I could ſay ſomething to her; if ſhe make a will, as far as the legacy goes, I may remember her.

Palm. Your mirth becomes you, ſir; but the lady's in very good health, and, in ſhort, only dying in love with you.

Sir Ant. Short and ſweet.

Palm. And has a mind——

Sir Ant. I know her mind; and what ſhe has a mind to.

Palm. You know the world enough, ſir; to excuſe a lady in love——

Sir Ant. And abſolve her too.

Palm. Tho' ſhe ſhould have a huſband——

Sir Ant. For making him a cuckold——

Palm. Not to make a practice of it.

Sir Ant The oftner the better.

Palm. Nay, indeed, there's a great deal to be ſaid for the poor women; how can they help or avoid their inclination?

Men are to blame, who like young conjurers, prove
(Safe in the circle of a wedding-ring)
The magick ſpell of wedlock upon love:
So, cuckolds make themſelves by marrying.

Sir Ant Very caſuiſtically brought about, ſir. And I am ſo much of your opinion, that I think the lady cannot do herſelf a better juſtice, nor me a greater favour, than allow me to wait upon her on ſuch an occaſion.

Palm. That ſhe does in this billet: and if you think it worth your while to viſit her—will do you richer, and greater favours.

Sir

Sir Ant. I am at preſent engag'd——but in the even-ing——

Palm. The evening would do well; I am bid to ſay, her huſband's out of town, the reſt her note will beſt inform you in. [*Going.*

Sir Ant. Then this ſhall be my guide.

Palm. I may cheat you out of your cunning, before I ha' done with you. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Why, what the devil am I engaging in again! I ſhall draw all the women in town upon me, at this rate: maids, wives, and widows, have one curioſity or another always to be ſatisfy'd. I have a reputation among 'em; and if I don't keep it up, by anſwering their expectations——I ſhall fail of mine, in my frolicks, and be diſcover'd; and that I have no mind to be yet a while! But how the devil ſhall I anſwer their expectations——or this lady's in particular, who has beſpoke me for her evening ſervice? If I go, I ſhall diſappoint her more than if I ſtay away; and I know, good ſoul, ſhe would be as much concern'd for me, to find me no man, as at another time ſhe would be for herſelf, to be found no maid, if ſhe had a mind to be thought one. O here comes *Valentine!*

Enter Valentine.

Val. I would as ſoon be a lawyer as a lover at this rate. Following a miſtreſs to no purpoſe, is as bad as trudging a-foot to *Weſtminſter* for no fee. Can you corrupt a nunnery for me, my little knight?

Sir Ant. I will do any thing for you——but firſt you muſt lend me your limbs, to carry on a deſign——

Val. Do what you pleaſe with me. [*Exeunt.*

Palmer *re-enters with the* Abbé.

Abb. Thou art a moſt incomparable fellow, *Palmer*; the prince of pimps and pilgrims! But what! Sir *Antony* is a young ſmoaky rogue I warrant you, he ſuſpected ſomething——

Palm. Not a bit of ſuſpicion.

Abb. He might ſcruple it at firſt, you know.

Palm.

Palm. Firſt or laſt, he made no ſcruple at all! But came into my net, as faſt as I could ſpread it for him!

Abb. But came into my net, as faſt as I could ſpread it for him! prettily expreſs'd upon the occaſion! And I ſhall love a ſetting-dog, as long as I live, for the ſake of the ſimile.

Palm. I'm glad it pleaſes you.

Abb. Pleaſes me! Yes, yes, it pleaſes me! every thing pleaſes me. But ha! my boy! he muſt not get from us, now we have him in the net.

Palm. 'Tis our fault, if he does.

Abb. Why, Sir *Antony* has us'd thee but ſcurvily——

Palm. To my coſt.

Abb. And revenge is very natural——

Palm. And very ſweet.

Abb. Revenge is ſweet indeed; it muſt be ſweet; a ſweet revenge, upon ſo ſweet a boy; and take my word, I'll do you that juſtice upon him: for I'll tell you what I intend to do with him——

Palm. Ay, pray ſir.

Abb. Why in the firſt place I intend——not to open my lips upon that ſubject. But I mean——

Palm. I hope ſo, ſir.

Abb. If I can compaſs my deſign, I mean——

Palm. What do you mean?

Abb. Not to explain myſelf, *Palmer*——ah rogue! But you know what I mean. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* Antony's *lodging.*

Enter Sir Antony, *and* Ilford.

Sir Ant. Why to tell you the truth, *Ilford*, there is a woman in the caſe: I expect her every minute.

Ilf. I fancy'd ſome ſuch thing.

Sir Ant. She is a thing to be fancy'd; and you would think ſo, if you ſaw her.

Ilf. Do I know her, Sir *Antony?*

Sir Ant. You have ſeen her.

Ilf. What, nothing more of her?

Sir Ant. None of your peeviſh queſtions.

Ilf. 'Tis not *Volante?*

Sir. Ant. If it were, you don't come to quarrel for her.

Ilf. Not I faith, knight: I come in abſolute good nature to viſit you.

Sir Ant. Why indeed, I could not expect the favour at you hands, as matters ſtand between us.

Ilf. Nothing ſhall ſtand between us: nothing did, but a woman; and I come to ſtrike up a friendſhip, offenſive and defenſive with you, by making a very fair offer to diſpoſe of her.

Sir Ant. If you mean *Volante*, ſhe will diſpoſe of herſelf.

Ilf. I know ſhe would diſpoſe of herſelf to you: but you won't marry her, Sir *Antony*: now I am one of thoſe fooliſh fellows, who don't apprehend a danger, till they are in't. I never think of being a cuckold: I love *Volante*, and would marry her——Come, come, there are women enow for the ill-natur'd purpoſe of your love: quit her to me, do a generous thing to a woman that loves you; and to a man, who would engage you for a friend.

Sir Ant. Why faith, *Ilford*, I would do a great deal for you; but I muſt do ſomething for her.

Ilf. Do me a favour, and don't undo her fame.

Sir Ant. But there's the pleaſure on't——

Ilf. To ruin the woman that loves you——

Sir Ant. Not ſo much out of ill nature to her, as good nature to myſelf; reputation muſt be had; and we young men generally raiſe ours out of the ruin of the women's.

Ilf. But *Volante* is a woman of quality, and has relations to do her right, if you don't do her reaſon.

Sir Ant. Would ſhe had a brother, to make a buſineſs on't: he could not do her ſo much right, in fighting for her, as he would do me reaſon in making it the talk of the town.

Ilf. That would ſet it about indeed.

Sir Ant. If I ſhould ſay, I had lain with her, or endeavour to ſet it a-foot, 'twould fall of itſelf.

Ilf.

Ilf. As an impotent piece of vanity, or folly, in a young man.

Sir Ant. But no body dares make a doubt of a report, when a relation has taken an honourable care, by a duel, to fix the ſcandal in the family.

Ilf. Why, truly I think the men of honour are out in that buſineſs; ſcandal does not fall into the hands of a ſurgeon, like the wounds of the body for the cure; opening and probing makes the malady but more inveterate, and the leaſt air taints it to a mortification.

Sir Ant. It heals beſt of itſelf without a plaſter.

Ilf. And time muſt finiſh the work. I have obſerved ſome women live themſelves into a ſecond reputation——

Sir Ant. And other women, who by natural negligence, never ſetting up for any, from the freedom of their behaviour, have paſs'd uncenſur'd in thoſe public places, and pleaſures, which would have undone ladies of a ſprucer converſation but to have appear'd in.

Ilf. So that 'tis not what they do, but not doing all of a piece, that ruins their character, and undoes the women——

Sir Ant. And condemns the men too: for 'tis not any man's opinion, but his ſhifting it to the occaſion, that makes him a raſcal; as let his opinion be what it will, if he continues the ſame, and acts upon a principle, he may be an honeſt man; but 'tis no character I would adviſe a friend to.

Ilf. But this is from my buſineſs, Sir *Antony!* and, all things conſider'd, the difficulties of getting, and the danger of enjoying *Volante*, in my opinion, her woman would be the better intrigue.

Sir Ant. Why indeed the woman would often be the better intrigue, were ſhe as difficult to be compas'd as her lady.

Ilf. It ſeems the danger doubles your delight.

Sir Ant. And we naturally covet, what we are forbid; for very often 'tis the bare pleaſure of breaking the commandment, that makes another man's wife more deſirable than his own.

Ilf.

Ilf. As at preſent, the bare pleaſure of oppoſing my intereſt, has carry'd on yours with *Volante* farther than otherwiſe you deſign'd.

Sir Ant. Why faith, there's ſomething in that too, *Ilford*: not but I have a very good opinion of the lady.

Ilf. Well, Sir *Antony*, I wiſh you would think it worth your while, to make a friend of me——

Sir Ant. I would make a friend of you.

Ilf. Reſign your title then: 'tis but giving me now, what in a little time you will decline of yourſelf: make *Volante* mine, and make me yours.

Sir Ant. I would with all my heart; if I could do it with honour.

Ilf. I warrant you with honour.

Sir Ant. But how can I diſengage myſelf? matters are gone a great way between us——ſhe's coming up to me. [Waitwell *whiſpers and goes out.*] Step into that cloſet, you will over-hear what we ſay; I won't promiſe I can do you any ſervice with her, but I'll do you all the good I can; that you may be ſure of, and depend upon.

Ilf. At leaſt, ſeeing her here, will do ſome good upon me. [*Goes in.*

Enter Volante.

Sir Ant. O madam, you are as good as your word.

Vol. I can keep it, you ſee, at your coſt, when I like the occaſion.

Sir Ant. We men are not more punctual to an appointment upon the hopes of a new miſtreſs, than you women are upon the firſt promiſe of a huſband.

Vol. And it ſtands us upon to be diligent in both ſexes. For neither the men, nor the women, continue long in the mind of allowing thoſe favours.

Sir Ant. Why faith, child, the beſt excuſe for fooliſh things——(as marriage you allow to be one——

Vol. A convenient fooliſh thing.)

Sir Ant. Is the doing 'em without thinking. But, what madam, can't a man ſport off a little innocent gallantry

gallantry with a lady, without being ſerious a' both ſides; you are in earneſt, I ſee.

Vol. Why there's the jeſt.

Sir Ant. And keep me to my word.

Vol. On my word will I.

Sir Ant. You take all advantages.

Vol. I may be allow'd to take what advantage I can in the beginning; I ſhall be ſure to be the loſer in the end.

Sir Ant. In all plays, one ſide muſt be the loſer; but marriage is the only game, where no body can be the winner.

Vol. That's making an ill bett indeed, where we may loſe, and can't win; yet I am reſolv'd to venture.

Sir Ant. But, child, haſt thou no more mercy upon my youth, my dreſs, my wit, and good humour, than to make a huſband of me.

Vol. Since you could not have me on your own terms, I know you'll take me on mine.

Sir Ant. Well there's nothing but cheating in love; very often indeed we are beforehand with the women; but when we marry 'em I'm ſure they cheat us.

Vol. And when do I cheat you, Sir *Antony?*

Sir Ant. Have a care of cheating yourſelf, madam?

Vol. Nay, one time or other, all women are to be fool'd, and I had rather you ſhould have the profit of me than any body elſe.

Sir Ant. And pleaſure too, I beſeech you. I am now going with *Valentine* to the nunnery, to ſee his new miſtreſs *Charlott*——

Vol. And by her intereſt, to ſee his old miſtreſs, *Floriante*; I know the ſtory, and what the Abbé deſigns in it.

Sir Ant. I ſhall be back in an hour; by that time the evening will conceal you the better: if then you are brave enough——

Vol. To meet you, with a prieſt for a ſecond.

Sir Ant. I'll have a father ready to bleſs our endeavours.

Vol.

Vol. Let him be by to ſee you play me fair,
And do your worſt or beſt, and never ſpare. [*Exit* Vol.

Sir Ant. I warrant you, the firſt night for an heir.

Ilford *coming forward to Sir* Antony.

Ilf. O ſir, your ſervant: I ſee I am beholden to you.

Sir Ant. The moſt in the world egad when you know all.

Ilf. Know all; I know enough to convince me, that you are not capable of a ſerious deſign of ſerving your honour or your friend——

Sir Ant. What's the matter now, man?

Ilf. And I was a coxcomb for thinking you could.

Sir Ant. Nay, you may be a coxcomb however.

Ilf. What's that you ſay?

Sir Ant. No quarrelling I beſeech you, till you have cauſe——

Ilf. Till I have cauſe; I think you have given me ſufficient cauſe——

Sir Ant. To thank me, I have; if you know how to be grateful.

Ilf. O, I muſt needs be grateful; and always confeſs the obligation you have laid upon me, in promoting my intereſt ſo viſibly with *Volante*——

Sir Ant. So oppoſite to my own with her.

Ilf. With ſo much diligence and good nature——

Sir Ant. Well remember'd, egad.

Ilf. That in my hearing, and ſtill to advance my intereſt——you have made an appointment to marry her——

Sir Ant. And put you to bed to her.

Ilf. How, how, Sir *Antony?*

Sir Ant. I knew there was no other way to do you a ſervice with her; therefore I reſolv'd to marry her for you, and put you to bed to her for me.

Ilf. Incomparable deſign!

Sir Ant. A poor project of mine, ſir; if you had engag'd in't, it might ha' turn'd to account; but as 'tis, I go as I did.

Ilf. But take me along with you.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. I never impoſe a courteſy upon any man; nor quarrel becauſe he is not ſenſible I am his friend; when you come to yourſelf, you may repent——

Ilf. I do repent, and confeſs myſelf——

Sir Ant. Well; what do you confeſs yourſelf to be?

Ilf. A fool, an aſs, to pretend to vie with you in any thing.

Sir Ant. And will you always keep in this humble opinion of yourſelf, and allow me the aſcendant?

Ilf. I ſhall be an aſs if I don't.

Sir Ant. But you muſt confeſs yourſelf a coxcomb——

Ilf. Ay, any thing.

Sir Ant. For pretending to cenſure before you underſtood my deſign.

Ilf. You told me I was a coxcomb before; and now I begin to believe it myſelf.

Sir Ant. Well, upon your penitence, I pardon, and take you into favour again.

Ilf. And into the deſign.

Sir Ant. That you muſt be: and to convince you that what I do is perfectly in your intereſt, you'll marry us yourſelf——

Ilf. With all my heart.

Sir Ant. I have a habit for you.

Thus in the world men keep a pother,
And marry wives for one another:
And moſt, like me, in frolicks woe,
And, to their ſhame, as little do;
But marry'd women know the ſenſe
And rights of due benevolence:
I but provide for mine, what ſhe would ſoon;
For firſt, or laſt, that duty muſt be done. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ilford *in a prieſt's habit, between Sir* Antony *and* Volante: *Sir* Antony *leads her to the door:* Ilford *dreſſes himſelf in his own cloaths.*

Sir Ant. NOW you have done the office of a father to the lady, you may do the office of friend to me, and go to bed to her. I can do no more than give you an opportunity: but if you don't employ it to her advantage, ſhe'll never rely upon you, to improve another to your own.

Ilf. I never deſerve another, if I don't make uſe of this.

Sir Ant. There's no ceremony to make the bride coy, in going to bed; ſhe came in an undreſs, as looſe as her wiſhes; and being under the impediment of but two pins, I warrant ſhe's in expectation already.

Ilf. She ſhan't expect long.

Sir Ant. There ſhe is; kiſs my wife and welcome. She won't cry out, for her own ſake, till too late to diſcover it for mine.

Ilf. If ſhe ſhould, I think the caſtle's our own.

Sir Ant. I leave you to your fortune; I am going to ſeek mine in another adventure. [*Exit.*

Ilf. You have made my fortune here.

SCENE *changes to a bed-chamber.*

SONG.

Volante *ſola.*

Methinks my knight begins to ſhew himſelf already in a huſband's indifference; making me wait ſo long alone, in a place where nothing but his company can entertain me: but I have heard indeed, that ſhe who marries a man for his converſation or good humour, takes care only to ſecure the leaſt, or the worſt part of it to herſelf: ſo this is but a ſmall fault in matrimony; and

and ten to one, before the year comes about, I may have a more reaſonable cauſe of repenting. I think I hear him: O ſir, are you come?

Enter Ilford *to her.*

Ilf. Sooner than you expected, I believe.

Vol. How! *Ilford!*—— [*Surpris'd, and turning away.*

Ilf. I ſee you are ſurpris'd to ſee me here; and indeed the occaſion, that brings me to you is very ſurpriſing.

Vol. What can you mean by this?

Ilf. You have ſtol'n a wedding, madam, tho' you think to make it a ſecret; you can't expect that Sir *Antony* ſhould bring his vanity ſo low, not to make a boaſt of the favour he has done you.

Vol. By ſending you to me?

Ilf. To wiſh you joy.

Vol. A very likely ſtory.

Ilf. And give you joy, madam.

Vol. Would Sir *Antony* would come, to thank you for your compliment.

Ilf. He ſent me with the compliment——

Vol. He ſend you!

Ilf. To ſupply his place to-night. Your huſband will not come.

Vol. Not come to me?

Ilf. Be ſatisfied ſo far you are abus'd; and to convince you, tho' too late, how unreaſonably you have prefer'd that creature to every body, he has done what no body elſe could ha' done to you.

Vol. What has he done?

Ilf. Giv'n me a fuller revenge upon your folly and ſcorn than I cou'd ha' conceiv'd for myſelf——

Vol. What has he done to me?

Ilf. He has marry'd and undone you, left you——

Vol. Left me!

Ilf. The firſt night left you; left you to me: not that I believe he deſign'd me a favour, more than he would ha' done any man elſe; but you had us'd me ſo very ill, he imagin'd I was capable of any malicious deſign of expoſing you.

Vol.

Vol. Of expoſing me!

Ilf. But that you need not apprehend from me.

Vol. I'm in your power; but pity me. My folly and my fortune are too plain.

Ilf. Do you perceive it now?

Vol. I ſhould ha' ſeen it ſooner.

Ilf. 'Tis well you find it now. However you deſerve of me, I come to ſerve you: and ſince this opportunity (that favours, and was given me for baſer ends) encourages me to nothing beyond the hope of your eſteem, you muſt give me leave to think, that from my behaviour, I deſerve that honour better than my trifling rival does the title of your love.

Vol. You deſerve every thing.

Ilf. I ſaid enough to warn you of him; but you would venture.

Vol. My ſhame confounds me!

Ilf. You would not credit me.

Vol. I can but wiſh I had.

Ilf. Were it to do again, you would follow your inclination, and do the ſame thing?

Vol. I hate the villain.

Ilf. In your anger?

Vol. No, to death I hate him; and were I free from him——

Ilf. You would not marry him!

Vol. Never.

Ilf. Then you are free from him.

Vol. How! free from him!

Ilf. Not marry'd to him.

Vol. Would you could prove it too.

Ilf. I'll make it plain, if you'll conſent to it——

Vol. More willingly than I did e'er conſent. Make that but plain to me; and what returns are in the poor power of one ſo loſt——

Ilf. So ſav'd, I hope.

Vol. You ſhall command.

Ilf. I may reſtore you to your liberty; but never can myſelf. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Sir Antony *and* Valentine.

Sir Ant. This is the time, and place of appointment; what 'twill come to, *Valentine*, I can't tell.

Val. 'Tis a whimſical undertaking methinks, to ſupport another woman's intrigue, at your expence——

Sir Ant. There's no buying ſuch a frolic too dear.

Val. And part with your lover to oblige her!

Sir Ant. So long, I can part with you; to provide for your pleaſure as well as my own: beſides, 'tis a diverting piece of roguery; and will be a jeſt as long as we know one another.

Enter Palmer.

Palm. Who's there? Sir *Antony!*

Sir Ant. The ſame; I am afore-hand with you.

Palm. The lady, ſir, will thank you. Whom have you with you there?

Sir Ant. Only a ſervant.

Palm. You'll have no need of him; I come to ſerve you: beſides he may be ſeen.

Sir Ant. I'll ſend him away.

Palm. I'll but ſtep in, to make your way to the lady, and will wait upon you again. [*Exit.*

Val. By this fellow's adviſing to ſend away your ſervant, I fancy he may be a rogue

Sir Ant. If he be a rogue, I am reſolv'd to diſcover the bottom of him; but if there be a woman in the caſe, I'll leave you to the employment——

Enter Palmer.

Palm. Sir.

Sir Ant. Here.

Palm. Are you alone?

Sir Ant. I am.

Palm. Follow me.

Sir Ant. Follow me.

[*Exeunt*, Valentine *following Sir* Antony.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the inſide of a Houſe.*

Enter Sir Antony *and* Valentine

Val. Your pimp proceeds with caution. But theſe dark deeds may require our dark lanthorn.

Sir Ant. Give it me; I can manage this; you muſt manage the lady; and for once, not to make a cuſtom of it, I'll hold a candle to you.

Palmer *enters.*

Palm. Where are you, Sir *Antony?*

Val. Here.

Palm. I'm glad you are, and here I'll keep you——

Val. Ha!

Palm. Have you forgot your friend the *Pilgrim?* I am that lady in love with you; and now I have you to myſelf, I muſt come nearer to you.

Val. The devil you muſt——

[*Throws* Palmer *down, Sir* Antony *with his lanthorn goes to them.*

Sir Ant. Are you my friend the pilgrim, do you ſay?

Palm. Then I am loſt again.

Sir Ant. Why how came I to forget you ſo ſoon? and are you the lady that was in love with me?

Val. Riſe; and tell all you know of this buſineſs, or it ſhall be the laſt you ſhall ever engage in; I know enough of you to ſend you to the gallies.

Palm. Why indeed gentlemen, I won't ſtand trial with you; I confeſs ſome deſign of my own upon Sir *Antony*: but your very good friend, the Abbé, firſt ſet it on foot, by employing, and paying me well, to decoy you into his power; now, ſir, knowing you character, I thought nothing would ſooner ſpirit you any where, than the hopes of a new woman.

Sir Ant. You ſee I am true to my aſſignation.

Val. But where's the Abbé all the while?

Palm. He's in the houſe, expecting the good hour.

Val. How ſhall we do with him?

Palm. To make my peace with you, I'll contribute to any deſign againſt him.

Val. That muſt be your way.

Sir Ant. Go then; and to keep up the jeſt, ſay nothing of what is paſt, but bring him to me—— [*Exit* Palm.

Val. What do you deſign now?

Sir Ant. To continue the ſcene with him. For having, as I told you, diſpos'd of his niece *Volante* to our friend *Ilford*, I ſuppoſe they may have occaſion, by to-morrow, for his approbation of what they are doing to-night.

Val. That's well thought on; his conſent will come the eaſier, for our having a hank upon him.

Sir Ant. Get you gone then, like an evidence, behind the hangings. [Val. *retires.*

The Abbé *enters to Sir* Antony, *ſinging, and dances round him.*

SONG.

Abb. Have I caught you, my little *Mercury!* have I caught you!

Sir Ant. You're very nimble, ſir.

Abb. Ay, ay; I have it in my head.

Sir Ant. And in your heels too.

Abb. Upon occaſion——Ah my little man! I'm young again; when I like my company.

Sir Ant. But who could expect to ſee you here?

Abb. Why any body would have expected it: how could you expect otherwiſe? how could you think, I could ſtay from you ſo long? what, you expected a woman?

Sir Ant. I did indeed.

Abb. Let the women expect you, there's a plentiful crop of maidenheads: if the war continues to carry off the whoremaſters, ſome of them muſt fall of themſelves without gathering; there will ſcarce be reapers enough for that harveſt.

Sir Ant. There's no female famine, in this year's almanack; no fear of wanting women.

Abb. No, no; no fear of wanting women: but a good

good-natur'd, old merry fellow, as I may be, who can tittle tattle, and goſſip in their families, upon an ancient privilege with the mothers, may do any thing with the daughters: ſuch a man is a jewel, to bring you together.

Sir Ant. Such a man would be a jewel indeed.

Abb. I know, you little rogue, your buſineſs is to be wicked: I love to be wicked myſelf too ſometimes, as often as I can decently bring it about, without ſcandal: and I will be as wicked——as wicked as I can be, for you, and with you.

Sir Ant. You can do no more than you can do, good old gentleman.

Abb. Old gentleman! I won't be an old gentleman; I'm never older than the company I am in: what, five and fifty does not make an old man; 'tis want of appetite, infirmity, and decay, not five and fifty, that makes a man old: five and fifty has its pleaſures——

Sir Ant. As good have none, Abbé; they are faint and feeble.

Abb. Delicate and dainty, my dear; palatable and pleaſant, and thou art mine.

Sir Ant. How ſhall I know that, ſir?

Abb. Why thou ſha't know, all in good time, child; but an old fellow, you ſay! [*Unbuttons, and throws down his cloak.*] What ſhall I do now, to convince you, that I am not an old fellow? let me ſee; what ſhall I do for you.

Sir Ant. What can you do for me!

Abb. What can I do for you?

Sir Ant. To prove you are not an old fellow.

Abb. What can I?——why I can——I can part with my money to thee.

Sir Ant. That's one argument indeed.

Abb. Beſides I can——I won't tell you what I can: but if you'll ſtep into the next room with me, I have a collation for you, and a——There you ſhall find, what I can do for you.

Sir Ant. I If ſhould retire with you, you'll be diſappointed——

Abb. No, no, don't talk of diſappointment; I hate to be diſappointed——We're very luckily alone, and ſhould make a good uſe of our time; no body will come to diſturb us.

Sir Ant. But I may diſappoint you myſelf——

Abb. You will exceedingly; if you don't go along with me: delays are dangerous, when opportunities are ſcarce; and we elderly fellows have 'em but ſeldom —— I vow I'll teize you, and kiſs you into good humour; I ſwear I will; if you won't go.

Sir Ant. But 'tis not in my power to oblige you.

Abb. I'll put it into your power, I warrant you.

Sir Ant. But that I doubt, ſir. For very unhappily for your purpoſe; I am a——woman.

Abb. Ha! how, a woman! [*Drops her hand.*

Sir Ant. A woman!

Abb. What the devil have I been doing all this while? a woman? are you ſure you're a woman?

Sir Ant. How ſhall I convince you?

Abb. Nay, nay; I am eaſily convinc'd; the very name has convinc'd me.

Sir Ant. But if you have a mind to be ſatisfied——

Abb. I thank you, madam, I am ſatisfied, more than I deſire to be ſatisfied; and as much ſatisfied as I can be, with a woman.

Sir Ant. I told you I ſhou'd diſappoint you——

[Abbé *puts on his cloak again.*

Abb. You did indeed; and you have kept your word with me, you have diſappointed me, plaguily diſappointed me. But I beg your pardon, madam, I hope there's no offence in a little waggery——

Sir Ant. None at all, ſir.

Abb. I don't uſe to take the freedom of being ſo familiar with the ladies——

Sir Ant. I do believe you.

Abb. Indeed I don't; I pay a greater reſpect to your ſex: and had I known you were a woman before, I had kept my diſtance——

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, ſir, ceremony among friends! tho' you know me now to be a woman, you need not keep

a diſtance. What tho' I have diſappointed you in your way, I may make you amends in my own——

Abb. So you may indeed, madam——

Sir Ant. You gueſs what I mean, Abbé?

Abb. If you would be but ſo gracious.

Sir Ant. How gracious would you have me be?

Abb. Ah!-you'll never grant me the favour——

Sir Ant. What favour?

Abb. Why——to ſay nothing of this buſineſs.

Sir Ant. Is that the favour?

Abb. That's all, madam; the greateſt favour you can do me; and then you do my buſineſs.

Sir Ant. Can you part with any money now to me, now I'm a woman?

Abb. Here are a hundred luidores in this purſe——

Sir Ant. To muzzle the ſcandal.

Abb. And I'll get you a huſband into the bargain.

Enter Valentine *and* Palmer.

Val. She'll keep your council, Abbé.

Abb. Hem, hem, hem!

Val. And in the ſcarcity of men, you'll do her a mighty favour, I can tell her, to ſecure a huſband for her.

Abb. Hold you your tongue, ſir. You ſhall have a wife too, if *Floriante* will content you; that rogue *Palmer* has betray'd me.

Val. No body ſhall betray you; we are all friends: but this lady and I have a favour to beg of you.

Abb. A favour to beg of me! any thing, any thing, as many favours as you pleaſe; 'tis but aſking, and having, in the humour I am in, gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Our friend *Ilford* has marry'd your niece *Volante*, and you muſt give your conſent to the wedding.

Abb. Give my conſent to the wedding! why, I'll dance at the wedding. I'll have a fiddle, and a young fellow to tickle me, and teach me to caper. Gads ſo; I don't know what legs I ſtand upon at the news on't! I'll be as briſk as the bridegroom the firſt night. But we

ſhall neither of us hold it; 'twon't laſt the year round with us; I'm an old fellow, that's the truth on't, 'tis done with me already; I'm upon my laſt legs. But I have *Floriante* and *Charlot* to provide for ſtill; poor girls! while they are in an nunnery, they lie upon my conſcience: let me but bring them into the world again, and I'll be contented to go out on't——

Val. Not yet a great while, Abbé.

Abb. As ſoon as I can get myſelf in the mind.

Sir Ant. We'll keep you in another mind.

Abb. Nay, I am eaſily perſuaded: but I have done with you.

Val. The lady Abbeſs is conſenting to their eſcape.

Abb. Being a kinſwoman, ſhe was eaſily perſuaded to give 'em an opportunity.

Val. 'Tis near the time now; would I had *Ilford* here.

Sir Ant. Why, I am here; I'll ſtand and fall by you.

Val. I muſt not now expoſe you.

Abb. If you can but carry 'em off, the buſineſs is laid to your hands. [*Ex.*

Palm. My buſineſs is over in this town; and I had beſt get off while I can; for fear of bringing a worſe buſineſs upon me. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the back-ſide of a Nunnery.*

Enter Verole *and his* Bravoe's.

Ver. What *Floriante* means by this invitation to me, I can't tell; 'tis a favour ſhe never vouchſafed me before: perhaps the apprehenſion of taking the habit which her father intends ſhe ſhall, has wrought upon her to conſent rather to marry me: but let her conſent, and deſign what ſhe pleaſes, if ſhe puts herſelf into my power, as to-night ſhe ſays ſhe will, I deſign to let her ſee, how very little I value that favour, for which I muſt be oblig'd more to her confinement, than to her inclination, or choice. Stand cloſe, here's company.

Enter

Enter Valentine, *Sir* Antony, *and two Servants*

Val. I am as full of apprehenſion, as an old ſoldier upon the guard of a counterſcarp; where his fears cannot be more uneaſy, than my hopes are now.

Ver. He ſhould be an *Engliſhman*, by the ſimilitude to let his friends know, from his own mouth, that he has made a campaign.

Sir Ant. This is the backſide of the nunnery——

Val. And the garden door——I think I hear it open——

Charlott *enters.*

O *Floriante!*

Ver. Floriante!

Sir Ant. Stand faſt, we're ſet upon.

Val. You muſt not meet the danger—— [*To Sir* Ant.

Ver. Fall on, and kill the raviſher—— [*Fights.*

Come, my fair fugitive, you muſt along with me.

[*Leads her out.*

Valentine's *party beats the* Bravoe's *off; one wounded ſtays.*

Floriante *enters as* Charlott *did.*

Flo. What noiſe was that?

Brav. Some help, I hope.

Flo. How my ſiſter *Charlett* has ſucceeded, under my name, with her count, to-morrow will diſcover.

Brav. Ha! the count then has the wrong woman.

Flo. Would *Valentine* were come.

Brav. O would he were, to help me!

Flo. Who's there? a man wounded?

Brav. One of your ſervants, if you are *Floriante.*

Flo. I am.

Brav. And wounded in your cauſe.

Flo. I'm ſorry for't; do you belong to *Valentine?*

Brav. I do.

Flo. Where is he?

Brav. He got off ſafe; and if you'll lend me your charitable hand, I'll guide you to him. [*Going off.*

Re-enter Valentine *and Sir* Antony.

Sir Ant. Rogues, ſons of whores, and cowards!

Flo. Sir *Antony!*

Sir Ant. Here am I.

Val. Floriante!

Flo. Valentine!

Val. I was afraid I had loſt you.

Flo. Here's an honeſt man was conducting me to you, one of your friends.

Val. One of my friends! he's one I did not reckon upon, if he be——This is one of count *Verole*'s bravoes.

Brav. I am; and had not you interrupted me, I had done my maſter ſervice; carry'd the lady to him.

Flo. What a miſchief have I 'ſcap'd——

Val. Thou art a gallant fellow, and doſt deſerve a better maſter; but thou haſt done thy duty, and I will do mine; carry him home, and get a ſurgeon to him—— [*Led off.*

Flo. Well; I run a mighty venture.

Sir Ant. Of loſing a maiden-head, I grant you.

Flo. I may repent——

Sir Ant. The keeping of it ſo long.

Flo. I may repent at leiſure.

Val. You may indeed, if you don't make haſte; for we muſt expect to be purſu'd.

Sir Ant. You and I, madam, are much about a ſize, what if we change cloaths; it may favour your eſcape, if you come to be follow'd.

Val. Admirably thought on! madam, you need not make a ſcruple of ſhifting before Sir *Antony*; whom, from this time, you may know to be a woman.

Flo. A woman!

Sir Ant. Now for my petticoats again—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Abbé's *houſe.*

Count Canaile, *Count* Verole, Abbé *and* Charlott.

Can. Sir, I muſt thank you for the care you have ſhewn of my family; tho' I believe it has carry'd you farther then you are aware of: this is my daughter *Charlott.*

Ver. Charlott!

Abb.

Abb. Charlott!

Char. The very ſame. But *Floriante* is oblig'd to you; you meant this favour to her: but by this time ſhe has put herſelf into the care of a gentleman, who will find a kinder way of diſpoſing her, than into the hands of her father.

Can. Diſhonourable girl!

Ver. If it be poſſible, I'll recover her, and yet revenge my love. [*Exit.*

Can. But *Charlott*, how came you to think of running away with *Valentine*, when you know I deſign'd you to marry him?

Char. Why, I thank you, ſir, you deſign'd very well for me; but I was too well acquainted with *Valentine*, and my ſiſter's thoughts, to depend over much upon that hope: I knew there was no parting them; therefore conſented the eaſier to aſſiſt her in getting out of the nunnery.

Abb. Very well.

Can. Very well, brother!

Abb. Let her go on.

Char. I began to apprehend the danger of ſtaying behind in a place, and profeſſion, wholly diſagreeable to my humour.

Abb. And well you might.

Char. I thought fit to provide for myſelf.

Abb. In good time you did, niece.

Char. And accordingly, in my ſiſter's name, I ſent to Count *Verole*; he came at the time appointed, expecting *Floriante*: but *Valentine*, by what accident I know not, coming before his time, knowing nothing of me, or my plot upon the count, took me for her, call'd me *Floriante*, upon which his bravoes fell upon *Valentine*; but the count, in a more gentlemanly regard to his perſon, encountered me, and brought me where you find me.

Abb. But methinks, the count, taking you for *Floriante*, his old miſtreſs, might ha' made another uſe of his victory, than to have brought you in triumph to your father.

Char. I expected he would indeed; but by what he

ſaid to me, I found he had little or no deſign in coming there; but to revenge himſelf upon my ſiſter, and her ſcorn.

Can. I'm glad he has no other deſign upon her.

Char. And ſo am I indeed, ſir.

Abb. Why *Charlott?* you are not in love with the count?

Char. Not ſo much in love with the count, as I am out of love with a nunnery: any man had been as welcome.

Can. Well, well; if *Valentine* be not hurt, this matter will clear of itſelf——

Abb. And ſo it will, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Sir Gentle Golding.

Sir Gen Why, how a man may be miſtaken in his friends! I could not ha' believ'd it; (had not one of their underling rogues told me ſo himſelf) that any one could ha' been ſo cheated, as I have been, by my own countrymen.—If I durſt but ſend any of 'em a challenge, I might get ſome of my money again; but that may draw me into a worſe premunire than I have yet been in. Let me ſee; can't I have a ſafer revenge upon 'em? *Valentine* has ſtol'n a fortune, and entruſted me to bring a father to marry 'em; now if I ſhould go wilfull, in a miſtake, to the gentlewoman's own father, for a licence to marry 'em. The truth on't is, I have a mind to forbid the bans, and get her myſelf, if I can; for *Floriante* is a woman of quality——

Count Verole *in purſuit of her, enters with his bravoes.*

Ver. Do you know her, ſir?

Sir Gent. Yes ſir, I think I do.

Ver. Then as you are a gentleman, aſſiſt me; thus far I have news of her.

Sir Gent. I am a gentleman, ſir; you ſhall find me a gentleman: and I'll tell you more news of her; I'll carry

by you to the very place where ſhe is, ſir; and that's as much as you can expect from a gentleman, when a friend is concern'd.

Ver. It is indeed, ſir, more than I expected; pray along with me. [*Ex.*

Enter Valentine *with* Floriante *in Sir* Antony's, *and Sir* Antony *in her cloaths.*

Val. So far we are ſafe, ladies, and the ſhifting your habits will ſecure us ſo: would Sir *Gentle* would come again; you're grave at the thought of him!

Flo. Men of your converſation and experience in the world, *Valentine*, ſeldom like the women you marry.

Val. Becauſe we ſeldom marry the women we like.

Flo. Well, ſince marriage at beſt is a venture, I had as good make it myſelf, as let another make it for me, at my coſt.

Val. To let a father chuſe for you in love, is as unlucky, as when you are in fancy at play, and puſhing at a ſum, to deſire another to throw out your hand.

Sir Ant. I'll be hang'd if that fool, Sir *Gentle*, has not betray'd us. [*Looking out.*

Val. Yonder he comes indeed, with a rabble of rogues at his heels.

Sir Ant. There's no reſiſting 'em; provide for yourſelves as well as you can. [*Exeunt.*

I have yet a trick to cozen 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Gentle *and* Verole, *as before.*

Ver. See, ſee, upon ſight of us, they have quitted their prize: is this their *Engliſh* gallantry? they're out of ſight already. Let 'em go; the lady is our game.

[*Exit with followers.*

Sir Gent. I'll make ſome of 'em know to their coſt, that by uſing me ſo little like a gentleman, they have taught me to do as I do, and uſe 'em as they deſerve.

Verole *returns with Sir* Antony.

Ver. Now *Floriante*, you find you have thrown yourſelf

ſelf away upon a fellow that has not the ſpirit to ſtand by you, or himſelf, to keep your folly in countenance.

Sir Ant. Pray, ſir, a word with you— [*Takes him aſide.*

Ver. Well, madam: what can you ſay to me?

Sir Ant. Why, I ſay, you're an aſs to run about to diſturb other people: I am Sir *Antony Love*, not *Florizante*; don't diſcover me for your own ſake, but get you gone about your buſineſs, and leave me to this *Engliſhman*.

Ver. I'll take his advice, for fear of being laugh'd at: ſir, you have behav'd yourſelf ſo like a man of honour in this buſineſs, that I muſt deſire you to take care of the lady, while I go to inform her father of what has happen'd. [*Exit* Verole, *and his followers.*

Sir Gent. Yes, yes; I'll take care of her, I warrant you. Why, what a lucky rogue am I! upon my firſt inclination to play the knave, to have ſo good an occaſion of doing it. And indeed, who would take a truſt upon him, but for the privilege and benefit of breaking it?——So, madam, now I have you in my care.

Sir Ant. You are a civil gentleman; I know you.

Sir Gent. You ſhall know me for a civil gentleman, if you pleaſe; tho' I am a knight, where I am not familiar.

Sir Ant. I know you are, Sir; you may have pity for me.

Sir Gent. Alack-a-day! I have indeed, a heart brimful for you.

Sir Ant. You won't force me to marry that monſter?

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd, madam; nothing againſt fancy.

Sir Ant. To throw away my youth, beauty, and fortune, which you know are not contemptible.

Sir Gent. Incomparable, madam; incomparable; your youth and beauty, without your fortune.

Sir Ant. Would they were worth your aſking.

Sir Gent. Would I might have 'em for aſking.

Sir Ant. Valentine I deſpair of: but if there be an *Engliſhman*, as an *Engliſhman* he muſt be——

Sir

Sir Gent. Why, I am an *Engliſhman*; and would marry you.

Sir Ant. The ſooner you ſecure me, the better then.

Sir Gent. I think ſo too, madam, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canaile, Verole, Abbé, Ilford, Volante *and* Charlott.

Abb. Why here's a night of action indeed; *Ilford* you began the dance with *Volante*; and count, I hope you'll continue it, with my niece *Charlott*: as for *Valentine* and *Floriante*, they have had their friſk in a corner by this time, or he is not the man I take him for.

Ver. When you fell into my hands to-night; had I known my good fortune, I had improv'd it then: but now I have it, in having you——and happier yet, in having your conſent.

Can. You have my bleſſing both——

Valentine *and* Floriante *at the door.*

Abb. You may appear, we're all of a family now, couſin-germans, and friends——Come, here's a pair that wants your bleſſing too.

Can. I can't deny it now——riſe and be happy.

Abb. I have a bleſſing too for you, my girls; five thouſand crowns a piece more than I deſign'd you; and a thouſand extraordinary for her who brings me the firſt boy; a ſmall gratuity, gentlemen, to keep up your fancy, and encourage your pains, that you mayn't think it unprofitable labour upon your wives.

Can. But why in Sir *Antony*'s cloaths, *Floriante?* where is this mad knight?

Flo. Some where in my petticoats: but the count can give you the beſt tidings of him.

Ver. I left him with one Sir *Gentle Golding*; one whom you are beholden to; for familiarly, upon the firſt word, he betray'd you, and carry'd me to ſeize you.

Val. Well, I don't doubt but ſhe will give us a handſome revenge upon him.

Can. She? who?

Val.

Val. Sir *Antony*, ſir; for this Sir *Antony*, after all, is a woman.

Omnes. A woman!

Abb. Ay, pox take her, ſhe is a woman.

Val. Then I am free indeed.

Ilf. And I am happy.

Val. At leiſure I'll tell you all her ſtory.

Enter Sir Gentle *with Sir* Antony.

Sir Gent. Now I am ſufficiently reveng'd on *Valentine* and Sir *Antony* for cheating me; I think I have paid 'em in their own coin: and diſappointed the count too, in marrying *Floriante*.

Omnes. Floriante!

Sir Gent. Come father-in-law, this buſineſs will out I ſee; if you'll give us your bleſſing ſo; if not, I ſhall begin upon your daughter without ſaying grace.

Can. Much good may do you, ſir, with your bride.

Val. Ay, ay; we muſt all wiſh you joy, ſir; you have a bleſſing ſufficient in a good wife——

Sir Ant. If you know when you're well.

Sir Gent. O deliver me! what do I ſee!

Val. Why you ſee your old Mrs. *Lucy* in your new lady-wife; we are all witneſſes of your owning your marriage.

Sir Gent. I do not own it—I'll hang like a dog, drown like a blind puppy, die and be damn'd, but I'll be divorc'd from her.

Val. That's your neareſt way to a divorce.

Ilf. And will ſave the trouble of *Doctors Commons*.

Val. Come, come, I'll put you in a better; there are old ſcores between you and Mrs. *Lucy*——You have made her a lady indeed, which ſhews a grateful nature in you, and will ſound well in the ears of the world. But to ſupport her quality——

Sir Gent. Her qualities will ſupport that.

Val. Out of your two thouſand pounds a year, give her a rent-charge of five hundred, and ſhe ſhall never trouble you more, not ſo much as to be a godfather to another man's

man's child upon her body, which may otherwiſe inherit your acres.

Sir Gent. Why there's the devil on't again, to father another man's children, when one is not ſo much as akin to 'em! well, any compoſition to be rid of her; I find 'tis a bleſſing I muſt pay for.

Val. Come, come, we muſt have a dance to all theſe weddings. [*A dance.*

Sir Ant. Thus coxcombs always the beſt huſbands prove;
When we are faulty, and begin to rove,
A ſep'rate maintenance ſupplies our love.

Sir Gent. When we have miſtreſſes above our ſenſe,
We muſt redeem our perſons with our pence.

A SONG

A SONG in the ſecond Act.

I.

PUrſuing beauty, men deſcry
The diſtant ſhore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treaſures of the land of love.

II.

We women, like weak Indians, *ſtand*
Inviting, from our golden coaſt,
The wand'ring rovers to our land:
But ſhe, who trades with 'em, is loſt.

III.

With humble vows they firſt begin,
Stealing, unſeen, into the heart:
But by poſſeſſion ſettled in,
They quickly act another part.

IV.

For beads, and baubles, we reſign,
In ignorance, our ſhining ſtore;
Diſcover nature's richeſt mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

V.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try,
How he can court, or you be won:
For love is but diſcovery;
When that is made, the pleaſure's done.

A SONG

A SONG in dialogue, in the fourth Act.

WOMAN.

NO more, ſir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er,
I ſee it is all but a cheat;
Your ſoft wiſhing eyes, your vows, and your lies,
Which thus ſo you often repeat.

MAN.

'Tis you are to blame, who foolifhly claim
So filly a lean ſacrifice:
But lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,
And bring down their knees and their eyes.

WOMAN.

Of late you have made devotion a trade
In loving as well as religion:
But you cannot prove, thro' th' ages of love,
Any worſhip was offer'd but one.

MAN.

That one let it be, in which we agree;
Leave forms to the maids, who are younger:
We're both of a mind, make haſte and be kind,
And continue a goddeſs no longer.

A SONG in the fifth Act.

By Major-General SACKVILLE.

I.

IN vain Clemene *you beſtow*
The promis'd empire of your heart,
If you refuſe to let me know
The wealthy charms of every part;

My

II.

My paſſion with your kindneſs grew,
Tho' beauty gave the firſt deſire:
But beauty only to purſue,
Is following a wand'ring fire.

III.

As bills in perſpective ſuppreſs
The free enquiry of the ſight:
Reſtraint makes every pleaſure leſs,
And takes from love the full delight.

IV.

Faint kiſſes may in part ſupply
Thoſe eager longings of my ſoul;
But oh! I'm loſt, if you deny
A quick poſſeſſion of the whole.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BOTELAR.

IF novelty has any charms to move,
We hope, to-night, we've rais'd your drooping love:
Not to the youngſters of a noiſy pit,
Whoſe tongues and miſtreſſes out-run their wit;
But to the graver ſinners of the bench,
Who from your mother's maids, have lov'd a wench;
Who, cheek by jeul with time, have handed down
The vices of all ages to your own:
Here's a variety, that may delight
The palate of each age's appetite.
To you I'm ſent, you who have dearly known
The ſeveral rates of pleaſure in this town;
And find at laſt, 'tis worth but your half crown.
You'll bear with patience a dull ſcene, to ſee,
In a contented lazy waggery,
The female Montford *bare above the knee.*
She makes a mighty noiſe, like ſome of you,
Who often talk of what you never do:
She's for all womankind, and a vets the town,
As if her huſband's breeches were her own.
She's been to-night our hero, tho' a female,
Shows me but ſuch a whoremaſter, tho' a male:
Who thro' ſo many ſhifts, is ſtill the ſame,
Purſues all petticoats, preſerves her fame,
And tho' ſhe can do nothing, keeps the name.
Some of your names are up too, we ſuppoſe,
Who turn'd of fifty, ſtill would paſs for beaux:
You dance, you dreſs, you ſing, you keep a noiſe,
And think you're young, becauſe you herd with boys:
To ſuch as you there is no mercy owing;
Your talking muſt not ſerve for your not doing.

And

And ſince your feeble failings within doors
Are known to us, be wiſe, and even ſcores,
Such by our wants, and we'll conceal all yours.
No matter what you can, or cannot do,
We ſhall cheat others ſtill, if we cheat you:
Keep us but rich, and fine, and we ſhall find
Long lovers, always able to be kind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016